

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Berlin-Moscow

PAYMENT of reparations for war damage is the most urgent issue before the Moscow Conference. Three major questions are involved: —

First, and most important, whether Germany's reparation indemnity, agreed at Potsdam in August, 1945, can be discharged by the payment of fixed quantities of capital assets in the form of surplus machinery and equipment, or whether Germany shall also be required to pay as "recurring reparations" some portion of the current production of the factories she is permitted to retain.

Second, whether the Level of Industry Plan (the plan of the Allied Control Council for reparations and the level of post-war German economy), agreed on at Berlin in March, 1946, shall be revised to permit Germany to retain greater industrial capacity.

Third, the terms on which reparations in the form of labor shall be exacted from Germany, and the date on which more than 3.5 million German prisoners of war, still held by the Allied powers, shall be repatriated. Beyond the bare decision to take labor as reparations, no agreements of any kind have been reached.

The points in dispute

Yalta (February, 1945). — The major decisions on reparations for war damage during World War II began with the meetings between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin at Yalta in February, 1945. The report of the Conference merely announced that the Big Three had "considered the question of the damage caused by Germany to the Allied Nations in this war, and recognized it as just that Germany be obliged to make compensation for this damage in kind to the greatest extent possible."

There is no reference in the report to the amount of reparations; this was left to future consideration. But compensation, this time, was to be sought "in

kind," not in money. The lamentable experience following World War I had taught the Allies a lesson.

The Soviets proposed at Yalta that Germany should be required to pay a reparation indemnity of 20 billion dollars — half in the form of existing capital plant and equipment over a period of two years, plus German assets abroad; and half in the form of current production, over a period of ten years. Of the 20-billion-dollar total, the U.S.S.R. sought for itself 10 billion dollars.

The Soviet proposal was not accepted. In a secret protocol at Yalta Mr. Roosevelt simply agreed, first, to accept the 20-billion-dollar figure as a basis for future discussion; and, second, that reparations "in kind" meant reparations from three sources: (1) capital assets, (2) current industrial production, and (3) labor. This brief agreement is the origin of a controversy regarding the payment of reparations from current output that has survived every conference since Yalta, and now appears on the Moscow agenda.

Moscow (June, 1945). — At the Moscow meeting of the Allied Commission on Reparations, late in June, 1945, a satisfactory understanding was reached on seven of eight American-sponsored principles on which reparations should be based. No agreement was reached on Principle 8, the matter of payment for necessary imports. Ambassador Pauley, the American representative, sensibly insisted that no reparations should be taken from current production until commercial exports were sufficient to pay for the costs of imports. Once burned, twice shy; the experience following World War I was still too painful to be ignored.

Thus was born the famous "first-charge principle": that the proceeds of exports from current production



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and stock shall be available, in the first place, to pay for imports.

Potsdam (August, 1945). — At Potsdam, differences were finally resolved by Soviet acceptance of the first-charge principle, under a settlement which placed reparations on a zonal basis. The division of Germany into zones for purposes of reparations is one of the tragic mistakes of the occupation period.

The Soviets had insisted on the right to take as "war booty" not merely property owned by the Wehrmacht but any German factories and machinery which had been engaged in war production. The United States replied with emphasis that no reparation settlement was possible if the U.S.S.R. remained free to remove additional unspecified capital as war booty.

The American delegation finally agreed that each occupying power should take whatever reparations it chose from its own zone, without express limitation as to character or amount. The Soviet accepted the first-charge principle with that concession. Under the zonal program it made no difference whether the Russians described what they took from their own zone as reparations or as war booty. Zonal reparations, therefore, nicely settled the war-booty question, but undermined the possibility of administering the country as a unit.

There is no reference in the Potsdam Agreement to the payment of reparations in the form of current production; but there is no prohibition in the Agreement against the taking of such reparations if necessary imports are first paid for. As a practical matter, however, it was understood that if the Agreement was observed, there could be no recurring reparations because Germany could not produce enough even to pay for her imports.

Paris (January, 1946). — On the invitation of the United States, the United Kingdom, and France, an eighteen-power Conference on Reparation was convened at Paris, at which the Western Allies established the principles and mechanism of the division of their share of German assets. The agreement arrived at by the Conference during November and December of 1945 was brought into force on January 14, 1946.

Representatives of twelve nations, including France, signed a resolution expressing the hope that reparations would be available from "German existing stocks, current production and services," but the Conference did not make specific recommendation to that effect.

Berlin (March, 1946). — After Potsdam the four-power Allied Control Council in Berlin was in-

structed to determine "the amount and character of the industrial capital equipment unnecessary for the German peace economy and therefore available for reparations." The Level of Industry Plan was adopted on March 28, 1946. Economic disarmament was the dominant objective; reduction of German living standards to the European average and reparations were distinctly secondary.

It is a fact of key importance that under the Plan no industrial capacity was retained for the production of reparations from current industrial output. If such reparations should now be taken without revision of the Plan, it would keep German living standards below even 1932 depression levels.

Paris (July, 1946). — Less than four months later Mr. Molotov told his colleagues in Paris — and the world — that although Germany had not yet reached the levels of production authorized by the Allied Control Council, "it should already now be admitted that the peaceful industries of Germany should be given an opportunity to develop on a wider scale" and that "we should not put obstacles in the way of an increase in the output of steel."

This was to be done, however, only if "inter-Allied control shall inevitably be established over Germany and over the Ruhr industries in particular." In addition, Mr. Molotov renewed the demand for 10 billion dollars in reparations for the Soviet, including reparations from current production.

Mr. Byrnes's answer was prompt and direct. He pointed out that the demand for 10 billion dollars of reparations had not been accepted at Yalta, had not been supported at Moscow, and had been rejected at Potsdam.

To the demand for reparations from current production Mr. Byrnes replied at Stuttgart on September 6, 1946. In fixing the levels of industry, he stated, no allowance was made for such reparations. "Obviously, higher levels of industry would have had to be fixed if reparations from current production were contemplated." The existing levels, he felt, were sufficient only to enable the German people to become self-supporting at living standards approximating the European average.

The competing positions

The American position would appear to be that under the Potsdam program, including the first-charge principle and the Level of Industry Plan, recurring reparations are in practice excluded, since Germany will remain for some time in a deficit status. The British have concurred in this position.

The Soviets, having taken about a billion dollars of capital equipment from their zone, now seek an

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agreement from the Western Allies whereby, from all of Germany operating as an economic unit, the U.S.S.R. would be provided with a *fixed amount* of reparations from current industrial production, payable over a *specified period*. This request, if granted, would place the Western powers — as a practical matter over a period of years this would mean the United States — in the position of near-guarantors.

The Soviet legal position is based primarily on an implausible argument that reparations are not exports, so that dedication of the "proceeds of exports" to the payment of imports, in the first-charge principle, does not preclude the taking of reparations.

Recurring reparations offer the Soviet an excellent base for economic penetration into the western zones in Germany and an opportunity to share directly in the control of the Ruhr. Much could, of course, be done during a decade, through banking arrangements, trade and cartel arrangements, and the other paraphernalia of commercial intercourse, to establish in Western Germany a more sympathetic economic and political climate for Soviet ideas and policies.

But important as the political considerations may be, the economic are probably more important. The Soviets found less removable plant and equipment in their zone than they had expected. The cost of moving what they did find proved to be extremely high. And, most important, their need for large quantities of consumer goods and special items of machinery and equipment is even more urgent than they had anticipated before Potsdam.

Reparations from current production

American opposition to recurring reparations in a fixed amount is based in part on the fact that continued subsidies would probably be required if the principle of reparations from current production is conceded.

To survive at an average European standard of living, Germany must import for her own consumption substantial quantities of food as well as raw materials. The food problem has been markedly complicated by the Potsdam decision for the provisional transfer to Poland and the U.S.S.R. of about 25 per cent of the arable land of Germany, and to crowd into the remaining area the German population of the transferred areas and of Eastern and Southern Europe.

To pay for imports of food and minimum required quantities of raw materials, Germany must sell in foreign markets goods in the amount of at least 1.2 billion dollars. Germany's reparation claimants are also her customers.

The United States is more than doubtful whether Germany, after emergency shortages are ended, would be able to *give* these nations reparations from current output of the value of, say, a billion dollars annually, and at the same time *sell* them enough to maintain a tolerable standard of living for its own people.

After the foreign trade problem is passed, there remains an equally difficult question whether Germany, in the relatively near future, could *produce* enough goods to meet an average annual export-reparations program of from 2 to 2.5 billion dollars. Even if adequate plant capacity were retained and raw materials were available, shortages of fuel, transportation, manpower, and food, and the lack of an acceptable currency would appear almost certain to hold Germany's industrial production below the required levels.

The program proposed by the Soviets does not give priority even to German minimum requirements; annual payments are called for regardless of German living conditions. The Americans and the British want to give the German people an opportunity to *prepare for reconstruction* of their life on a peaceful and democratic basis. Subhuman living standards and moral regeneration are not compatible.

Possible bases for settlement

Reaffirmation of the Potsdam Agreement and the Level of Industry Plan is the fundamental American position and may well prevail. The United States is in a strong bargaining position. General Clay stopped reparation deliveries from the U.S. zone of Germany in May, 1946, when it became apparent that neither the U.S.S.R. nor France was prepared to join in operating Germany as an economic unit.

With the anticipated increase in the production of Ruhr steel and coal, and with the merger of the British and American zones in Germany, the rate of recovery will be accelerated. Moreover, Russia is deeply involved, with limited capital, in repairing the physical and human devastation within Russia. And in the Soviet zone of Germany, economic deterioration is already far advanced. Economic unification is at least as necessary for the U.S.S.R. as for the Western powers.

There is also room for an agreement that, if Germany should recover within the next few years to the point where she produced more than was reasonably required for her own support, at least a portion of the excess might be taken as reparations. This would concede the principle of recurring reparations only in the event that Germany reached a self-sustaining basis.

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The Far East

DAY to day reporting has blurred the distinctions between what politics is all about in the different countries of Asia. The distinctions are important, however, and before they are all pegged down, American approval, disapproval, or indecision will have far-reaching effects on many peoples.

American public opinion is still going on the assumption that the native nationalist movements in French Indo-China and Dutch Indonesia are trying to win a minimum degree of recognition. But the Viet Nam Republic in dealing with the French, and the Indonesian Republic in dealing with the Dutch, are fighting out the validity of a quite different assumption. Both republics take the stand that they are already in possession of certain rights entitling them to exercise a number of the functions of sovereignty, and are fighting now to prevent these rights and functions from being whittled down by the returning troops and administrators of France and Holland.

In both countries this claim is founded on a formidable truth. When Japan fell, France and Holland had only token forces available for Asia. Acting on their behalf, the British raced for the colonial beachheads, to plant the flag of sovereignty. In both countries, in this touch-and-go phase, surrendering Japanese troops were actually ordered to fire on native nationalists, in the effort to prevent them from seizing control. In both countries American equipment was used for the same purpose, though in Indonesia the shamefaced request was made that the identifying marks be removed.

In spite of everything, however, the Viet Nam and Indonesian nationalists took over a measure of power that for a while was not only large but preponderant. The upshot was that in both nationalist republics the unassailable conviction was implanted

that all that they had won, they had won for themselves, in spite of hell and high policy.

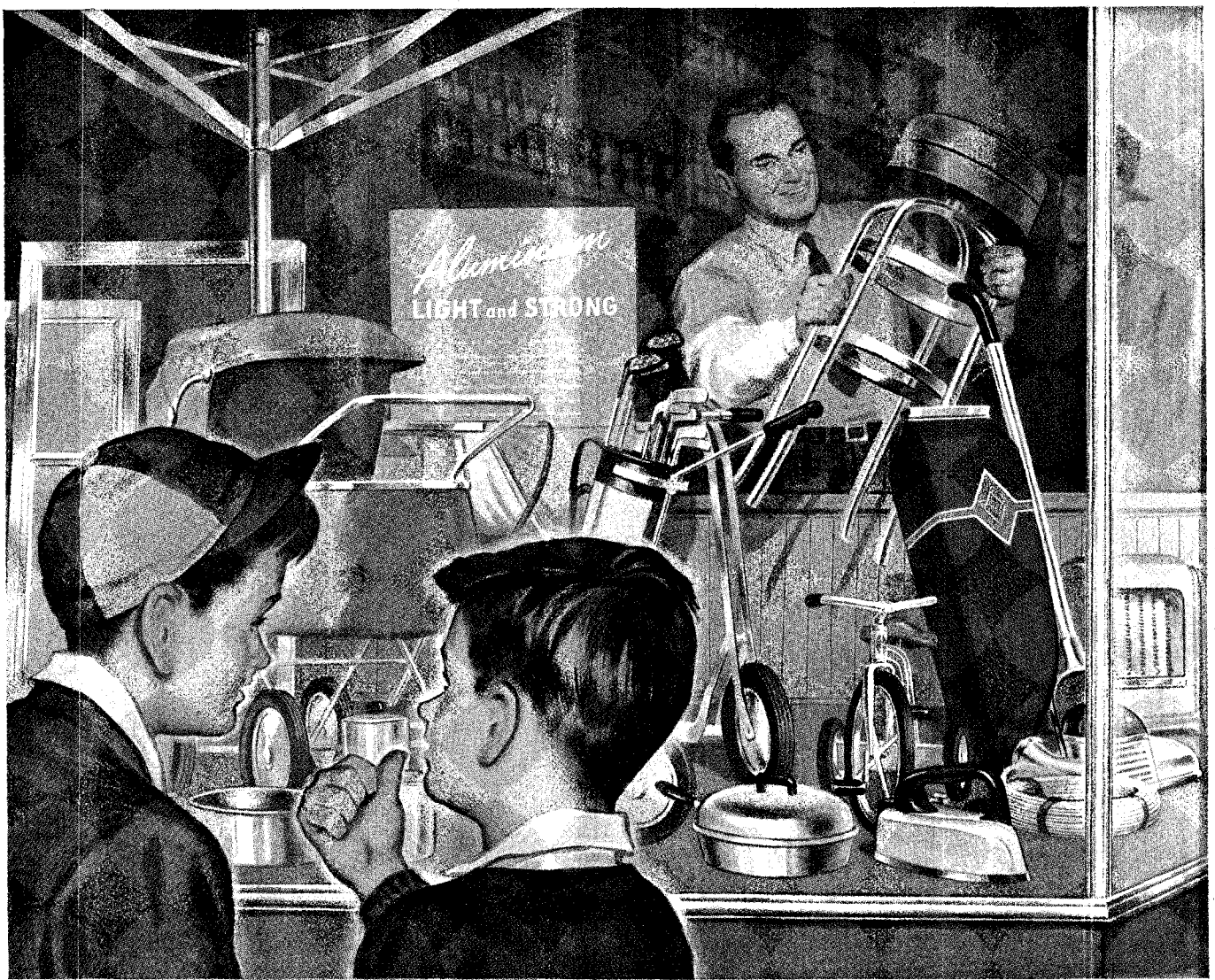
What was clear beyond misconception in both countries, however, was soon obscured from the outside world. First the Dutch and then the French negotiated agreements with the Indonesian and Viet Nam Republics. The agreements were general in character. Details were left to be worked out.

In working them out the French and Dutch, gradually recovering courage and banking on the fact that the ultimate sovereignty which is internationally recognized is still their sovereignty, have picked an issue on which to fight. That issue is the claim that the French or Dutch interpretation of an agreement is more authoritative than the native interpretation. It is to make good or to repudiate that claim that the fighting is still going on.

In Cochin China, for instance, the French are determined to maintain the option to arrange a plebiscite at such a time and under such conditions that that territory will not vote itself into the Viet Nam Republic, in spite of the fact that the majority of the population are known to be pro-Viet Nam. The nationalists are equally determined to force a decision that will result in incorporating Cochin China in Viet Nam.

The Dutch get tough with Indonesian trade

With the Dutch, control of the international trade of Indonesia, an anachronistic echo of the mercantilism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is one of the important prerogatives of sovereignty. When the Dutch, half-merchant and half-pirate, first wedged their way into the Spice Islands, they were quite ready to recognize the local rulers as rajahs. All they wanted was the monopoly of international trade.



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Today, once more the Dutch are temporizing with the local sovereignty of the Indonesian Republic, but are getting tough with sea-borne trade. Indonesian vessels have been sunk at sight; Chinese vessels have been interfered with; even British ships have been nudged out of port before they could unload cargoes that might be of aid and comfort to the Indonesians.

Britain still holds the reins

In such countries as Malaya and Burma the political center of gravity is differently placed. These two countries are not similar, but they resemble each other in one all-important point. They were taken over from the Japanese by the British before the native nationalists could set up governments that had a claim to be going concerns.

In Malaya and Burma, consequently, the nationalist movements have not become, as in Indonesia and Indo-China, coalitions firmly knit together by the resolve to retain a power already won. The British still control the initiative. They can select those leaders with whom they prefer to deal. To an extent which allows a margin for maneuver, they can often weaken the association between a leader and his following by offering him a quantum of British patronage which compares favorably with the advantages he might win by serving the confused interests of his followers.

India is the widest, vaguest twilight zone in the world's politics. The coalitions of men seeking power are so loose and unstable that the British wish they could tighten them up sufficiently to be able to deal with a firmer political texture.

To sharpen issues and prod the Indians into decisions, the British have tried to create a sense of urgency by making their schedule of withdrawal from India more definite. They have retained the initiative all along, but only if they can force the Indians to make proposals for workable compromises and adjustments can they use that initiative to advantage. The British believe that, once the Indians have decided that they really want things to work, it will be found that only with British coöperation will they work properly.

American aid down the Chinese drain

America still hesitates over renewing and increasing its support for Nanking, which in its utterances is anti-totalitarian and pro-democratic, but in areas recovered from the Communists has been ruthlessly totalitarian and undemocratic. The trouble with the aid hitherto given has been that it was like running warm, invigorating water into an excellently designed tub, the plug to which the Kuomintang could never lay its hands on. Everything ran to waste.

In the Philippines, on the other hand, although the the Roxas regime may have no plug either, the tub is much smaller. It is possible that America could run enough aid through the tap so that even the Roxas government could not let all of it escape in waste. Thus American aid for the crushing of the Hukbalahaps and Philippine agrarian unrest might be a practical proposition at the same time that American aid for the crushing of the Chinese Communists and the prevention of Chinese agrarian reform is too expensive.

Subsidies for Korea

In Korea, the eventual outcome still seems to be a nip-and-tuck proposition, with perhaps more nip on the American end and more tuck on the Russian end. General Hodge, who has returned to America for consultations, believes that if we pour enough subsidies and other forms of aid into Southern Korea, we can eventually make the Russians give up and go home.

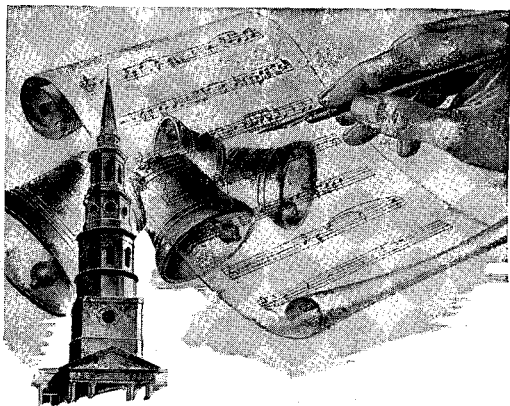
The Russians, on their side of the thirty-eighth parallel, are not putting a cent of subsidy into Northern Korea. Their bet is that they will be able to revive industrial production enough, out of local resources, and expand food production enough, through their land reforms, to satisfy the Koreans and make us give up and go home. The current conflict of opinion in Washington is between those who believe that the Russians are ruthless, but efficient enough to make good, and those who believe that the Russians are ruthless, but so inefficient that they cannot make good.

Many thousands of Koreans have fled from the Russian zone into the American zone. It is clear that this adds to the number of Koreans who would like the Americans to back them against the Russians; but it is not clear just how much it adds to the number of Koreans who really want the reforms that America considers a necessary minimum.

Japanese labor goes into politics

Japan is in a category apart. MacArthur tried to set a long-term trend early in the occupation when he made it clear that American policy would be to prune the upper class, maintain the middle class as the balance wheel of Japanese society, and give the working class a fair deal economically, but without, it was hoped, a political labor movement.

Economic pressures, however, have forced first labor issues and then the labor movement itself into politics. When MacArthur intervened to have a threatened general strike called off, he succeeded in preventing the direct application of labor's power to a political issue; but the very fact that he had to resort to his immense personal prestige enhanced the political importance of labor.



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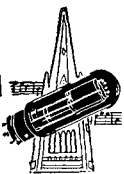
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THE FAR EAST (continued)

The roundup shows that there is still a lot of confusion in coordinating American policy in Europe and in Asia. In the short interval between his return from China and his departure for Moscow, Secretary Marshall did not have time for the Augean task of cleaning the deposits of the European subdivisions of the State Department out of the Asiatic subdivisions.

In Abbot Low Moffat, who recently returned from a tour around Southeast Asia, Marshall has an aide who defies many decades of convention. An enlightened conservative, he has actually seen for himself something of the highhandedness and the underhandedness of colonial rule.

But the experts and subexperts on Britain, France, and Holland are still so strategically placed in the State Department bureaucracy that they can cut corners on the experts like Moffat who know most about Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, or Indo-China. And the old-line European experts, of course, get their views on Asia mostly from old-line Europeans.

Europeans who deal with policy are working overtime on the lack of cohesion in American policy-making. Franco has succeeded in placing a representative in the Philippines, in spite of the United Nations recommendation for withdrawing diplomatic representatives from Spain.

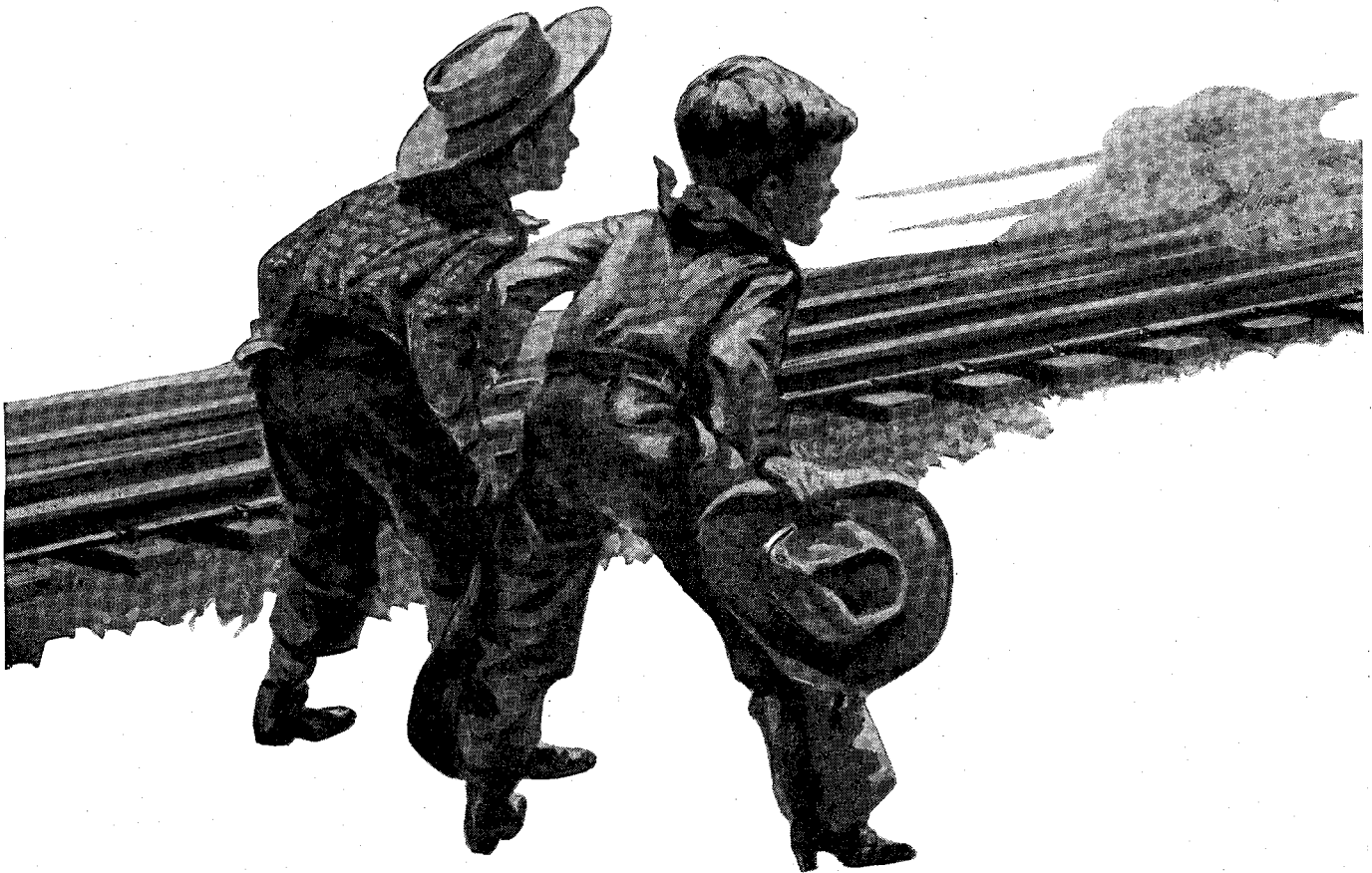
Van Mook looks ahead

Admiral d'Argenlieu made an appeal for a color-line axis which, considering the traditions of France, was rather startling. He thought that America ought to encourage the European empires to fence Asia in. Hubertus Van Mook, Governor General of the Netherlands East Indies, has come out with a cautious Dutch version of the Argenlieu appeal for American backing.

Van Mook believes that all problems of changing colonialism are so interwoven that they must be tackled as a whole, and cannot really be solved by uncoordinated deals between the British and their subjects, the Dutch and their subjects, and so on down the line. He is right, as he has often been. Dutch, British, and French alike are short of manpower and are living above their means in trying to keep up production for military purposes. All need to repair their non-military industry and put their manpower to work in it.

For all of them, consequently, the real "enigma within a riddle, wrapped in a mystery," is America. If Asia is to be stabilized primarily by disciplinary methods, then America must nod approval. The minimum of approval must be credits, with the full knowledge that a large part of the credits will be shot out of guns. If, on the other hand, the real foundations of post-war Asia are to be laid by negotiation, then the negotiated changes will not stick and will not work unless America signifies approval by coming in to invest and trade.

"Whe-e-e-ew the New Super Chief!"



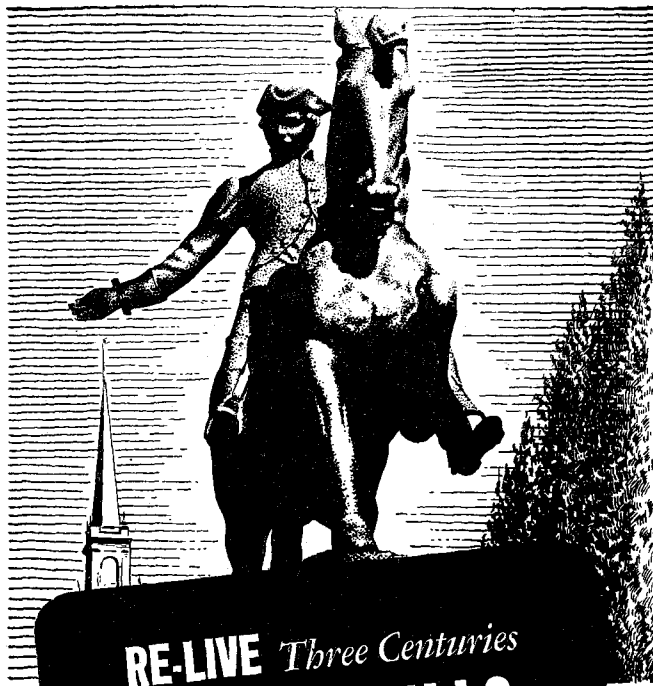
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THE FAR EAST *(continued)*

But is American policy a line of action or a drift resulting from powerful but un-thought-out tendencies? Scour Washington today and what you will find is a number of attitudes. The two most important recent "policy" statements on China, by President Truman in December and General Marshall in January, are in reality statements of attitude. In the Truman statement the actual phrase "the American attitude" was used.

Business guides American policy

Other countries and peoples, desperately in need of American policies to help polarize their problems for them, but unable to come to grips with anything more definite than attitudes, now work increasingly on the one basic assumption which they do consider a solid truth. They assume that America is more business-minded than politics-minded. It is on this assumption that European countries which are trying to retain what hold they can in Asia emphasize the danger of "chaos," which is ruinous to business.

On the same assumption, Asia's nationalist and liberationist leaders are counting on their ability to hold out until the economic drain exhausts those who are trying to salvage as much of the old order as possible. Each side hopes that it will at last succeed in precipitating an American policy favorable to itself.

It is likely that this issue will soon come to a head in China. Nanking is trying to convince us that only a renewal of American intervention and subsidy can save China from chaos. The anti-government coalition led by the Communists, but increasingly supported by some regional interests and even some treaty-port businessmen, is sure that in the end we will be convinced that only an international agreement not to intervene, combined with a federalization of the government and recognition of the diversity of China's provincial interests and political groupings, will get China out of the chaos that already exists.

We wind up with the fact that in America a businessman's Republican Congress has the veto power over a businessman's Democratic Administration. The upshot may be that in the Philippines, Korea, and perhaps Malaya, where credits and other expenditures, relatively speaking, would not be astronomical, we shall give the nod to patience and firmness to restore law and order by methods that are essentially police methods.

In such vast areas as China, India, and Indonesia, on the other hand, and in Burma and Indo-China, where American interests are rather vague, the costs of committing America to a definite policy and following through on it would be incalculable. In those countries we are likely to deal, in the end, not so much with what emerges from the violent upheaval of the new as with what is left after the creaking collapse of the old.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

THE February crisis jolted many Britons. For a year the Labor Government had been waging publicity to prod everyone to work harder, but few listened. Having done without so many good things during six war years, people expected swift improvement. British vaudeville comedians wrung chuckles out of Sir Stafford Cripps's continual warnings of still harder times ahead. Labor came into office, and miners and other workers looked upon the nationalizing of industry as the end of a long struggle.

The phony economic war is over, but the longer battle of Britain is beginning. The nation is aroused to its economic peril. Many a trade-unionist and socialist is thinking today, "We first have to prove that nationalization will work."

A year after the war's end, Prime Minister Attlee had put bread on the ration list as a cushion against the threatening wheat shortage. There had been an outcry from the Conservative minority led by Churchill, and from housewives weary of queuing.

Last October the Cabinet rejected coal rationing. To ration coal was a much graver measure than rationing bread, because it meant reducing many industries to short-time work, and lowering production and wages. So the Government, shunning unpopularity, continued to let fuel merchants allocate coal until coal stocks at the electricity stations in February shrank below the safety margin and the current had to be turned off. The ensuing disaster compelled the Government to look again, less timidly this time, at fuel and power rationing, realizing that unless consumption is restricted, another national collapse next winter is certain.

The Government exposed itself to criticism by refusing to ration coal last autumn and by gambling on a mild winter to see the country through on de-

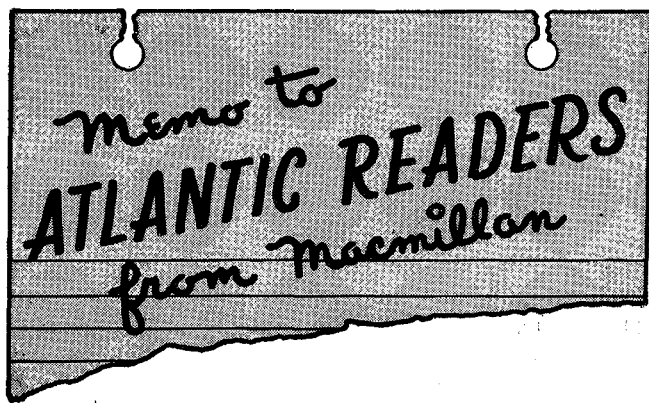
pleted coal reserves. Churchill and almost all newspapers gambled too — on the people's short memory — when they attacked the Government for this omission. Having upbraided Attlee for rationing bread, the Conservatives forfeited the right to denounce the Government for failing to ration coal. But that did not deter the Conservatives from taking the Government to task.

Its failure to ration coal was not the Labor Government's only blunder. It had accepted what proved to be an underestimate of electricity consumption made by its experts. It had restored peacetime railroad passenger services, including luxury trains, without giving coal transport absolute priority. It had encouraged manufacturers to glut the shops with electric heaters and stoves which the public eagerly bought and used until soaring consumption forced generating plants to close down. Touring the country in 1946, Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power, made "no coal crisis" prophecies which freezing Britons remembered this winter.

The mines run down

Labor took office in 1945. Between 1913 and 1945 Britain's coal production dropped from 287 million tons to 183 million. In the same years British coal exports fell from 94 million to 8.2 million tons, and the number of miners slumped from 1,170,000 to 706,000. This is only part of the story. The rest is a tale of 500,000 miners unemployed, 1650 mines shut down between 1918 and 1946, poor wages and squalor in the mining villages.

What caused this decline? Between the wars German, Polish, and other competitors captured some of Britain's foreign markets, and world trade restrictions reduced others. The jobs of the miners grew insecure, and less dangerous occupations beckoned with higher pay. During the recent war the rising average



Regarding:

A book they're writing editorials about — Edward Hallett Carr's **THE SOVIET IMPACT ON THE WESTERN WORLD**.

about the book:

This important new book by the author of *Conditions of Peace* may alter the thinking of many Americans on the subject of Russia. It shows how Russian methods of planning, foreign trade, propaganda, and so on, are reflected in the activities of other governments, and brilliantly analyzes current Soviet diplomacy. An editorial in the *New York Herald Tribune* says that Professor Carr's book "may be read as an exposition of why Soviet totalitarianism, so repugnant to the whole Western capitalistic-democratic tradition, does in fact appeal not only to many millions of men in Soviet Russia but to many thoughtful minds not immediately under the Russian police power." The book makes especially valuable reading, the editorial says, because it indicates the real strengths in the conflicting systems. \$1.75 at your bookstore.

about the author:

EDWARD HALLETT CARR has a record of twenty years of distinguished service in the field of foreign relations. He is now Wilson Professor of International Politics at University College, Wales.

What the critics say:

"It is a careful, subtle, extremely civilized outline of the enormous changes which have already taken place in our Western way of life and way of thinking."—Joseph Barnes, *New York Herald Tribune*

"He has said more in fewer words than anyone else about the most vital problem of our age."—Rustem Vambery, *Nation*

"Some people qualify for writing books about Russia by looking under the bed for a Bolshevik or a capitalist every night; Carr prefers to tackle the subject in daylight."—W. G. Rogers, *Associated Press*

—Macmillan

LONDON (continued)

age and fatigue of the remaining miners lowered coal output per man from 1.14 tons per shift to one ton.

After the Labor Government came in, though the number of miners shriveled a little more, coal production rose last year by 6 million tons, from 183 million to 189 million. The Government has set 200 million tons in 1947 as the indispensable minimum. Consumers have used coal faster than it has been dug, and in 1946 the nation dipped into its coal reserves to the tune of 5 million tons.

Miners put more energy into their work because they knew that one of their most cherished aims was to be fulfilled on January 1, 1947, when the privately owned mining industry was taken over by the state. Under the now nationalized industry the new Coal Board has the equivalent of 600 million dollars at its disposal for modernizing backward mines, though this investment can yield extra coal only after some years.

Wanted: more power

Will Britain's fuel dilemma continue until atomic energy replaces coal? The whole problem is aggravated by the shortage of the electrical generating plants on which an immense part of industry and households and offices rely. Britain has acquired almost no new generating equipment for nine years, and three or more years will now be needed to begin installing new generators.

Meanwhile the burden on power stations is unbearable. In 1938 they produced a peak of 24 billion units. Without additional equipment this load increased to 41 billion in 1946, and early this year rose another 15 per cent.

To avert too great a drain of electricity at any given time, laborers in British factories will work staggered hours, some plants starting at six in the morning, others at eight or ten, and so on, with a number working late into the night. To save coal, a segment of industry will be reduced to short-time production.

This fuel and power crisis has laid bare Britain's economic weakness. She is paying dearly in that imponderable factor which counts in all diplomatic negotiations — prestige. Exposure of her economic decline has reduced Britain's role in world affairs to that of a second-rate power.

Faced with a bad shortage of manpower, the Government has had to decide how many men could be spared from industry and agriculture to keep the armed forces up to essential strength. It has planned that by March 31, 1948, 1,087,000 Britons will be under arms, with another 450,000 civilian workers supplying munitions.

These 1,537,000 men (at present the figure is much higher) will still be unavailable to production a year from now, when lack of manpower will continue to be one of the great dangers to British economy.

For the year ending March 31, 1948, moreover, the budget will carry 899 million pounds sterling expenditure for the Army, Navy, and Air Force, a crushing outlay for a debtor nation.

Is this the last word? Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin, the most powerful personality in the Cabinet, is likely to resist demobilization beyond the announced level. He knows that further weakening of Britain's armed forces would enfeeble her diplomacy.

The nation's economic plight has thrust stronger arguments into the hands of Labor leaders and intellectuals who are clamoring for a cut in Britain's foreign commitments (especially in the estimated 300,000 British troops in the Middle East) in order to release soldiers for civilian production at home. Everyone knows that Britain is keeping big armed forces with an eye to Russia. But Russia was hit much harder than Britain by the war, and is just emerging from a catastrophic crop failure. Russia's plight reinforces the arguments of those who are urging the British Government to demobilize more men.

What has Labor lost?

Inside Britain the winter's breakdown has dealt the first blow to the Labor Government's popularity. Until the electricity muddle no Government since Disraeli's in 1874 had been in office as long as the Labor Cabinet without losing a single by-election.

It does not follow that disillusioned citizens who cooled towards the Labor Government have rushed into the Conservative camp. Many have become abstainers. Others believe things would have been worse if the Conservatives had been in office, because widespread labor disputes might have been heaped on existing troubles.

The Labor Government has publicly declared that the nation cannot afford shorter hours of work unless these can be shown to increase output. This is the Government's answer to the trade-unions' demand for a forty-hour week. There would be a risk of extensive strikes if such a warning were addressed to the trade-unions by Conservative rulers.

Labor has lost some of the floating middle-class vote. This has been partly offset by a solidifying of the workers' loyalty to their Government. By pillorying the Government, Churchill and almost the entire press intensified Labor's devotion to Attlee and company.

Housing was the top issue at the 1945 general election, and the Labor Government's record in this field will weigh heavily with British voters. Stiff taxes in Britain remove an incentive to work. People expected the standard income tax rate, equivalent to 45 cents on the dollar, to be lowered in April, but any

substantial easement now is improbable because the industrial stoppage and unemployment this winter have reduced taxable wages and profits.

Can Britain make ends meet?

The 1947 Economic Survey published by the Government told the people that food, clothing, furniture, and other consumers' goods will remain scarce this year. With one fourth of all British manufacturing industry producing only for export, and with this ratio bound to continue for many years, the craving of the British people for more and more commodities on the home market will remain unsatisfied.

Last year renewal of capital equipment and maintenance amounted to no more than in a normal pre-war year, despite six years' arrears. For 1947 the Government has planned only a 15 per cent increase in this re-equipment and maintenance program. This means that the dilapidated machinery of Great Britain will be replaced by modern installations much too slowly. For it is only by sweeping technical renovation that Britain can hope to keep abreast of competitors in the world market.

Britain's loss of authority in international affairs is a continuing process likely to be accelerated by the country's inability to pay its own way. The pivot of this difficulty is Britain's balance of payments. Can she earn enough by exports to pay for imports before the American and Canadian credits run out?

The drain on what remains of these dollar loans is dangerously rapid. It had been estimated that the United States loan of \$3,750,000,000 would last until 1949, but Government economists are now saying it will be exhausted before mid-1948.

The Government originally set itself the task of expanding Britain's 1947 exports to 50 per cent above the 1938 level, but this target has now been lowered to 40 per cent, and it is uncertain whether even that figure will be reached. The aim of enlarging exports to 75 per cent above the 1938 index by the end of 1948 stands, but its attainment, always doubtful, is today believed impossible.

How can Britain bridge the gap between the exhaustion of the American loan and the continuing foreign trade deficit? The negotiation of another big American loan in 1948 will be difficult because it is an election year in the United States. Without another loan Britain *must* restrict her imports.

Under the American loan agreement, pounds sterling must become freely convertible this July. Does that not threaten Britain's dollar position and her chance of maintaining enough imports from North and South America to feed her people and supply raw material to her industry?

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

SECRETARY MARSHALL settled down to his job with the minimum of fuss and feathers. Promptly on arrival he let it be known that he and he alone was going to administer the State Department. What he wants from the staff is their "brains and experience." Reorganization is implicit in Marshall's determination that the American people get a good administration in their Department of Peace.

The task which Marshall has set himself may be likened to the job of turning a box into a pyramid. The State Department organization will be modeled on the pyramid that Marshall constructed at the War Department. Under Secretary Dean Acheson, who always chafed under Mr. Byrnes's inability to delegate power, suddenly finds himself Chief of Staff.

It was testimony to Marshall's prescience and courage that his first public act as Secretary of State was to order the withdrawal of troops from China. And he followed it by other decisions which went counter to professional opinion. He ordered the removal of the State Department to the War Department building. On this matter Byrnes could not buck the career diplomats. Marshall proceeded to deprive the geographical desks of their intelligence officers and set up a separate intelligence service. He will thus be able to check the data coming to him from the divisions.

One or two appointments to key positions failed to go to foreign service officers. It had been decided behind the scenes to make Sam Reber the head of the division of United Nations Affairs. Secretary Marshall wisely decided otherwise. This division is the backstop for Mr. Austin at the United Nations; and it was feared that under Mr. Reber the division might become subordinate to the geographical desks. Dean Acheson's assistant, Jack Peurifoy, became Assistant Secretary for Administration.

On policy the Secretary is being chary of comment till he has a chance to make his own "estimate of the situation." One action he took at once: he sent Ambassador Messersmith back to Buenos Aires with instructions to stop undercutting the State Department. Our Department of Peace is really being reorganized.

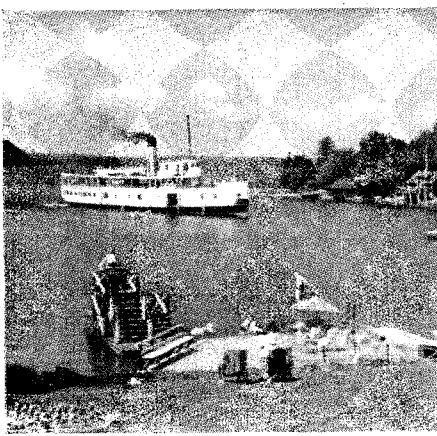
Marshall and the career men

Secretary Marshall looks quizzically at the foreign service officers who hitherto have regarded the State Department as their private preserve. Perhaps he seems oversevere with these men, who, despite their anxiety to keep the Department a close corporation, are in general remarkably knowledgeable.

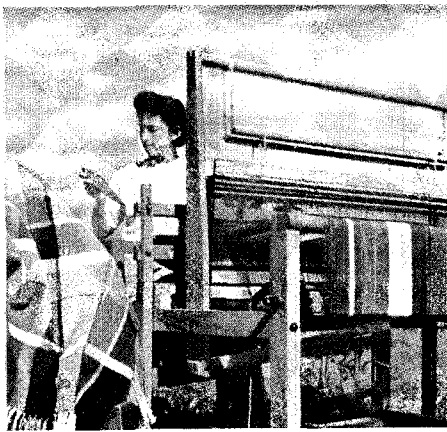
At present the Secretary is inclined to question what might be called the foreign service point of view on policy as well as administration. The career men have had to tell Marshall the facts of life about diplomacy with Moscow, and they have an uncomfortable feeling that the Secretary feels that they are defeatist or prejudiced. They are glad that Benjamin V. Cohen, Counselor of the State Department, who was brought in by Mr. Byrnes, is with Marshall in Moscow. Cohen has served his apprenticeship in negotiations with Russia. Marshall could not accuse him of a professional attitude toward Russia.

Is Secretary Marshall naïve about Russia? He believes he can evoke Russian candor in response to his own. In this connection he likes to tell a war story of how he got a cabled apology from Stalin. He had warned the Russians that the German Sixth Armored Army was about to be sent to the Budapest front for an attack on the Russian position.

When the attack failed to come off, the Russians accused Marshall of sending misinformation. The fact was that the Germans had not been able to refit



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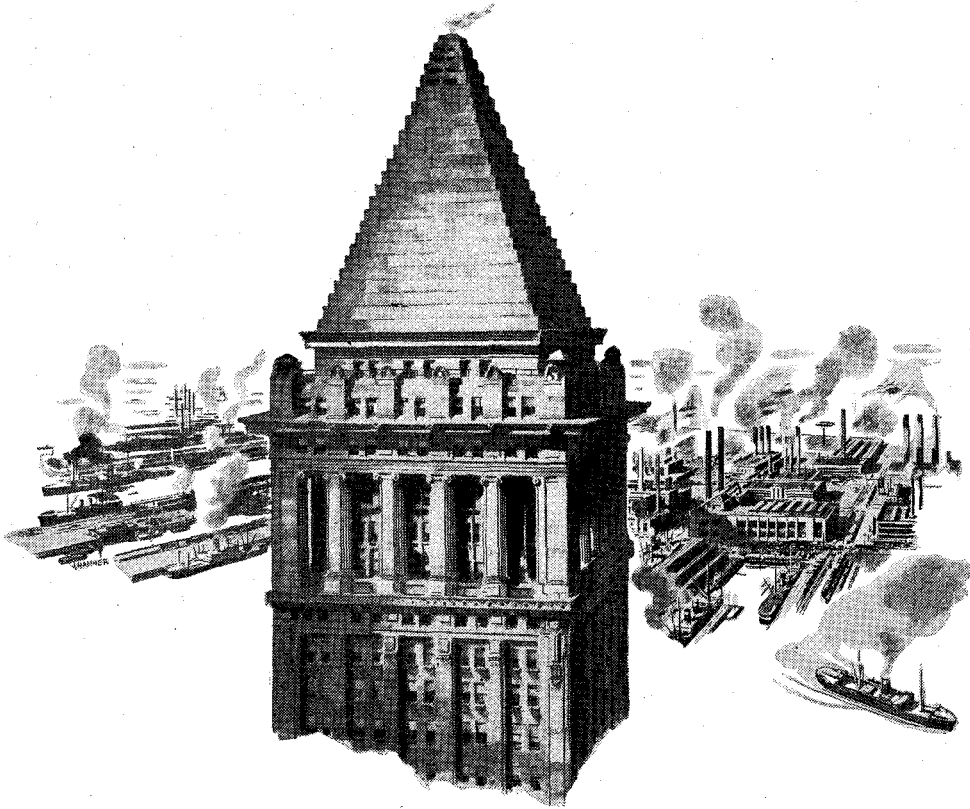
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the Sixth for the counteroffensive as a result of American bombing of communications in Hungary. Their plan had simply miscarried. Stalin found this to be true, and apologized to Marshall.

But wartime relations are different from peacetime relations. It is to be hoped that the Secretary will get the low-down in Moscow, and as quickly as he did in China.

Confusion in the Court

More attention than usual is given these days to the Supreme Court under the administration of Fred Vinson. Vinson took over the toughest assignment imaginable. War — and the word was actually used — had been declared publicly between Jackson and Black. It was, of course, over portal-to-portal pay, the case for which was presented to the Court by Black's former law partner, Crampton Harris. Black sat on the cases and led the wing that upheld the claims. Jackson thought Black's conduct an impropriety, and expressed his feelings while he was trying the Nazis at Nuremberg.

The President named Vinson to the Chief Justiceship mainly because of Vinson's repute as a wise, experienced conciliator. But Vinson, for all his skill, has not healed the breach. It is as wide as ever, as is shown by the scolding which Jackson indulges in over Black's decisions on opinion day.

The confusion within the Court is creating confusion in the public mind. Witness the diversity of views, even among the majority, in the contempt decision against John L. Lewis. In defense of their habit of writing separate opinions, the dissenters go back to the early days of the Court, when the justices were required to write their own opinions. Granted that the laying down of the law in the majority opinion admits of the nuances of concurring opinions. Yet this is hardly warranted in the case of the dissent.

A good deal of notoriety awaits the church and state judgment. The Court upheld New Jersey in paying for the transport of students to Catholic schools, on the ground that such payments promote the public welfare. Little press attention was aroused, not because of the lack of importance of the decision — for there is a seething hubbub about it — but because of the fact that it is a hot potato. That is why most (including metropolitan) newspapers, clinging to the view that they are sovereigns of what they shall comment upon, skipped editorialization. It is worth recording that on the purely legal aspect only a narrow gap divided the justices.

More cases of the sort are likely to come before the bench. Those who side with the dissenters say that nothing now prevents us from going the whole hog in supporting parochial schools.

However, the legal purists adduce precedents — free lunches at parochial schools paid for at public expense, public purchase of schoolbooks in parochial schools in Louisiana. This latter is most interesting, for a test case has been passed upon by the Supreme Court. The Court unanimously sustained the constitutionality of Louisiana legislation which provided free textbooks at public expense to all school children. So the lawyers rage, and some people are beginning to quote Dickens's Mr. Bumble.

What was behind the Lilienthal opposition?

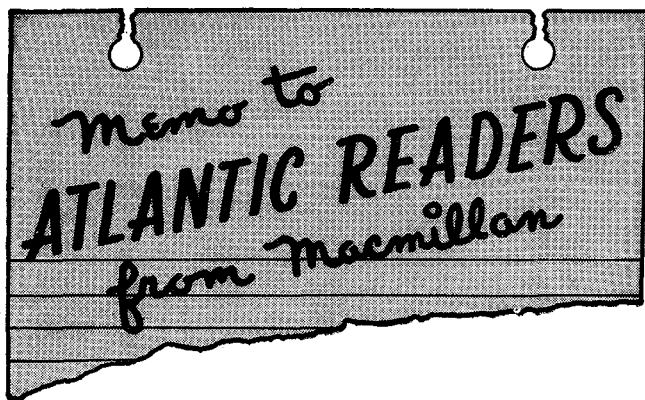
It must be plain as a pikestaff that the American future was deeply implicated in the Senate row over the nomination of David E. Lilienthal as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. No single factor united the opposition. The 78-year-old McKellar of Tennessee was ventilating a spleen which derived from Lilienthal's refusal to play pork-barrel politics with him. The feud between the two is notorious. McKellar is a vindictive and relentless antagonist. He pulled all the stops in his campaign to block Lilienthal: anti-Semitism, fraudulent letters, innuendoes, and the rest.

When the old-guard Republicans seized the issue, the implications became serious. Here was evidence of reaction to Hardingism. It is said that word went out that the Lilienthal issue should be used as a weapon against the New Deal. Lilienthal was a New Dealer; *ergo*, he was unacceptable to a Republican Congress. But on this matter the Republicans are by no means agreed. Clearly revealed are the beginnings of a split between the progressive forces in the GOP and the reactionaries. Vandenberg seems marked out for leadership of the progressives; Taft has the old-guard following.

It would be curious if this incipient division were to become clearly marked. For both men are instinctively middle-of-the-roaders. Vandenberg hated the New Deal and all it stood for. But he has grown with the times. He feels that government has a role to play in maintaining an expanding economy. He believes that there can be no expanding economy in the United States without a constant increase in our foreign trade. Hence he stands back of the reciprocal trade program, though he feels — and the State Department agrees with him — that the Tariff Commission should have a place in the negotiation of trade agreements.

Vandenberg, who is both chairman of the Senate and chairman of its Foreign Relations Committee, is likewise the great hope of Secretary Marshall in overcoming what the latter calls our "indifference" to our world responsibility.

Taft knows the business of Congress better than most of his colleagues. On domestic affairs he has



Regarding:

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about the book:

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about the author:

ROBERT M. MACIVER is Lieber Professor of Political Philosophy and Sociology at Columbia University, and the author of *Toward an Abiding Peace* and many other books.

What the critics say:

"*The Web of Government* comments upon so many aspects of government it is impossible to indicate them all. There are judicious remarks upon the nature of revolutions, pertinent justifications of political parties and objective accounts of the expanding functions of government . . . an able and enlightening book."—Orville Prescott, *New York Times*

"A wise and provocative book."—Thomas K. Finletter, *New York Times Book Review*

"The background perspective . . . is rich. Few if any American social scientists command more of the materials of sociology, social anthropology, and psychology than does our author . . . solid in content, straightforward in style, fecund of perspective."—T. V. Smith, *Saturday Review of Literature*

—Macmillan

WASHINGTON (continued)

supported several items of social reform. But on foreign affairs he seems to be drifting back to a 1920 position. His stand on Lilienthal was inexplicable on any other ground.

Taft said that Lilienthal was "soft" with Russia and Communism. Yet no agency has a better record of administration free from Communism than the Tennessee Valley Authority. The Dies Committee, when investigating Communist activities in the South, reported that three persons employed in minor positions by TVA had engaged in Communist activities.

Perhaps Lilienthal's "softness" stems from the report on atomic energy bearing the names of Lilienthal and Acheson. It was the draft for the Baruch plan for the international control of atomic energy. At the time of publication, the Lilienthal-Acheson report evoked widespread admiration from wholly nonpartisan sources. The question is raised whether the old guardists are beginning to regret any effort aimed at the international control of atomic energy.

Even the position of the chairmanship of the Atomic Energy Commission has been misunderstood. From the debate on Lilienthal, one would imagine that the chairman is authorized to develop atomic energy, and to distribute it as a public service. Hence the power lobby that was arrayed against Lilienthal.

The fact is that the commission is only the custodian of this new source of power. Unlike the Congressional act establishing the TVA, the atomic energy act declared as its basic purpose the encouragement of "free competition in private enterprise," and it leaves wholly in Congressional hands the determination of policy with respect to the industrial uses of atomic energy.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

There was general relief in the Capital over the Supreme Court's decision sustaining the contempt conviction against John L. Lewis and his union.

Washington is working itself into an anti-Communist lather. This is unbecoming to a nation which, as Mr. Churchill put it, stands at the summit of its power. For the mood is a reflection of fear. The way to combat Communism, as those who are decrying the new complex insist, is by making a success out of our system of free enterprise and by keeping our powder dry. In both respects the prevailing opinion on the Hill is not as clear as it might be.

Stability in the economy will not come so long as the pork barrel and sectionalism are rampant. And they are. Moreover, the anxiety to trim the budget raises an uncertainty over our national defense, not to say our overseas responsibilities. It would seem that lynching bees and witch-hunts constitute a poor excuse for statesmanship in these critical days.

ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Zionist Illusion"

● Professor Stace's article, "The Zionist Illusion," which appeared in the February *Atlantic*, has evoked a wide and immediate response. We regret that it is physically impossible to reproduce more than a fraction of the many thoughtful letters in explanation of the Zionists' case. The following are, however, representative of the best:—

Sir:

My best thanks for publishing W. T. Stace's article. It is lucid and courageous — exactly what the Balfour Declaration was not. I have been a friend and defender of the Jews for fifty years — ever since the Dreyfus Case; and I resent the methods by which non-Zionists, Jews as well as Gentiles, are intimidated. You will be roundly cursed: here is my blessing.

ALBERT GUÉRARD, SR.
Stanford University, Cal.

Sir:

"The Zionist Illusion" deserves preservation as a signal example of making the worse seem the better cause.

The entire argument (except for the side dish of spinach) is constructed on the premise that majority opinion among Palestinian Arabs is against Jewish immigration. But that is precisely the premise that a clear-headed thinker would have avoided. Can anyone justifiably hold that the Arab masses — illiterate, enslaved, victimized by British and mukhtar propaganda — represent a public opinion in the sense intended by Mr. Stace: *Vox populi, vox Dei*? Have the Arabs in Palestine ever been given an opportunity to form any opinion? Have they, in fact, ever done more (and few indeed have spoken at all) than parrot the phrases put into their mouths by a self-interested few and their agents, including British civil servants who serve Shell Oil?

Any assertion that there is a valid Arab public

opinion is nonsense. Any argument based on such an assertion is nonsense. Palestine is not even a nation in the sense that Mr. Stace uses the word. He is guilty here of fallacious analogy. Palestine is an area containing some pretty poor land that some Jews are willing to buy and live on because they are in dire straits. Mr. Stace concocts a very genteel argument to obscure that fundamental issue. Mr. Stace can afford to write genteel arguments about justice. He lives in that idyllic college town of Princeton, New Jersey. He has not had to live between Dachau and Cyprus.

BERNARD BAUM
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir:

Your magazine and Professor Stace's fine article have been quoted by practically every Arab newspaper and magazine. I am sure that millions of fair-minded people would wish to join me in thanking you for the good will that your periodical strives to achieve in presenting all sides of such controversial subjects.

AOUNEY W. DEJANY
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Mr. Stace attempts to establish a case against the Jews who are attempting to immigrate to Palestine, through a comparison of the Arab status to that of the American Indian in this country. He says of us in this country: "It is true that there were cases of so-called purchase from the Indians. But no one will claim that the general right of the American people to occupy this country is founded on such purchases." It is difficult to understand how Mr. Stace can be guilty of such an obvious fallacy in his analogy, since he goes on to say that in this country, "by and large we just seized the land by any means that seemed at the time most convenient."

Is he unaware of the fact that all land in Jewish

possession has been purchased free from coercion of either buyer or seller? These purchases include swamps, barren hills, desert land, and degenerate soil sold at prices far in excess of the true value.

O. H. STEINER
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:

The *Atlantic* deserves no credit for presenting "The Zionist Illusion" to "point out the logic . . . of the most embittered question of our time." One wonders why you didn't have the honesty to title the article, written by a former employee of the British Foreign Office, "The British Deception."

Isn't it rather amazing that Mr. Stace so conveniently forgets to ask what the British are doing in Palestine? Has he forgotten the Mandate under which the English accepted Palestine from the League of Nations? The Mandate under which the Mandatory pledged itself to "facilitate Jewish immigration," "encourage close settlement by Jews on the land," and "secure the establishment of the Jewish national home"? Mr. Stace's constant references to laws and lawyers to prove his points should have reminded him of this international agreement which Britain signed with the nations of the world and then flouted. The convictions and punishments meted out to Nazi leaders were based upon international agreements much less concrete and specific than the Mandate.

A philosopher who states that Hitler might have argued that he would run America more efficiently than its present rulers, and concludes that "the claim might not be entirely lacking in truth," reveals the emptiness of his naked, logical soul and the partisan sterility of his philosophy.

LEON J. KOWAL
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

To pass by the boldly stated and legally phrased generalizations of W. T. Stace would be a grave injustice to other very pertinent and apparently oft-forgotten facts of the Palestinian question.

First, it is of extreme importance to remember that the Arab majority in Palestine would not be a majority if Arabs had not doubled in population since World War I. Only in Palestine has this unique change in the Arab population taken place. Hence a case resting on this point should take into account the many ramifications of the fact that the Arabs are in the majority. Most of these ramifications hinge on the many changes brought about by the Jews.

Secondly, the arbitrary length of time set up by Mr. Stace as a basis of "possession" is not very significant. Actually, the ancient Hebrews occupied Palestine as a government for a period longer than the Moslems have occupied it. And

one should consider the occupations by the Persians, Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and, more recently, the Turks (1516 to 1917).

Thirdly, the British Government proposed to the Allied powers in 1917 that Palestine should become a Jewish homeland, and on this basis received the Mandate from the League. Now, England repudiates the intent and fact of the original proclamation. It is a sad commentary that only recently the leaders of the British Government have been forced to consider the presentation of the issue to the UN.

Finally, the homelessness of Jews in Europe is not merely a question of shame and pity. It is an economical, social, and political question to be solved with points of territorial gain, confiscated wealth, political affiliation, and minority rights now being debated by the UN.

The reference to the influence of the American Zionists is entirely unjustified if one fails to mention the absentee Arab landlords. How many of the Arab leaders dealing with England with respect to Palestine actually live in Palestine? Some of them spent considerable time in Berlin during World War II.

NORMAN R. KLIVANS
Cleveland, Ohio

Sir:

"The Zionist Illusion" has inflamed me because I believe it deliberately attempted to set in the American mind an anti-Zionist opinion, without giving a just and a true picture of the facts.

The author attempts to show that the problem in Palestine is primarily an Arab-Jewish problem, whereas history today brings out the fact that it is rather a Jewish-British problem, based on the significance in a military sense of Palestine to the British Government. Secondly, Palestine is treated as an Arab country, whereas it is not an Arab country, or even a country, but only a province, representing less than one per cent of the total Arab land that only thirty years ago was under Turkish rule. Ninety-nine per cent of these lands were given independence, and an Arab ruler was set up, through the good wishes of the Allied governments after the First World War. The other one per cent of the land that the Arabs claimed as their own was set up as a Jewish homeland, both under the Balfour Declaration and under the Mandate of the League of Nations.

REV. BEDROS BAHARIAN
Quincy Point Congregational Church
Quincy, Mass.

Sir:

I wish to point out why, arguing on his own grounds, Professor W. T. Stace can be shown to be in error.

In his unexceptionable statement that "self-

determination or democracy of a nation means that its affairs are governed by the wishes of its own people . . . the wishes of the majority," he sets up his entire chain of reasoning. However, reference to self-determination in the case of a people which is still many centuries behind the Western democracies is a little absurd. Socially, politically, economically, the Arab states are not democratic and make no pretense of so being. Hence any analogy between the situation in Palestine and the situation in the United States faced with a "mass immigration of non-Caucasian people" makes no sense. Where there are widespread literacy, freedom of discussion, a press in which facts and opinions can be widely disseminated, the term "majority" makes sense. In other cases, it does not.

Next, this period is the aftermath of a war. In that war the Jews were a weak but certain force on the side of the victorious Allies. The Arabs vacillated. The Grand Mufti was an outright adherent of the Axis powers. Certain of the territories adjacent to Palestine had to be occupied by Allied troops. The Arabs threw in their lot with the Axis, and it is evidence of the current tension between the Soviet Union and Britain — or, to be idealistic, of much greater forbearance in international relations — that the Arabs are permitted to have a case at all.

Third, if the British, the Germans, and the Americans occupy their lands by the right of long possession, but acquired the lands originally in spite of the "desires" of the then inhabitants, what precedent is there for taking from the Jews an opportunity to acquire a homeland in the same manner as did every other nation now on the face of the globe?

Finally, Mr. Stace is at his weakest when he expresses his belief that we should "refuse to countenance even what might be regarded as a sort of justifiable aggression — what a dangerous phrase! — than to adopt into our philosophy of international relations a principle which can be so easily twisted to justify any aggression or any war whatsoever." There are certain social and economic imperatives which lead to war or which prevent war. A low level of employment and income, a failure on the part of citizens in a democracy to concern themselves with the affairs of other nations, a lack of machinery through which nations can meet in council and discussion — these things will lead to war. And whether we have principles at hand to justify the aggression is irrelevant. If the justification is needed, it will be found.

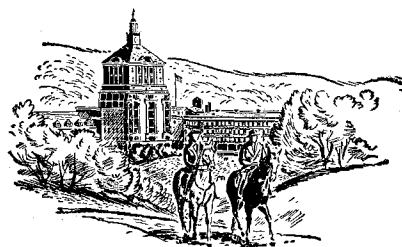
RICHARD B. WOLF
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

"The Zionist Illusion" is the ablest presentation of the Palestinian issue that I have seen; and it is written with clarity and justice.

Many newspapers and magazines have been afraid to put the Arab side of the question, which is a strong one. Unfortunately, it has got into

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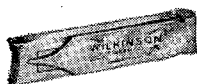
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American politics and both parties have been swayed by fear of adverse votes on a question that has very serious implications for this country unless it is decided wisely and impartially.

Having been in touch with Americans who were born in the Near East and speak the languages there, and who are equally friendly with Arabs and Jews, I feel that only one side of the problem has been presented in our papers. I am glad the *Atlantic* had the courage to print the other side.

This letter does not mean that I am not sympathetic with the plight of the Jewish refugees. Our government should lead in finding some refuge for them — and that at once. But I do feel indignant that no stronger protest is made by American officials against the Jewish excesses in their underground movement.

JEAN C. COCHRAN
Plainfield, N.J.

Sir:

The article by Professor W. T. Stace is such a distortion of fact, it would seem only fair to let your readers have the other side of the question.

If the Arab peasant of Palestine were asked if he wants Jews there, instead of the overlords of neighboring Arab countries, we might get nearer the crux of the situation.

And to leave other matters aside, the Jews are the only people in the world today who deserve and need Palestine. Why are Jews the only people in the world who cannot go to Palestine today?

MRS. ALBERT LEWITT
Nashua, N.H.

Sir:

Professor Stace's article is a logical exercise that starts from wrong assumptions. Future world peace depends not on the intensification of merely traditional and legalistic ideas of national sovereignty, but on the assertion of some superior world power to make social decisions, at least in crucial cases.

The desire of a sovereign nation to retain full control of a vital economic resource, to decide a border dispute in its own wisdom, or to close off some channel of communication or means of living for the rest of the world must be tempered to some degree by international wisdom. If the total result of all our thinking does not permit some world authority to deal with one such problem and, in the given case, to open up one tiny spot to peaceful immigration for the victims of the greatest world disaster ever experienced, then sovereignty is king again and we have learned nothing.

HERMAN FELDMAN
Amos Tuck School of Business
Administration, Dartmouth College,
Hanover, N.H.

Sir:

I wish to commend you for including in your magazine such a timely and important contribu-

tion as "The Zionist Illusion." We are bombarded with so much Zionist propaganda from all sides these days that it is refreshing to get the Arab view.

WARREN I. TITUS
New York City

● I cannot individually answer all the letters which have reached me about my article, "The Zionist Illusion." I will briefly comment on the few arguments, among all that I have received, which seem to have sufficient plausibility to merit answer. Each of them has been used by many correspondents, so they seem to be typical and to exert fairly widespread influence.

1. I am told that the Zionist case is not based, as I assumed, on the Balfour Declaration, but on the Mandate of the League of Nations.

My contention was that the promise alleged to have been made by the British in the Declaration was ethically unjustifiable because it violates the right of self-determination residing in the majority of the inhabitants of Palestine. The same promise made by the League would, of course, be equally unjustifiable and for the same reason. The question at issue is whether a certain promise was ethically good or bad. Who made the promise, whether the League or the British, cannot possibly affect this question.

2. I am told that my article assumes that the majority of Arabs oppose Zionism, and that a referendum might show otherwise.

It is true that I make this assumption and that without a referendum it cannot be 100 per cent certain. But the overwhelming evidence is that the Arabs do object.

3. It is argued that the Jews in Palestine purchase the land legally. Yes, but this would only give property rights to Jewish individuals, not political control of territory to a Jewish nation or subnation. Moreover, individual immigration and land purchase are subject to control and prevention at the will of the majority of the inhabitants of a country, as is shown by American immigration laws.

4. It is argued that the Jews helped the Allies in the war, while the Arabs were neutral, and some even pro-Axis.

I hold that this is irrelevant and is an appeal to prejudice. Justice is not a matter of favoring one's friends, but is impartial. Whether the inhabitants of Palestine were our friends or our enemies has nothing to do with the question whether they have the right to determine their own affairs. That the Arabs did not help us in the war does not give us the right to dispose of the country in which they live, any more than the neutrality of the Swedes or Swiss gives us a right to dispose of Swiss or Swedish territory.

— W. T. STACE



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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 179



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90th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

POPPA KNOWS BEST

by BILL MAULDIN

As a rule it is not safe to generalize about soldiers, but during the war their attitude toward veterans' organizations ran pretty well to one feeling: it's better to be a Mister than a Veteran. A few thought it would be nice to have a social club to keep war-made friendships alive; a handful thought the vet should organize for political reasons. But most guys, especially those found in areas close to the shooting war, didn't want anything in the way of clubs, uniforms, parades, or conventions — anything that would remind them of what they had been through.

Naturally, none of these men wanted to go home and find himself rooked out of a job or a decent place to live. But wasn't there the GI Bill of Rights? Loans, security, happiness. Even soldiers who had enough leisure to fret about the future felt secure.

Pickings looked slim for professional veteran organizers, who make careers of convincing servicemen that one day or more spent in uniform entitles a man to devote the rest of his life to bragging about it and expecting special privileges because of it. This was a citizens' army and its members wanted only to become citizens again.

BILL MAULDIN entered the war in the infantry, and then was assigned to duty as a combat artist. He roved through nine infantry divisions, through the heat and miserable cold of the mountain fighting. The pictures of his bearded heroes, Joe and Willie, and the account of how he drew them, as told in his book *Up Front*, belong on the same shelf with Ernie Pyle.

Some of the Army's inmates felt so strongly about this, and had such a distaste for the veteran's organizations they had seen in the past, that they got together and formed a veterans' organization to carry out their ideas. It smacks of a vicious circle, but that's what happened. The group called itself the American Veterans Committee and adopted a motto, "Citizens first, veterans second." Using no uniforms, no brass bands, and no baby grand pianos to throw out of windows, the AVC jumped up to its neck in politics, on the theory that as a citizen the veteran should become active in affairs which affect the citizenry as a whole.

Today approximately fifteen million men have been discharged from America's armed forces. The AVC claims some 100,000 of them. That's a pretty small fraction of the total: one out of 150 — about the same percentage that one would have guessed would join organizations, after listening to countless Army discussions on the subject. What about the rest? A few have joined the half-dozen or so other young groups which sprouted at the same time as AVC. But *two and one-half million* have joined the American Legion. The Legion's membership today is four and one-half million, including some 800,000 enthusiastic lady auxiliaries. In two years there has been a big change of heart.

Of course, the Legion's recruiting methods, recreational facilities, and advertising means are

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far superior to those of its junior rivals. It is easier to join an established post than to form a new one. Many young men came home to find that their Legionnaire daddies had enrolled them and paid their dues in advance. But after all these have been accounted for, we still have to dig for the reasons why most men have joined the ribald old Legion. Since the war ended, the veteran has begun to feel he needs something besides pretty words. While the young organizations are realistic in their outlook on matters vital to the veteran, they lack big machinery. The Legion has plenty of it.

And the Legion makes no bones about its hard-boiled attitude toward the relation between citizen and veteran. The Legion remembers a quarter century back when America's worship for its heroes faded with the echoes of the last shots on the battlefields. The American Legion believes the veteran should look out for his own interests, and to hell with the next guy. The AVC believes the veteran's first responsibility is that of a citizen. World War II veterans have had two years to choose, and a glance at the membership figures of the two organizations shows which choice they have taken so far. Why?

One instrument that in many ways has failed the young man back from the war is the GI Bill of Rights. Another great pain has been housing. While professing much sorrow over the roofless noggins of its young membership, the Legion's high command has been strongly against every plan the government has put forth to ease the housing shortage. The organization has followed what appears to be a more or less normal urge to grow more conservative as it grows older. An indication of this may be found in the fact that the Legion's officials condemned Senator Robert Taft as a radical because he helped write the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill. The Legion joined several other groups, largely real estate, in referring to it as the "wet" bill.

The point here is that the Legion's membership had no vote in the matter. The Legion, a great champion of Americanism, operates by the caucus system. Posts elect delegates, who in turn elect higher delegates, until finally a small group sits at the top and declares Legion policies — but they are not answerable to their electors. Occasionally posts, and often individual Legionnaires, protest top-level policies, and can throw their weight around locally, but the vibrations of dissenting voices seldom extend beyond the next county. Individual members have been chucked

out of posts, and posts have had their charters revoked when they have become annoying.

Here the Legion allowed its politics (the kind which call Taft radical) to cause it to condemn a piece of legislation on principle only. If the Legion felt that its attitude toward Federal housing was for the good of its membership's political future, then its paternal attitude is nice. But how much right does an organization have to be paternal toward several million members? Especially when the organization is a champion of the credo known as 100 per cent, rootin', tootin' Americanism? It is hard to believe that if ballots had been distributed, the membership, a noticeable portion of which is huddled on park benches and under culverts, would have voted against Taft's brainstorm.

Unless his eyes are full of sand, it's hard for a young gent not to see many faults in the old Legion. So his swing toward it must mean that he's become pretty disillusioned in the two years since he wanted to be a Mister instead of a Veteran. Political troubles and industrial strife, which had simmered while he was away, broke out in great storms after V-J Day. If the vet was pro-labor, he was disillusioned by the behavior of some of labor's bosses. Or maybe he had faith in his bank and was a good conservative. It was a shock to find that the bank, which sent him Christmas cards while he was overseas, had become more interested in collateral than character, and his GI Bill of Rights loan wasn't what it was cracked up to be. Whatever form his disillusionment took, it wasn't pleasant. He wanted a surplus truck. Maybe he had some sort of moral priority, but unless he represented a big dealer and talked in terms of dozens, he was usually out of luck — unless he wanted to buy retail from a dealer.

He found himself being bombarded with the idea that maybe he had spent the war helping his worst enemies kill his best friends. If he praised a Russian or criticized Franco he was a Red. He found that his war record and a dime would get him on a crosstown bus. Very confusing.

2

THIS was not a new story to the Legionnaires. They had been through it a generation before. They knew that when a man is thoroughly bewildered and angry, it's not hard to talk him into placing some of his troubles in the hands of those who promise to solve them for him. The Legion sat back and waited. The flood came.

For an organization designed to solve the vet-

erans' problems, the Legion has a handsome setup. Even with its comparatively small membership before World War II, the Legion was the most powerful single legislative influence in America. The organization's big-time lobbyist is John Thomas Taylor. The members of the American Legion pay Taylor an annual salary of \$10,000, and it's very modest, considering the fact that he makes most of the highest-priced lobby-artists in Washington look like sissies.

Included among the Legion's four and one-half million members are, according to the count at the beginning of the Eightieth Congress, 195 members of the House of Representatives, 44 U.S. Senators, 5 Cabinet members, 3 Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney General, and Harry Truman. Also 26 state governors and countless state legislators. But this is not what makes John Thomas Taylor an important man in Washington.

Taylor made a speech at the annual National Commanders and Adjutants Conference in Indianapolis last November. His own words show what gives Taylor the strength to make legislators bend their ears. "We're strong," said Taylor, while discussing the Eightieth Congress, which was about to begin work, "but a lot of the new [Congress] men don't know it yet. It's necessary to impress them. That's where you fellas come in." The roomful of men, representing forty-eight states and the territories, looked as if they had heard this before, but they enjoyed listening to Taylor, who was an engaging speaker with a long cigar for a pointer.

"Find out for me the attitude of your new Congressman," said Taylor. "Don't just wire me that 'He's all right.' I want to know if he's all right where *we* are concerned. If you're not sure about him, tell me and I'll have a talk with him. If you hear from me after I see him, I expect you to put the fear of God in him. *From back home.* That's where he gets his votes.

"I'm a realist about legislation [*note: one of the classic understatements of our time*] and I know that's all he's worried about — his votes. And even if he doesn't like Washington society, his wife does. [*Laughter.*] After you've put the heat on a man, I always know, because he always comes to me and complains about it."

Taylor repeated these sentiments several times because, he said, "The Legion is interested in 106 pieces of legislation, involving 14 billion dollars, in 1947." This spokesman for the organization which champions, among other things, a balanced budget made a rather neat addition to his remarks: "Remember," said he, "that it's none

of your damned business whether you agree with any piece of legislation we're pushing. Remember it's the Legion mandate."

When you stop to think what happens in a Congressman's mind after he has taken a contrary attitude toward one of the 106 bills, and is deluged with letters, wires, and angry phone calls from his home district — and you remember that Taylor can precipitate this deluge in any Congressional district at any given hour, with more than 15,000 Legion posts awaiting the "mandate" — nothing more need be added to his remarks.

It's surprising how many Legionnaires think of the outfit solely as a social group which does charitable work and swaps war stories at meetings, and they bitterly resent outside criticism of the Legion. Persons in this category would do well to acquaint themselves with John Thomas and his activities.

If the Legion confined itself solely to using its power as a crowbar to pry the lid off the Treasury on behalf of the veteran at the expense of the rest of the citizenry, the situation would be simple. But the outfit is a maze of contradictions. After announcing its intention to raid the mint, the Legion professes strongly conservative politics, and every conservative wants economy in the government.

If it used its whip in Congress only to force legislation in favor of the things the veteran needs or wants, then again the situation would be simple. But in the case of housing, the organization placed its avowedly staunch belief in unlimited free enterprise above the thing so many veterans crave — immediate housing.

Practically every speech made at important Legion functions sounds like a mixture of National Association of Manufacturers advertising and a Hearst editorial page. Article II, Section 2, of the Legion Constitution states: "The American Legion shall be absolutely non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles nor for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or preferment." Now the Legion undoubtedly has its own reasons for overlooking this part of its constitution. But the old dragon has the unmitigated brass to flay other veterans' organizations which also take an interest in partisan politics.

3

THE American Veterans Committee has been on the receiving end of a great deal of the Legion's invec-

tive. The red paintbrush has been applied generously, and not without reason. For a long time the domestic Communists advised their friends to join the Legion and bore at its innards. But the old outfit has developed a tough shell. The top Legion leadership would remain firm if half the organization were full of carefully made holes. It must have been a shock to the Commies to find an organization as unyielding as themselves. Undemocratic.

So the AVC began inheriting some of the frustrated little men with the augers. Like all organizations which maintain a semblance of decadent democracy, the American Veterans Committee has a soft underbelly. The Communist Party turned its attention to AVC and advised eligible comrades to join AVC as well as the Legion. Squirring just slightly, like the Spartan boy with the shirtful of fox, AVC is trying to defend itself by voting against Communist members who aspire to high offices — and not by revoking their membership. Probably the Legion's defense is more effective, but one can't help wondering which method leaves its user in a better position to speak of such things as Americanism.

Some historians claim the Legion got off to a booming start because the high command in World War I supported the infant as a weapon against the growth of American left-wing movements. Last November I interviewed Paul Griffith, the National Commander, and asked him if this was true. Griffith, no mean Legion historian, neither confirmed nor denied it. He did say that the Legion has been conservative since the beginning, that its top officials have always been men "with solid, mature ideas," and that the Legion has maintained a constant hostility toward the left wing. He added that he hopes this policy will continue.

I asked if the organization intended to devote as much time to fighting the good fight against those who would destroy our way of life à la Schicklgruber as it devotes to defeating the whiskery Bolsheviks. The Ku Klux Klan was mentioned. "The Ku Klux Klan," said Griffith in his positive manner, "is dead." I thought of a little dentist in Atlanta who will be awfully hurt if he hears of this. His name is Samuel Green, and he will not like to hear that as far as the American Legion's Commander is concerned he is not a Grand Dragon but just another obscure croaker. "Of course, if it were not dead it *should* be dead," added Griffith, for the record. "But it's dead."

"The Communists," he said, "are our only threat." I had been privileged to hear Griffith shortly before, as he delivered a long speech at a

luncheon for some Indianapolis dignitaries. The words free enterprise, Americanism, Communism, red fascism, fellow travelers, and pinks appeared at regularly spaced intervals, and it is not hard to believe that Griffith, as well as the American Legion, is fighting a noble if somewhat one-sided battle.

With the Legion's conservatism salted away for the moment, Griffith turned to the subject of youth in the Legion. Critics who say World War II veterans have no voice in the Legion should correct their statement. The National Commander himself is a World War II veteran. Griffith served as a sergeant the first time; as a colonel this time. John Thomas Taylor, the potentate of Capitol Hill, is a World War II veteran also. Certainly as long as Taylor is around, nobody can say World War II has no voice in the Legion.

Since practically all the top Legion brass which boasts World War II service can also boast World War I duty, the original criticism should be reworded: *youth* has no voice in the Legion. True, young veterans have taken over several posts here and there, and have even started a few of their own. But when I speak of the Legion in this piece, I refer to the Legion which does the talking — not the membership at large. The wide chairs in the assembly room at National Headquarters are still being polished by wider and more mature posteriors. One of the Legion's high dignitaries was pretty frank about this at the San Francisco Convention last fall. "This is a billion-dollar corporation," said he. "You don't turn something like that over to a bunch of inexperienced kids."

Griffith has the same attitude but he says it in a more diplomatic way. He thinks wiser heads should prevail always, and he himself spent ten years in his own post before assuming a position of even minor responsibility.

Conceding the value of age and wisdom accrued through experience, I asked the National Commander if he didn't feel that sometimes brash youth with its radical ideas, while admittedly needing to be checked and balanced by sages, had occasional merit. In short, wouldn't it be a good idea if the wise old Legion monster had enough young blood injected into its brain (its veins are already bubbling over with young blood) to startle it a bit — maybe jog its thinking processes?

Down came Griffith's kind and fatherly foot. He does not go along with the theory that youth is inclined to be radical. He feels that all right-thinking young men realize that poppa knows best, and that there are just as many old crackpots as young ones. He recounted his own youth-

ful experiences, and they were right out of Horatio Alger. He jerked himself upward by his bootstraps, and now he is a prosperous businessman, and he feels he grew up right — by listening to his elders. He probably has something there.

Paul Griffith's statements, and the actions of the high echelon of command in the American Legion, make several facts rather obvious about the organization, particularly from a young man's standpoint. If he is interested in having a voice in his country's future during the next few crucial years, and hopes to make himself heard through the nation's largest veterans' organization, he's out of luck. The Legion's official policies come from the top. The individual member's sole contribution is the fact that he is a member — one more statistic to frighten a Congressman. If he doesn't agree with the Legion's ideas, he is not going to change them within the next few years, because the top men have left no doubt that *they* know what is best for the veterans and the nation they live in.

If the young man is willing to come along quietly and let himself be indoctrinated, then in good time the reins will be placed in his hands. General Harry Vaughan, the President's aide, made a remark which probably reflects the attitude of some of the more tolerant senior Legionnaires. "Let the old boys have their fun," said Vaughan. "They built the Legion and it's their baby. They'll turn it over to the kids eventually." This is a touching attitude, but the sentiment is hardly in line with the Legion's "campaign promises" when it went after young members in a big way. "Come in and take over!" they cried, not mentioning that they meant ten years from now.

The Legion's leaders are highly conservative about domestic politics, and lean by nature toward isolationism. They were highly isolationist until 1941. Men who join the Legion add strength to those policies, and to no others.

4

DESPITE its many good deeds and intentions, the Legion is a political machine in the hands of a comparative few. The merits of a liberal policy or a conservative one are beside the point — the fact is that the Legion has maintained one extreme policy without wavering since its birth, and there is no doubt that a constantly extreme party line at the top of a large organization often works to the detriment of the membership. No extremist can be right all the time.

Of course, in view of the fact that some unwholesome characters on the real lunatic fringe of American politics are making a great play to capture the valuable commodity known as the veteran's mind, and to turn it to their own ends, the young ex-warrior could be in worse hands than those of the John Thomas Taylors. But he could be in far better ones — his own.

One great citizen of this nation who believes the veteran should determine his own future is General Omar N. Bradley, who runs the Veterans Administration. Unquestionably he was one of the most popular field commanders of the war. His interest in his boys has always extended beyond their battlefield usefulness. That's what set him apart from so many of his contemporary commanders and explains his wartime popularity.

Bradley has made his feelings about the citizen-veteran quite plain: "He can think of himself primarily as a citizen and he can employ his veterans' benefits for his own best interests and those of the nation. Or he can think of himself primarily as a veteran and . . . employ his numerical strength for special privilege at the expense of the nation."

Of professional veterans Bradley says, "Anyone, whether he be the spokesman of veterans or any other group of American citizens, is morally guilty of betrayal when he puts special interests before the welfare of this nation."

Also, "I feel it my duty as an American citizen to remind veterans that their future lies in honest opportunity rather than special privilege. We dare not benefit one group of the American people at the expense of another."

General Bradley's views about the veteran as a citizen were not popular with the high echelons of Legion command last year. Griffith's predecessor as National Commander, an Illinois politician named John Stelle, opened up on the General several times with the Legion's heavy artillery. Once he used for ammunition the fact that Bradley had supported a bill designed to cut government allowances to vets — involved in the Veterans Administration's "on-the-job" training program — whose incomes exceeded an arbitrary ceiling set by the bill. Because of widely varied costs of living in areas where the program was being used, this had an adverse effect on many men who lived in more expensive parts of the country, and even caused some of them to give up the training. It was a very complex and controversial thing, with good arguments on both sides.

Seeing in this controversy a chance to crack at Bradley and show the boys the Legion was out to

make as much for them as possible, Stelle made it sound like a national emergency. He accused Bradley of everything from inefficiency to "breaking faith with the veterans." This controversy was the climax to several attacks Stelle had made on the General. The first had been when Bradley had refused to build a VA hospital in Decatur, Illinois — a project in which the Illinois politician Stelle had been quite interested.

While Bradley's universal popularity makes it unlikely that even top dogs in the Legion really put their hearts into this matter, nevertheless Stelle had spoken for the Legion, and the organization's bigwigs and house organs went along. Many individual posts and countless Legion members wrote Bradley to tell him that this was Stelle's show, not theirs. But the high command had spoken. The *National Legionnaire* proceeded to "prove" Bradley's inefficiency by editorials. No matter if nine out of every ten Legionnaires loved Bradley, the Legion hated him.

One of the many things for which Bradley is noted is his easygoing disposition. But like all kindly men, he burns with a blue flame when he's aroused. He went to the Legion's National Convention at San Francisco last October. He sat quietly at the speakers' table while the usual convention paunches shook before the mike and emitted the usual platitudes about the Legion's glorious destiny and the other paunches present. Bradley didn't bother wrapping himself in a flag. He was already warm enough. Said he: "There are among the ranks of the high-salaried professional veterans those who forget that the veteran has paid, and is paying, for all that he gets. . . . More dangerous than the German Army is the demagoguery that deceives the veteran today by promising him something for nothing."

Bradley made the rather startling revelation that not once had Stelle, during his term as National Commander of the country's largest veterans' organization, come into Bradley's office to make any offers of help or coöperation. In fact, said Bradley, "My host, your National Commander, has deliberately obstructed [the VA's] efforts. He has impaired our progress by misrepresenting our objectives."

The General repeated his sentiments about veterans being primarily citizens. From the stony silence which greeted his speech, and the remarks which followed from other speakers, one would have thought the General had recommended the use of veterans for vivisection.

The American Legion is usually pretty wise about its public relations. It maintains a large

staff of experts for this job. But evidently it wasn't listening to the experts in this matter, because it didn't expect the repercussions which followed the "Battle of Bradley" in San Francisco. Newspapers and public figures representing every shade of American politics and opinion (including many who had been staunch Legion supporters) wrote editorials and made statements giving Bradley their unanimous endorsement. Former soldiers who knew at first hand of Bradley's decency and integrity, as well as people who knew about him only through Ernie Pyle's columns, wrote bushels of mail telling the General they were all for him. In many cases his supporters were vague about the details of the controversy, but if the General was having troubles they wanted him to know they loved him.

So the American Legion officially loves him too, now. Paul Griffith has posed with Bradley for news photos. Below one of the photos was a joint statement of love and future coöperation which sounded as if the two were off to Niagara for a honeymoon. Because Bradley is still impartial and willing to play ball with any organization which will help in his work, it's certain that he was quite sincere in posing for the pictures and writing the statement.

But he still believes the veteran is primarily a citizen, and it is obvious that the Legion hasn't changed any of its views, so there must be special reasons for this new-found harmony. One of the reasons, of course, is that Bradley is too popular for the Legion to attack him openly. But the main reason is that Bradley will not be in the Veterans Administration much longer: he's going back into Army duty. The Legion can see no point in burning its fingers again by fighting him, when all it has to do is wait for him to leave, and concentrate on his successor.

5

THE American Legion had a good friend in General Frank Hines, who preceded Bradley. In view of the loud noises the old dragon made when Bradley committed one small act which may be construed as an error, it seems strange that the Legion never had a bad word for Hines during the many years he ran the Administration, when it made some of Washington's most notorious bureaus look like well-oiled precision machinery in comparison. An official history of the Legion, written recently by Richard Jones, a former Legion public relations man, even defends and praises the handling of the VA under Hines.

Many executive jobs in the Administration were held by duds who had long records of chronic incompetence, but who happened to belong to the Legion. The hospital system under Hines was scandalous. Physicians and nurses found themselves spending valuable time filling out forms and disentangling themselves from red tape, when they should have been taking care of patients. A complaining letter from a VA doctor, which was released by the American Veterans Committee in 1945, before Bradley became VA head, said:—

“Blame can be spread everywhere, but many of us feel that the veterans’ service organizations are largely at fault. . . . I have often heard the veterans’ organizations clamor for more monetary benefits and I have seen them maneuver for special privilege, but I never saw them exert themselves to raise the VA’s standards of medical treatment. How come? . . . The organizations are constantly appealing cases for higher ratings and trying to force into the hospital their members and prospects. . . . They have most use for docile physicians and executives. Such men have been rewarded with leading positions. . . . Many good men have resigned in disgust.”

No doubt Hines inherited many of his troubles from *his* predecessor, a man who went to Leavenworth for his practices in the VA. Probably the worst that can be said about Hines is that he was one of the docile people referred to in the indignant doctor’s letter. Hospitals were built with other considerations in mind besides convenience for the staff and comfort for the patients.

Another physician, a man of prominence, said, “The Veterans Administration hospitals are in the backwaters of American medicine, where doctors stagnate and where patients who deserve the best must often be satisfied with second-rate treatment.” Men stayed in VA hospitals for years, in some cases, without real effort being made to cure them. Applications for disability compensations piled up unopened in VA offices, while crippled veterans had to suffer if they had no funds of their own.

As the nation’s largest society of veterans, and one with immense influence in the government, the Legion made little effort to agitate for improvement in these conditions. Instead, the organization often exploited the situation for its own benefit. This is one of the blackest indictments against the American Legion.

Omar Bradley was asked to take the job of VA boss at the end of World War II because it was obvious that one hell of a mess would result if millions of new veterans returned and added *their*

problems to those still unsolved by the VA. The conscientious Bradley agreed, but asked to be relieved of the job in a year or two. He felt that if he could make any progress in streamlining the VA, it would be far enough along by that time so that a successor could take over and continue the improvement. Not only did he feel that his profession was soldiering, but he undoubtedly had an aversion to wading through political slop and dodging floating pork barrels all his life.

The job proved far more complex than Bradley’s former task as commander of the ground forces which cleaned up Europe. And there are still many things which don’t function perfectly in an organization which receives hundreds of thousands of fresh problems every week. But with many times the troubles of the Legion-approved Hines, Bradley has made the VA operate with many times its former efficiency. His first major improvements affected the hospitals. There the men who truly suffered great loss, and to whom the nation owes a tremendous debt, found that the average hospitalization time per patient had been cut from 42 to 20 days within the first year of Bradley’s administration. The General asked deans of seventy-seven leading medical colleges to cooperate with him in working out a system whereby young doctors are used as resident physicians by the VA while completing three years of specialist training. This and several other schemes are going a long way to improve and increase hospital staffs and cut down the number of sick guys who, in the past, languished in wards for long periods without much being done for them. Bradley has refused to knuckle under to high-pressure artists who think of hospitals as community assets rather than establishments to cure unlucky warriors.

6

THE brain-boys in the Legion have been reasonably successful in implying that last year’s fight with Bradley was a “clash of personalities” between Stelle and the General. Stelle’s behavior makes it easy to hang the rap on him alone. But it is impossible for the Legion to unprint articles and editorials which appeared in official house organs when the “mandate” said Omar oughta be spanked. And it is difficult to gloss over the fact that the powerful Legion organization not only refused to help Bradley to clean up the VA, but actually impeded and insulted him.

The reason was simply that Bradley believed

the VA should operate independently of groups which have axes to grind and prestige to keep up. He is willing to work with them but not for them. and he would prefer to fill his organization with efficient men, not pad it with favorite characters. The Legion didn't exactly approve of Hines's omissions — it was simply ready to forgive him under certain conditions. The organization doesn't dislike Bradley for his worthy efforts; it just puts other interests above the welfare of the Veterans Administration.

Legion brass hats can afford to wait a little while until Bradley leaves. If the job, which is filled by Presidential appointment, is given to a Legion-sponsored man (and it would be naïve to think the organization isn't working overtime to influence the appointment), then the Legion can use the VA to its own advantage in far greater measure than before.

Rival organizations which have incurred Legion enmity for any reason, including partisan politics, would quickly expire if the VA chose to cease its policy of extending recognition and coöperation to all veterans' groups on a fair basis. This would give the Legion a monopoly in veterans' affairs. It would absorb a large part of the membership of extinct groups, thereby adding considerably to its strength. But these would be small potatoes compared with the members the Legion could draw simply by dropping the hint that since it has strong influence in the VA, any man who depends upon that agency for benefits would do well to join the "club."

The "club" has made its position on the veteran versus the citizen quite plain. It regards the veteran as a separate and privileged part of society, regardless of the extent of his contribution to the war effort. The "club" has already attained a size and power which has a direct influence on our national affairs, and it is imperative for every American, veteran or otherwise, to look it over and decide what he thinks of it.

It is not important for the citizen to decide whether he approves or dislikes the American Legion's policies regarding everything from the atomic bomb to which textbooks shall be studied in our schools. It is important for him to acquaint himself with the fact that the policies of a group containing nearly five million members, and exerting the greatest single legislative influence in the country, are made at the top and not by the votes of its individual members. The men

who sit in its national headquarters are no longer representative of its membership, and their power grows with every recruit.

Perhaps also it would be good if the non-veteran citizen in America would reflect on the reasons why millions of men who just wanted to be Mist-ers are joining an organization which speaks for them without asking them what they'd like to say. It is quite a commentary on the disillusionment and apathy which has seized so many men in such a short time.

Those who would make us a generation of professional veterans are not altogether villainous characters. The American Legion once had some stars in its eyes, too. One of its very first resolutions in its infancy was directed against the idea of a bonus, on the theory that what is taken out of the Treasury must be put back in taxes. Many of its old members came home wanting to be Mist-ers, too. Their reconversion made them into cynics, and now they believe it is necessary for the veteran to protect himself against society. That is their sales talk for new memberships. But in the process of growing older, they have even forgotten to carry out that idea in many ways. The old Legion's selfish interests caused it to condone an inefficient Veterans Administration. Its current motto might well be, "Policy first, veterans second, citizens third."

The American Legion is in a large sense the product of America's behavior toward its erst-while heroes. If the non-veteran citizens do not exert a little more effort to help ex-servicemen, and bear in mind that help does not mean charity and simple cash handouts, but constructive aid so that the veteran can regain his place in the society he was forced to leave, then the citizen must expect the consequences. There is a tendency among civilians to judge both service and ex-service men by the chiselers, whiners, and gold bricks which are bound to show up in any group of people. And there is a similar trend among veterans to judge all non-veterans by the landlord who chisels, the grocer who cheats, and the woman who didn't wait.

The gap between citizen and veteran has widened in many ways. Nobody can afford to ignore men like Bradley, who have given simple and clear warnings of the danger in the situation. Demagogues have winning ways, especially for the man who has no one else to whom he can turn in his troubles.

THE AIR CAN BE SAFER

by T. P. WRIGHT

FOUR fatal accidents occurred to U.S. air carriers during the last seven days of 1946. The sensational headlines which followed were a shock to many readers; yet despite these accidents the fact remains that the safety record of U.S. airlines for the entire year 1946 was the best in history. Although flying more than 7 billion passenger miles, almost double the 1945 amount of civilian flying, they had only 11 fatal accidents, against 10 in 1945. This means that the passenger fatality rate per 100 million passenger miles, which is the best measure of risk, was cut from 2.31 for 1945 to 1.60 for 1946.

Airline travel is still not so safe as rail or bus travel, but it is much safer than riding in passenger automobiles. Of the 100,000 persons killed by accidents of all kinds in the United States last year, 30,000 were killed by automobiles, against 73 in accidents of the scheduled airlines.

Plane travel can be made still safer in 1947 and the years to follow if the American people are prepared to invest the funds needed to install and operate the improved air navigation aids already available, and to perfect new safety aids now in an experimental stage.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration is by no means complacent about the safety problem, and is constantly analyzing accident causes and seeking remedies. What were the major causes of airline accidents in 1946, and what can be done to eliminate them?

Causes of accidents

Most numerous on the list of last year's fatal accidents were those which occurred during the approach or landing, in many cases with a low ceiling.

An aircraft engineer, T. P. WRIGHT graduated from M.I.T. and served in Naval Aviation in World War I. Thereafter he entered the employ of what was to become the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, of which he was successively chief engineer, general manager, and vice president. He was called to the National Defense Council in Washington in 1940. Since 1944 he has been Administrator of CAA.

We are attacking this situation in two ways. First, there is the installation, now well under way, of radio, radar, and lighting aids, which ultimately will make landings under any weather conditions as reliable as those carried out today under "contact" — that is, with clear view of the ground. Next we are changing two rules governing airline operations. One change requires pilots to abide by any Weather Bureau report on ceilings at airports, whether estimated or scientifically measured; this will curb any tendency to make landings in hazardous, borderline weather. The other increases the minimum ceilings for four-engine planes, which need more maneuvering space than smaller twin-engine types.

To keep airplanes from running into the sides of mountains, our remedy is better aids to navigation, and we are confident that CAA can provide these if sufficient funds are made available. Again, an intensive study has been made of fire in the air, resulting in a new set of specifications for preventing, detecting, checking, and extinguishing fires.

Some people will ask, "What about the human element? Are unfit pilots and mechanics responsible for these accidents?" I think not. Our airline captains are men with thousands of hours of flying experience, who regularly take the most stringent physical examinations and flight tests to determine continued proficiency. Furthermore, they are limited by regulation to a maximum of 100 hours of flying a month, to prevent fatigue. Nevertheless, we are studying the vast accumulation of war data on aviation psychology to determine whether methods of selecting and training pilots can be improved.

While it is necessary to put many accidents down on the books as caused by pilot error, I am inclined to think that in a good number of these the error would not have occurred if the pilot had had better navigation aids. As for the mechanics, there is almost no evidence of improper maintenance causing accidents.

The big question mark, then, is navigation aids.

What have we learned in peace or in war of devices that will make flying safer? How many of these devices are immediately applicable to civil use? And what will it cost to install them?

Wartime developments

The public has obtained an unfounded impression that wartime developments offer a ready-to-hand solution of all our problems in this field. Top leaders of the armed forces make no such claims. As Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker told the House Interstate Commerce Committee, "The military must accept safety factors which are much lower than the civil operators can afford to accept. For example, in wartime we cleared airports with heavily loaded planes carrying tons of high explosives under weather conditions and under operational systems which would be unthinkable for peacetime operations and which certainly could not be adapted to civil aviation; the hazards would be too great."

Statistics submitted by the armed services to the same committee underline this point. They show that the passenger fatality rate of the Army Air Transport Command was four times as high as that of the commercial airlines in 1944, about twice as high in 1945, and almost five times as high in 1946. The Naval Air Transport Service safety record was somewhat better than that of its sister service, but still not comparable with that of the civil airlines.

Much exploratory work remains to be done, work of a kind that is both costly and time-consuming. It costs a great deal of money — and I mean hundreds of millions of dollars — to develop, install, maintain, and operate airways devices that make for all-weather flying, and to build or improve airports that will make for speedier service to air travelers.

Who is to pay?

If the money for airways aids is to come from the Federal government — as it appears it will have to — Congress must be convinced beyond doubt that the national interest warrants such expenditures. Under our Federal budgetary system, estimates must be prepared a year and a half before the money actually will be spent, a difficult requirement to meet in industries that advance as rapidly as aviation and electronics.

If local government is to provide a part of the funds — as it is being called on to do in the case of airports — the voters must usually be persuaded that it is good business to float a bond issue.

And if the airlines themselves are to make an investment, particularly in their present difficult financial situation, they must have some assurance

that it will be recouped by earnings within a reasonable period.

In drawing up a realistic program for civil aviation, CAA has given due regard to these economic factors. We believe the nation can follow this program with confidence over the next five to ten years.

Immediate safety aids

The heart of the airways problem is to provide facilities which will make flying safe where it now may be dangerous, regular where it is now uncertain.

Heading the list of these facilities in the CAA program is a comprehensive instrument landing system. With such a system, we expect to cut in half the time spent waiting in aerial "stacks," by speeding up the frequency of landings from one every five minutes or more to one every three minutes or less; to eliminate the "missed approaches," which at best delay other planes waiting to land and at worst cause fatal accidents; and to make possible a progressive lowering of minimum ceilings for improved regularity of airline operations.

In layman's language, lowering of minimum ceilings for airline operations means there will be fewer occasions when the traveler is told, "Sorry, your flight is canceled because the airport at your destination is 'closed in.'"

Our objective is to reduce from 500 to 200 feet the minimum cloud ceiling under which airline landings are permitted, and to reduce the visibility requirements correspondingly, both with no sacrifice of safety. This will reduce the proportion of unflyable weather at most airports from 6 or 7 per cent at present to 1 or 2 per cent. Boston Airport, for example, last year was closed by bad weather a total of 379 hours, equivalent to almost 16 full days. It should be possible in about a year to slash the unflyable time at Boston by two thirds, permitting safe and speedier landings, on instruments or otherwise, for the equivalent of 360 full days.

The comprehensive instrument landing system that CAA is installing to achieve these objectives has three major components: radio, lights, and radar. The radio element essentially consists of two "beams" — one known as the localizer, extending in a vertical plane down the center line of the runway and for a considerable distance beyond; the other, known as the glide path, at an angle of $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to the ground, which intersects the localizer and gives the pilot the correct air roadway for descent. These signals actuate a cross-pointer instrument dial from which the pilot gets a constant picture of his relation to the on-course path. He simply adjusts his course to the right or left, up or

down, as may be required in order to keep the two needles centered. A third radio feature is some form of distance indication — at the present time, marker beacons which, when flown over, cause lights to flash on the instrument panel at known distances from the “touch down” point. Our plans call for these to be replaced later on by distance measuring equipment (DME) which gives a constant reading, on a dial, of distance from the airport.

Approach light lanes, now of the neon bar type, later to be superseded by high-intensity units, are a very important feature of the instrument landing system. Even in the worst weather, they enable the pilot to see the ground during the last 50 to 100 feet of descent, after he has broken out of the overcast.

Installation of localizers, glide paths, markers, and approach lights was begun by CAA before the war, but with our entry into the war the Army took over all the facilities existing or on order. They made good use of the instrument landing system, which is credited with hundreds of “saves” at airports in the Pacific. Now the system is installed at 33 or more civil airports, with another 133 airports scheduled for installations during the next two years if funds are made available. The airlines encountered delays in obtaining the receiving equipment necessary to take advantage of the localizer and glide path signals, but now have the proper sets in about half of their domestic fleet of 683 planes, and are proceeding rapidly with the training of their 5000 pilots in the use of the system. By the time bad weather rolls around again, landings by this means will have become routine, and I am confident U.S. aviation will never experience another “black week” like Christmas week, 1946.

Radar

The place of radar in our program has been the subject of vigorous debate. CAA has been pictured as resisting and delaying the civilian use of radar. To end that false impression, I want to state flatly that we consider ground radar an integral part of our instrument landing program. Air-borne radar for collision avoidance still must be made more accurate and lighter for general civil use, but CAA now has had sufficient time to develop ground radar to the point where we are pressing for its installation in a large number of CAA-operated airport traffic control towers.

In all cases, the tower radar will be used for traffic surveillance, enabling the controller to see on a scanning screen, even in bad weather, the movement of planes within a radius of 20 miles. It will thus be possible to eliminate many of the questions

and answers as to position which now must be conducted between plane and tower by two-way radio, speeding up landing and take-off clearances to that extent and assuring the safe operation of all aircraft.

At congested airports, we plan to install the more precise radar screens associated with the ground controlled approach or “talk down” system (GCA). Already operating in the New York, Chicago, and Washington towers, these are scheduled for twenty-six others if the funds are made available. The GCA type of radar will serve both as a double check on the radio facilities, permitting the tower to advise the pilot if he is not following the localizer and glide path properly, and as a primary means of guiding to a safe landing any pilot in distress who does not have the localizer and glide path receivers, or any pilot who wants to descend under GCA ground directions.

Loan of equipment by the Army Air Forces, financing of installation work by the Air Transport Association, training of personnel by the manufacturer of the radar equipment, and actual operation and maintenance of the facilities by CAA make possible the current use of GCA at three stations. The joint endeavor reflects the effort that has been and is being made by all groups interested in civil aviation to utilize radar at the earliest possible moment consistent with safety. It is important to note, however, that the three radar sets in use are only on loan, and that the CAA personnel monitoring them have been diverted from other operations at a time when we have been forced to discontinue service at fifty-five communications stations because of lack of funds. The continuation and expansion of this radar program hinges entirely on Congressional appropriations.

Aids en route

Just as this radio-lights-radar combination will increase safety and speed of operations at airports, other devices are now available for swifter and surer navigation between airports. Completion of the CAA's three-year program for installation of such devices should put an end to those accidents in which aircraft smash into mountainsides.

A new type of radio range is the heart of this program. The radio range now in general use on our 40,000 miles of airways transmits, on low frequencies, directional signals along four courses.

Use of this device during the last two decades has been an important factor in making U.S. airlines from three to twenty times as safe as those of other countries. Its defects, however, have been known to us for some time, and only the severe restrictions

of war kept us from undertaking earlier a scheduled replacement program.

Static and interference on the low frequencies often make it difficult to fly "on the beam," and if for this or any other reason the pilot gets off the 10-mile-wide range course, he is in danger of getting lost, particularly in bad weather.

The new type of range, however, assures clear reception under all atmospheric conditions by transmitting on very high frequencies, and furnishes courses in all directions instead of just four. With enough VHF omni-directional ranges, it would be virtually impossible for a pilot to get lost, for the whole air space over the United States becomes a radio-tracked airway.

Not only will the pilot be sure, through the VHF range, what course he is flying, but he will know at all times exactly how far he is from the range, by means of distance measuring equipment now in an advanced stage of development.

A small radio transmitter in the plane sends out a signal which "trips" a transmitter at the ground station, and the ground transmitter's signal is then received back in the plane. (This differs from radar, which involves "bouncing" a single signal.) The time taken by the signals to travel is translated into mileage and registered on a simple dial in the cockpit. To obtain his distance from the ground station, the pilot needs only to glance at this dial, instead of interpreting with the aid of a map the signals of radio marker beacons (which, incidentally, are more expensive to install and maintain).

The combination of VHF omni-directional ranges and DME, in addition to increasing safety, will make it possible to move a greater volume of traffic without delays, by permitting planes to fly along several parallel channels of an airway.

The VHF range will be a boon on shorter hops, such as New York to Boston. VHF signals do not carry far enough for long-distance navigation, however. We have therefore started to install a grid of omni-directional ranges transmitting on low frequencies, but with high power. Airplanes making long-distance, nonstop flights — from coast to coast, for example — will use these ranges to navigate speedily on high altitude, great-circle courses, avoiding the "dog legs" and heavy traffic of existing airways and taking advantage of good weather and favorable winds.

Airports

Advances in electronic and lighting aids cannot alter the fact that the ultimate speed and safety of air traffic are limited by the capacity of the airport itself. The number and arrangement of runways

and taxiways definitely fix the number of planes that can be dispatched and landed safely, and in this respect many of our older airports are serious bottlenecks. Aggravating the situation in some cases are airport locations unduly subject to ground fog or blankets of industrial smoke.

We must modernize our airports as well as our airways, and to this end Congress has authorized a seven-year Federal aid program, under which the first construction is about to start. This year we have sufficient funds to help local agencies start construction of 388 new airports and improvement of 412 existing fields. During the entire seven years, we hope the program will result in about 2700 new airports and improvement of about 2000 others.

Roughly 40 per cent of the Federal money will be used to build or improve some 450 large airports of the type used by the airlines. Many of the 4000-odd smaller airports in the program, however, either will be used jointly by the air carriers and personal flyers, or will serve to free airline terminals of other traffic for efficient handling of scheduled operations. It is obviously difficult to arrange with safety a series of landings involving, on the one hand, scheduled liners that approach the airport at 125 miles an hour or more and are fully equipped with radio, and on the other hand, private planes that come in at 60 miles an hour or less, and can be directed only by flag or light gun signals. Non-scheduled flying is increasing at an unprecedented rate, but until a city can offer local or itinerant private flyers adequate fields other than the terminal airport, it is hardly in a position to wave them away from what is, after all, a public facility.

In approving proposals for construction of large airports with Federal aid, CAA will guard the interests of air travelers who now suffer from poor planning of many older airports. Today it may be necessary to spend a full hour crawling through heavy traffic between the downtown area and the airport. All other factors being equal, CAA will require a location that can be reached quickly. Field and buildings will have to be designed for expeditious movement of passengers, cargo, and aircraft — not only today, but in the years of expanding air traffic that lie ahead. Ultimately, we envision some airports handling as high as 300 movements per hour by means of 12 specially arranged runways and a system of landing aids.

For the future

Automatic all-weather flying is the keynote for future development. Likely to be introduced at an early date are automatic instrument landings. By having the signals from the instrument landing

localizer and glide path transmitters actuate the automatic pilot, the plane can be brought in with great accuracy. The human pilot actually can keep his hands off the controls, acting only as a monitor until he takes over the very last stage of setting the plane on the ground.

Despite the perfect safety record of our traffic control activity — no collisions between scheduled airliners in ten years of operation — the increasing volume and speed of airway flights make it desirable also to introduce automatic elements into the traffic control system. Already the posting of flight movements on boards at busy CAA traffic control centers like New York approaches confusion, just as would be the case in a stock exchange if the personnel tried by hand to chalk up market changes on a blackboard. We hope to see automatic electric posting boards installed in our twenty-six air traffic control centers, followed by something similar to the railroad block signals to obviate the need for radio telephone or telegraph messages concerning the pilot's position and progress en route.

Finally, we are investigating a number of systems which, by radio, radar, television, or a combination of these methods, propose to consolidate for the pilot in simplified form the complete information needed to navigate from take-off to landing. These include such sounding devices as Lanac, Navar, and Teleran, all of which offer interesting possibilities for the future.

These long-range development plans for the airways will be carried on just as intensively as funds permit, but in the interests of public safety we will skip no stage in the time-tested sequence for achieving technical advancement: research, to get fundamentals; development, to work out practical devices; service test, to prove their merit to the user; and then production, to consolidate gains in a system for general application. If it is taking years for an entertainment device like television to reach widespread usage, at least equal patience must be exercised in the introduction of devices to which we entrust human lives.

Coöperative effort

In the task of making air travel safer and faster, there is close collaboration between CAA and the aviation industry, both the manufacturers of navigation equipment and the airway users. From the industry, the air traveler can and should expect a number of improvements. For example, better service at airports, in ticketing, baggage handling,

and all other such phases, appears to be at hand as the result of an experiment being conducted by the airlines at Willow Run Airport, Detroit. There, a joint corporation sponsored by all airlines using the airport has been set up to provide the various terminal services now handled by them separately.

Basically, the air public demands just three things: safety, maximum speed and regularity, and fares that represent a reasonable price.

The present average fare of 4.5 cents per passenger mile is the lowest in history, and although it is not the ultimate goal, it represents real value in the face of rising prices generally.

To a considerable degree, the public itself will write the ticket on safety and the elimination of delays. The taxpayers will have to determine how far they want to go in underwriting the modernization of our airways, which were forced to remain virtually static during the four years of war. Eventually, I believe, the airlines will be able to participate substantially in the cost of maintaining and operating air navigation aids. That time has not yet arrived; and in any case, the initial investment for establishing the facilities should properly be made by the Federal government.

The public, through its representatives in Congress, has endorsed the expenditure of half a billion dollars of Federal money on airport construction in the next seven years. A decision of comparable magnitude must be made as to public policy on airways aids, which are so closely integrated with airports in actual flying practice.

If given the go-ahead, CAA is ready to undertake a carefully planned program of airways modernization. The technical details involved in that program represent not only the best U.S. thinking, but were endorsed almost 100 per cent for world-wide application by the foremost technicians of twenty-six nations, who met in Montreal after a series of radio aids demonstrations in England, the United States, and Canada.

Given the necessary public support, the government will carry forward this program with the same technical thoroughness which has brought the United States its present leadership in world aviation. Simultaneously, the industry can be expected to subject itself to intensive self-criticism and improvement, resulting in more efficient and self-sustaining operations. Out of this combined effort, the public will get transportation by air which will offer a combination of speed, regularity, and safety beyond anything the world has seen.

PLANE HITS MOUNTAIN

by FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE

LAST year our scheduled airlines suffered 11 major crashes in which 149 passengers and crew members were killed. Non-scheduled charter operators suffered 8 major crashes in which 79 passengers and crew members were killed. These crashes echoed over the nation, frightening the public out of its air-mindedness and out of non-scheduled and scheduled planes alike. It did not matter that on a mileage basis our regular airlines had achieved in 1946 the best safety statistics in their history; that anyone stepping into a scheduled plane enjoyed a 113,000 to 1 chance of stepping out again intact at the other end; that out of 2,474,000 separate flights, only 8 resulted in passenger fatalities. The headlines, the photographs, were remembered.

The *reasons why* the accidents happened did not make headlines. They trickled out months later in official findings which the public rarely read. In the meantime the basic issues have been so obscured by smoke-screening and buck-passing that by this time the public is being hypnotized into the belief that super-instruments which activate beams at the approach of danger, or project warning pictures into infallible television screens, are the sure-fire means by which the existing accident rate can be diminished. At least two instruments have been publicized as the way to make flying foolproof — the radar-operated Ground Controlled Approach (GCA) and its radio cousin, Instrument Landing System (ILS).

It can be categorically stated that neither of these valuable instruments, nor any other push-button panacea known to man, could have pre-

vented at least 84 per cent of the flying fatalities which occurred last year on our scheduled airlines. The truth is that the overwhelming majority of these crashes were brought about by *avoidable human error*, frequently deriving from faulty policy on the part of airline management. Why have crashes caused by human error risen so sharply in the past two years? When so many of them are caused by factors that can be remedied, and remedied at once, it is surely sensible to explore the human situation first, before wandering off into the upper reaches of electronics.

The human error

The great majority of pilots flying our scheduled airlines are the most highly skilled, careful, and responsible flyers to be found anywhere. This goes double for the ground personnel — the mechanics, weathermen, radio operators, dispatchers, and so on — needed to keep a single plane aloft. These two groups have helped to build for us the safest air transport system in the world, notwithstanding headlines.

The remaining fraction, a relatively small percentage in the air and on the ground, do not measure up to the top standards of the majority. In this group we find a minute but critically important number of pilots who, despite a high degree of mechanical skill, are temperamentally unfitted for the sober responsibility of public carrier work. They are the men who cut corners with the regulations, radio back incorrect position reports, dismiss wiser pilots as "sissies," believe in luck, take chances with the weather — and who, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, get away with it. The term for them among conservative airmen is "cocky." Said a veteran transport pilot recently: "Some lines have had captains flying for them that I wouldn't have as a fifth assistant junior co-pilot." It does not need many such men — a fraction of one per cent is enough — to destroy the reputation that tens of

FRANCIS AND KATHARINE DRAKE have flown over the Atlantic, the Andes, the length and breadth of South America and Europe; and on his own Mr. Drake has made long tours throughout the Pacific both on carriers and in planes. He studied aerodynamics under Handley Page, served for four years in the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War, and is the author of a number of articles on long-range bombing which the *Atlantic* published in the early 1940's and which proved to be remarkably accurate in their prognostication. He is still an active pilot.

thousands of first-class pilots and ground men have labored for years to perfect.

Another problem that has arisen is due to the employment of war pilots. These men, many of them magnificent flyers, have had a long, tough conditioning to exceptional hazards. Their whole indoctrination was to accomplish a mission, to take the plane through at all costs, including, if necessary, the cost of their own lives. In airlines this indoctrination has to be reversed: *never* to try to take the plane through if any avoidable risk is involved. A deliberate deconditioning program by the airlines would therefore seem to be a wise precaution. Here are some of the causes of accidents, all drawn from government sources: —

Pilot: Disregarded altitude regulations.
Disobeyed course instructions.
Headed unnecessarily into thunderstorms.
Flew contact under instrument conditions.
Mistook train lights for runway.
Failed to use proper maps.
Failed to check and cross-check position.
Forgot to lower landing gear.
Retracted landing gear instead of flaps.
Reading magazine in cockpit.

Personnel: Altimeter wrongly connected.
Fuel lines carelessly connected.
Forgot to refuel tanks.
Defective brakes.
Defective landing gear.
Incorrect weather forecast.
Assigned wrong runway.

Obviously, not all these errors stemmed from “cockiness,” but most of them were due to factors which could have been controlled. Let us take, for example, this recurrent business of “plane hits mountain,” accountable last year for 5 major crashes in which a total of 108 people were killed.

Cutting corners

On January 31, 1946, eastbound Flight 14, with 18 passengers and a crew of 3, was flying along the wide pass that gouges the Rockies between Rock Springs and Laramie. The night was fair, visibility on the airway good, the plane on course, on time. In less than ten minutes, perfectly operating Flight 14 was dashing itself into the ugly face of Elk Mountain, and a towering pyre of flame became the national headline of the morning: **PLANE HITS MOUNTAIN — 21 KILLED.**

The findings, published months later, were that the pilot had “deviated from the route and followed the most direct course.” Airways are not designed by caprice. The reason that the airway in question was plotted as an 88-mile dog-leg around this area, instead of as a 79-mile direct

course, is that Elk Mountain looms dangerously across the short cut. The pilot, disregarding instructions, turned off the airway, headed into the clouds around Elk Mountain, and ended up 340 feet below the summit. It was a straight case of corner-cutting. Had the pilot got away with his short cut to Laramie, he would have saved less than four minutes from the prescribed flight plan.

This was the first of the 1946 mountain crashes. During the year, here were some other headlines: —

San Diego, Cal. Mar. 3

PLANE HITS MOUNTAIN — 25 KILLED

Lebec, Cal. Nov. 13

PLANE HITS MOUNTAIN — 11 KILLED

San Diego, Cal. Dec. 24

PLANE HITS MOUNTAIN — 12 KILLED

Planes that crashed were found to have been flying anywhere from 1200 to 3200 feet below the altitudes required by Civil Air Regulations, which call for 1000 feet above the highest obstruction on the airway. In the case of mechanical failure, a pilot, of course, may be unable to maintain height, but no suggestion of such a failure was found by painstaking government experts. Another surmise often put forward is that a plane may have encountered a downdraft. In the case of the first San Diego crash, wrecked at 4870 feet while supposedly following a flight plan of 8000 feet, the Civil Aeronautics Board findings stated: “It is inconceivable that downdrafts could have reached the proportions necessary to cause a 3200-foot loss of altitude under the conditions that prevailed at the time of the flight.”

Cutting corners on a flight plan is a habit that is far more frequent than anyone cares to admit. Airliners formerly carried a flight analyzer, a device familiarly known as the Snooper. This instrument plots a continuous record of course, time, and height on a chart, which is checked on the completion of each trip. During the war the Snooper system — highly unpopular with some airline pilots — was dropped because of unavailability of parts required for maintenance, and it has still not been restored.

The fifth and worst of the mountain crashes, killing 39 persons, took place at Stephenville, Newfoundland, on October 3rd. On the night of the accident the pilot was taxiing out to Runway 300, generally used by the Air Transport Command (in which he had served), when the tower operator, a relatively inexperienced man, directed him to take off from Runway 07 instead. Considering the wind conditions and the high terrain immediately in the flight path, it was a direction no captain should have followed without a major

revision of his take-off plan. The pilot neither revised his plan nor challenged the direction. Two minutes after he had taken off, under a 5000-foot ceiling, with 10-mile visibility and a perfectly functioning plane, he had piled up with a shattering explosion against a hill facing the runway, killing everybody aboard. What prompted his whole take-off procedure remains a complete mystery to his fellow pilots, the airline, and the CAB alike.

Altogether, "plane hits mountain" accounted for 108 fatalities, or 72 per cent of the deaths that took place last year on our scheduled domestic and international airlines. In none of these could government experts detect a shred of evidence indicating structural or power failure. Counting in the Cheshire, Connecticut, crash on January 18 (caused by fire resulting from a defect since remedied) brings to 84 per cent the fatalities that could not have been prevented by either GCA or ILS.

The crashes which these two devices *might* have prevented were 4 in number — all landing accidents. The worst occurred in Shannon, Ireland. On December 27 a planeload of passengers had boarded a shiny new four-engine Constellation in Paris, with every prospect of celebrating the New Year in Manhattan. Over Shannon, where they were to stop for refueling, the weather was bad, and during the pilot's final approach, the tower was reporting a ceiling of 400 feet, with some clouds at 250 feet. Despite borderline conditions, the pilot decided to land rather than to make for his alternate refueling spot at Prestwick, Scotland. His power was still full on, his altimeter registering 500 feet when the ground — black, viscous Irish bog — reared out of nowhere and flung itself on top of him. **PLANE FLIES INTO GROUND — 13 KILLED**, flashed the headlines. It was established that a careless maintenance staff had reversed the static selector valves on the altimeter tubes, with the result that the instrument was registering 500 feet when the plane was actually about to hit the ground. "Plane flies into ground" accounted for a total of 20 lives, or 13 per cent of the fatalities that took place on our scheduled airlines last year.

The truth is that GCA and ILS are valuable and long-overdue aids to only one department of flying: blind landings. The operating ranges of GCA and ILS are both restricted. Neither will operate in a bend, over mountain ranges or around corners, or under certain storm conditions, and GCA still is unreliable in heavy snow, just when it is most needed. It is significant that the Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service, both fully equipped with GCA, had 6 and 9 times,

respectively, the fatal accident rate of our scheduled airlines last year.

The record shows many cases where regular airline pilots became "unaccountably lost" while flying in average weather conditions over familiar routes. It may well be asked how much of this is due to the failure of airline managements to furnish standard airway maps for their pilots, and to insist on their use. It is a well-known fact that most of our airlines use privately purchased charts and landing diagrams alone. Many pilots admit to flying solely by radio charts, which do not show contours or landmarks, and others navigate by radio alone, in spite of the chance of static confusing receptivity or of beacons going out.

It has been found that cockpit discipline has become lax in other ways. Pilots are known to impair their landing vision by flying with the cockpit lights full on, to absorb themselves in a book or magazine while the automatic flies the plane, to obscure the dials by resting their feet on the instrument panel, to radio down purely guesswork position reports that are as much as 50 miles out. Until such men are systematically weeded out, they will continue to imperil the safety record of the vast majority of transport pilots, to say nothing of the lives of unsuspecting passengers.

Skill, temperament, character

Hiring the man in the cockpit, the man to whose care will be consigned human lives and the reputation of an airline, is the responsibility of management. It is a responsibility nobody need envy. In the early days the main qualification for a good pilot was called "flying sense," which was supposed to reside in the seat of the pants, and which was a combination of skill and instinct, supplemented by glimpses from an open cockpit. Today a first-class transport pilot combines so many complex qualities that only a very exceptional man can fully qualify for a command. He must have the necessary skill, the necessary temperament, and, above all, the necessary character.

The *skill* required to obtain mastery over a modern airliner is prodigious in itself, the ability to interpret correctly a ceaseless stream of technical information flowing from the 66-instrument panel and from the earphones. Recent tendencies in airplane engineering make the job increasingly harder. The concentration required during an instrument landing alone is immense. Hands and feet flying the plane, ears listening to Approach Control, the pilot must keep his eyes glued to six instruments at once: Artificial Horizon, Rate-of-Descent indicator, Turn indicator, Altimeter, Di-

rectional and Gyro compasses. With some corner of his mind, he has still to pick the right moment to issue a string of orders concerning flaps, throttles, and landing gear, and through it all keep a sixth sense feeling for an invisible runway rushing towards him at two miles a minute.

The *temperament* of a pilot is of critical importance during an emergency. It is on his ability to think coolly and independently when mechanical aids fail, when the whole world is blanked out in snow and static and confusion, and on his ability to evaluate instrument readings correctly and come up with all the right answers, that the fate of the plane depends. Such emergencies do not happen often, perhaps a few times a year, but when they do, the margin of allowable error is sometimes razor-fine.

Take the scene in the cockpit when they are plowing through the soup—a scene that may well have existed in those last grim minutes over San Diego or Shannon or Lebec. Jet blackness everywhere. Behind is a black curtain to overpower any stray gleams. In front is the black windshield with little bubbles of fog or icy mush shimmying down the rims. Beyond that, nothing—no nose, no propellers, no wings—*nothing*. The radio crackles and snaps like a ton of peanuts in a million cellophane bags. If a crisis comes up, it will fail. (That is why the pilot who flew from New York to Washington to Baltimore to Philadelphia to New York, hunting for help, had finally to crash-land on Jones Beach.) Go on? Turn back? Try somewhere else? How are the runways on the nearest alternate, how high are the hills, how good are the lights? How is the fuel reserve? Has the wind strengthened? That mush is hardening on the windscreen—going to ice up? Rushing through the air at 300 miles per hour, with thirty frightened passengers in the cabin behind, and death the certain penalty for a mistake in judgment, it takes a very exceptional man to remain unruffled and keep on making all the right moves.

Nor are skill and temperament sufficient in themselves. Our good transport pilots are men of a certain uniform *character*—men in whom a sense of responsibility and a remorseless conscience are wedded to a healthy respect for rules, even when they may privately believe a specific rule unnecessary. Some miracle instrument of the future will doubtless keep tabs on the cockpit through a television screen, but for the present there is no monitor there save the pilot's own conscience.

No instruments will ever lessen the need in transport captains for these last two qualifica-

tions, but there are things that could be done, even today, to make the pilot's lot mechanically a better one. Many of the existing runways are not thick enough to take the weight of big carriers, and the Civil Aeronautics Administration has stated that over 150 of our 250 designated airports are deficient in length and clearness of approach. Most of the runways were built over fifteen years ago, before the days of four-engined planes, and have not been improved since 1941. Among other things that would be of invaluable help to pilots are Very High Frequency radios, high-intensity approach and runway lights, and a slashing simplification of Rules. So thick and complicated is the CAR volume today, so crammed with confusing fine-print regulations and local corollaries, that there are times when a pilot literally makes an approach "with the book in one hand and the airplane in the other." This move for simplification of rules and instruments is long overdue.

What management can do

The chief factor in the fight for safety is necessarily management. Management frames the policies, inspires morale, buys the planes, hires the pilots, sets the schedules, controls the advertising. Frustrated through the war years, management flung itself on the first opportunity for expansion with a vehemence which has all but wrecked the industry. It plunged ahead with insufficient planes, crews, runways, airport facilities, traffic controls, navigational aids. It slashed 10 per cent off fares, raised passenger mileage from 4 billion in 1945 to 7.2 billion in 1946, and, although starved for equipment with which to handle existing business, filed applications for scores of thousands of miles of new routes. In this headlong course management was abetted by the government, which encouraged the moves and matched the fare cut with a slash in airmail payments. As a result of all this shortsightedness, some of the airlines are now in financial trouble.

To achieve their remarkable expansion in traffic, airlines had to increase time in the air for every plane, decrease time on the ground for maintenance and overhaul, and round up large numbers of new air and ground crews to handle the flights. During this process general efficiency sank to around 70 per cent of normal, and half the employees had seen less than a year's service in the airlines.

One after another, the elements of too hasty expansion have boomeranged on the airlines. It is becoming increasingly clear that all the whoop-de-do in the world will not induce the public to

accept planes as routine transportation unless the accident rate can be brought down to a reasonable comparison with ships, trains, and buses.

Here is the comparison for 1946:—

<i>Estimated Deaths per 100 Million Passenger Miles</i>	<i>Miles</i>
Buses.....	0.22
Trains.....	0.24
Scheduled air transport.....	1.6
(Domestic only: 1.2)	
Non-scheduled charter planes (Government estimate).....	25.0 to 35.0

Thus, it was 5 times more dangerous to fly on a regular airliner than it was to take the train or bus, and between 110 to 150 times more dangerous to fly on a non-scheduled charter plane—a difference for which the scheduled airlines seldom get the credit, and which underlines the necessity for equal regulation of the charter planes.

The first step towards better operating policies must be a general overhaul of management, a step already initiated by some of the airlines. Time is required for objective thinking and planning, for a more realistic approach to schedules, publicity, fares, and airmail payments, for the setting up of pooled maintenance, traffic, passenger and baggage facilities, and, above all, for *devising a sounder system of selection and payment of airline pilots.*

It is probable that the greatest single step to advance safety would be the setting up by the airlines themselves of a national board of senior transport pilots to examine the qualifications of every airline captain appointed within the last five years. Certain minimum standards are already set by the CAB, but a board of transport-wise airmen is needed to evaluate the extremely high standards of skill, temperament, and character required of an airline pilot.

Such a board could be created immediately, without government aid, through the Air Transport Association. Simultaneously airlines should discontinue the pernicious system of making cap-

tains' salaries dependent on their hours in the air. For no justifiable reason, their small base pay is augmented by flying pay, which means that every time a pilot's weather sense advises him to cancel a trip, he must automatically kiss a good many dollars good-bye. This practice, coupled with the airlines' infatuation with impractical schedules, has imposed considerable pressure on the judgment of pilots.

Specific steps necessary to achieve improved safety would seem to imply a two-part program, based on some such structure as the following:—

For Immediate Implementation

1. Overhauling of airline managements.
2. Screening of all pilots by an independent airline board.
3. Radical simplification of Civil Air Regulations.
4. Installation of flight analyzers in all transport planes.
5. Insistence on standard airway maps in all cockpits.

For Implementation As Soon As Possible

1. Very High Frequency radio.
2. High-intensity lighting for approaches and runways.
3. Longer, wider, heavier runways.
4. GCA, ILS, and landing aids.
5. Automatic devices, wherever possible, to lessen the pilot's need for manual operation.
6. Commensurate financial support by government.

The responsibilities of airline management are no greater than the brilliant opportunities that lie immediately before it. New equipment—huge multi-engined planes carrying large reserves of fuel, with pressurized cabins enabling flights to be conducted high above bad weather, with cockpits equipped to utilize the latest electronic aids now being installed—is opening up vistas that are at once splendid and inspiring. However, on old and new equipment alike, a conservative handling of the human factors must result in degrees of safety and regularity that will be above all reasonable criticism.



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

A BROKEN WORLD

by EDWARD WATKINS

WE all write poetry when we're young," Hymie said. "I wrote it too at your age. But you'll grow out of that. We all do."

More than a decade has passed since he spoke those words, but I can still see him, dressed in a cheap suit that somehow managed to emphasize his dignity, lounging beside me on a bench in Madison Square Park. It was an unseasonably warm spring day, and he had taken off his hat and was allowing some stray sunbeams to play across his bald pate. There were perspiration beads on his sallow face and around his small, sandy mustache. He spoke in deprecation, with a slight overtone of nostalgia; but it was the deprecation my eighteen-year-old mind chiefly seized upon — a blow had been delivered into the very heart of my ego.

"I don't believe that," I said. "I won't grow out of it. Inside I'm going to stay young."

"Perhaps you'll be the exception," Hymie said tactfully, and then he added, a little more urgently, "Perhaps you'll even write about *me*. Heh, kid?"

I grinned indulgently. It was nice of him to go back on what he had said, but as for writing the story of Hymie Goldfarb — well, I had more important things to do; there were great plays to be written, perhaps in verse, treating of great themes and having as their principal characters no Hymie Goldfarbs but symbolic personages to rank with the characters of Ibsen and Shakespeare. I might, of course, work him into one of the bits.

A New Yorker now in his thirty-first year, EDWARD WATKINS served in the Surgeon General's Office of the U.S. Army overseas, and on his discharge joined the staff of *Story* magazine as secretary to Editor Whit Burnett.

"Jimmy — " he began, somewhat hesitatingly. "Perhaps you wonder why we've sort of drifted into having our lunch together and sitting here in the park. After all, I'm a Communist, and you, in spite of all my attempts," he smiled, "are an indomitable Catholic."

Mechanically my mind started gathering its defenses again, for that was another thing I was sure of at eighteen. But Hymie was too relaxed to do any attacking; the day was too warm for proselytizing: even for a Crusader and an Infidel, it was a day to take one's armor off.

"Well, I'll tell you why it is I don't seek out one of the comrades during the noon hour," he continued. "You'll admit there are plenty to choose from. It's because we have something altogether different in common. Like having written poetry. Like having an aesthetic sense. Gilda writes poetry — "

Gilda, I knew from the office grapevine, and Hymie knew I knew it, was his common-law mate. It was said he had had several before her and that a long time ago he had actually been married.

"Gilda writes poetry for the *New Masses*. Now, ordinarily the *New Masses* is infallible; it tries to be, anyway. But Gilda's poetry — well, it just doesn't reveal any aesthetic sense. If she doesn't get a 'red dawn' or a 'new day' in there somewhere, she doesn't consider it a poem."

I was listening to him now in a mild state of amazement. That he should breathe a word of even offhand criticism of a sacrosanct organ of the masses to me, of all people, was as unbelievable as my venturing to speak to him in a derogatory way of

the *Commonweal* or the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

"How about your own poetry?" I asked. "What was that like?"

He smiled in an almost embarrassed way, and I noted with surprise that someone over thirty-five could still retain a certain modest charm.

"Romantic," he replied. "Very romantic. Like yours. That was Ruthie's influence. Ruth was my wife. Her father was a rabbi, and her sister believed in free love. Ruth was very conventional."

I waited for him to say more. Time stretched out, lethargic and patient in the heat of the sun.

"I have a boy, too. Milton. He'll be your age in a few years. Perhaps he'll write poetry also. Who knows? And then, there's Shirley. She was the baby." His watery blue eyes were gazing idly at the walk, and he seemed to be off somewhere romping with Milton and Shirley.

I hesitated. "Don't you ever see them?"

"No," he said, leaning wearily against the back of the bench. "That part of my life is closed. Too many things have happened since then that Ruthie wouldn't approve of. Like quitting my job with the advertising agency — that great American institution. Like officially becoming a member of the Party. Like migrating to the Village to write the greatest novel since *And Quiet Flows the Don* — and going stone-broke. Like Rose, and Francie, and Gilda —" He paused, as if watching this parade of memories pass.

"Life isn't as simple and straightforward as it seems at your age, Jimmy," he said finally. "You go on choosing between one thing and another, and then between that and another thing, and one day you wake up and the gulf is staring in your face."

"What gulf?"

He looked me in the eyes. "The gulf between what you wanted your life to be and what it is." His glance rose to the clock on the Metropolitan Life tower. He put on his hat.

"Hell, kid, we'd better get back, or we'll have that bastard Jolly on our tails."

As we walked the few blocks to the Central Office of the Emergency Home Relief Bureau where we worked, I could not help wondering if what Hymie had just told me was the reason that he drank.

2

CENTRAL OFFICE occupied a large part of a grimy, twenty-story building on a narrow, congested street in the Twenties. We employees entered by the freight entrance and were taken to our respective

floors in the freight elevator. Each floor was a long, loftlike affair with makeshift partitions that reminded us they had been put together in an emergency, as we had, and that when the emergency was over, which might be any time, there would be no further need for either them or us.

Hymie and I had worked side by side in the same department for about six months, and since I was the youngest one in that section, the most menial and most monotonously simple tasks invariably found their way to me. This turned out to be an admirable arrangement as far as Hymie was concerned, for on those days following his increasingly bibulous week-ends the sealing of endless envelopes or the reflex motion of putting one carbon between two forms ad infinitum was just about all Hymie was good for, and he found me quite willing to change places with him at the typewriter.

On such days, Miss Epstein would train her quiet, supervisory eye to another portion of the arena, and no one of any consequence was the wiser. She did this, I felt, out of both Party sympathy and sincere human compassion; she would have acted just the same if it had been anyone else. It was like my having acne: my co-workers suggested remedies which sounded worse than the condition itself; Miss Epstein, I was sure, accepted it as a symptom of my personal involvement with time and nature, the last thing in the world she would have attempted to cure.

It was on such days, too, that Hymie and I were able to savor the enormous pleasure of deceiving Mr. Jolly, who from time to time would pop out of his administrative cubbyhole like a debonair jack-in-the-box, his senses recording the sights, sounds, and smells of the barnlike room with the accuracy of a secret agent, and the springs of his unsullied, dissembling wooden soul trembling to pop him back into his box again.

On the day which came to be so painfully memorable to Hymie, Mr. Jolly was an early visitor. I looked at the wall clock, which read 9.21, and with a twinge remembered it was Monday.

"And where is Mr. Goldfarb this morning?" he asked as he came to where I was sitting. I felt his question was only a formality; mentally, he had already entered a note in his little black book, which was the diminutive counterpart of a much larger Black Book.

"Men's room," I said casually and with a bored air to signify I was engrossed in my work. Actually I was engrossed in the picture Hymie made as he alighted from the elevator and stood, hat in hand, blinking at the nightmare before him. His eyes

were blearier than on other Mondays, his suit looked as if it had been slept in, and the few wisps of sandy hair just above his ears looked tousled and forlorn.

Mr. Jolly was standing with his elegant back to the elevator, and I shifted my gaze to his immaculate lapel, remarking to myself that he actually did *not* wear a gardenia, no matter how strong an impression he created that he did. After a lengthy moment, he appeared to accept my facile explanation with junior-executive tentative-ness, and by the time he had hovered down the aisle and turned, Hymie was already in his seat, his felt hat crushed beneath his coat.

"I want everyone to be on their toes today," Mr. Jolly warned, brushing aside all such petty considerations as grammar. His gaze fell upon Hymie and, seeing that he was really at work, he glared and sauntered off in a sulk.

"O.K., kid," said Hymie's wink, but it was a fuller wink than usual—in fact, he closed both eyes and forgot to open them. I immediately arose from my pile of envelopes and, by accidentally bumping into him, shook him into a remote state of consciousness.

"Suppose you work on the envelopes today."

He looked at me as if he hadn't quite comprehended. Usually on Mondays he suffered from a terrific hang-over, but this time he had wandered in just plain drunk. If only he had phoned and reported himself sick, but now he could not even do that without giving himself away.

I repeated what I had said and, although he still didn't seem to get it, out of habit he arose, somewhat unsteadily, and placed a hand on my shoulder. "Whatever you say, kid," he mumbled heavily.

The double-distilled strength of his breath drove me down into position before his typewriter, and I watched as, with exaggerated care, he made his way to the long wooden table at which I had been working, and by mere chance managed to sit down. He smiled at me rather inanely and started running the envelopes over the moistener one by one.

Miss Epstein's birdlike face appeared and disappeared along the aisle, and as I sat typing, her peculiarly disturbed expression lingered in my mind and made me feel somewhat uneasy. It was not like Miss Epstein ever to be disturbed. She was above all that; in her somewhat different way, she possessed the serene dedication of a nun, and a nun's pale, quiet composure. Slender, plain, ageless, she was not the jolly, volatile type of nun at all.

3

At exactly 10.15, Mr. Jolly stepped out of his office and walked importantly in the direction of our department. I looked at Hymie, who was nodding himself awake with each envelope he sealed. With Mr. Jolly was a rotund little man, dressed in a too snappy pin-stripe suit; he kept smiling a wide, self-assured smile, displaying his prominent gold-capped teeth. He carried a brief case and looked like a salesman.

When they had grown as large as life, they stopped to confer with Miss Epstein. She clapped her hands demurely and asked for our attention.

Mr. Jolly cleared his throat luxuriously. "Staff, I want you to meet Mr. Johnson. He is an efficiency expert who is making the rounds of the Bureau and will endeavor to show us short cuts with a view to speeding up our work."

Stepping down from this speech, he accompanied Mr. Johnson down the aisle. Miss Epstein signaled for us to resume our work, and we did so with nervous self-consciousness. I now realized the reason for Miss Epstein's disturbance.

I looked at Hymie to see if the announcement had impressed itself on his elusive mental state. Obviously it hadn't. I was calculating whether I would have time to deposit him in the sacred confines of the Gents' when an impeccable shadow fell across my machine, and I knew I wouldn't.

The gold caps were jabbering over Hymie now. Mr. Johnson pulled up a chair and began to pile up the envelopes in a neat and rather intricate formation. The table soon resembled a long field on which a giant air force had lined up for a Fourth of July demonstration. I sat watching, not without trepidation, yet knowing there was nothing to do but wait for the fireworks.

Zip, zip, and by some miracle of dexterity or sleight of hand, half of the envelopes were sealed. Mr. Johnson turned a blinding grin on Mr. Jolly, and Mr. Jolly, with a satisfied nod, bestowed his official stamp of approval on Mr. Johnson. Only Hymie looked left out, and he seemed to become aware all at once that something was now expected of him.

He half smiled, and a look came into his eyes that I had seen only on those occasions in the dim past of first acquaintance when he had pitted his Communism against my Catholicism. It was a quiet, wily look, but behind it lay an ancient pain and a serious and hurried one-man revolution. His bemused mind had got its signals mixed, and he was confusing the squadron of envelopes before him

with an arising army of the workers of the world. I stiffened in my chair.

Zip, zip, and the envelopes were making graceful circles in the air: Independence Day was being celebrated, or was it May Day? *Zip, zip*, another flight took off and plunged headlong to the dusty floor.

Hymie smiled and gazed into the open mouths of Messrs. Jolly and Johnson. Suddenly realizing that something was wrong, he stopped smiling and, blinking at the envelopes where they lay in scattered confusion, he made an awkward attempt to rise and retrieve them, fell over the chair, and sprawled backward onto the floor.

4

HYMIE and Gilda lived on the second or top floor of one of a row of small houses, each with its own garden, that lined a short street in the Village leading to the river. I had not seen or heard from him during the several weeks he had been suspended from the payroll; but the day after I learned of his dismissal, I received a postcard from him asking if I could come to his place the following Saturday afternoon. He added that it was important.

When I arrived there, I found I was not the only one who had received a postcard. A gathering of over a dozen other Bureau employees had assembled in what was apparently a meeting to protest Hymie's dismissal and to take steps to get him reinstated. Many of the employees I did not know, as they worked in other departments, but apparently they had been chosen on a basis of loyalty to the Party and to Hymie as a Party member.

When I came in, Hymie separated himself from a group, came over and shook me warmly by the hand. "Thanks for coming, Jimmy," he said. "The union's getting up a petition asking that I be given another hearing, and I thought you might want to be in on it."

"I sure would," I said. "We've missed you at the office."

Hymie took me around and introduced me to several people, and I could see that he was on his best behavior.

"Gilda," he said, detaching a pretty, bushy-haired, dark-complexioned girl from the crowd, "I want you to meet my friend, Jimmy O'Malley, the fellow poet I told you about."

Gilda gave me a warm, self-possessed smile and thrust out her hand. "Hi, Jimmy," she said. "We're not the only poets here, as you'll see later. It's so nice of you to come. Max over there has

gotten a lot of names from union headquarters, and with those of everyone who has been dropping in here, maybe it will all do some good."

A new arrival had engaged Hymie's attention, so I followed Gilda's straight, muscular figure over to the table where the petition lay. She was in her early twenties and wore a plain brown dress without any adornments. She walked as if she thought herself a latter-day Joan of Arc.

"You know Max, don't you, Jimmy?" she asked.

I nodded, and Max gave me his usual scowl by way of greeting. Although I had seen and heard Max many times at our tumultuous staff meetings, the only time I had come in close contact with him was when he had ambled over to my desk one day and insisted that I join the union. I wasn't convinced that a City employee needed a union; but that, after all, was only an opinion, subject to change, and I could not understand the truculent personal distaste he exhibited thereafter whenever we were in even remote proximity to each other.

I took up the pen and signed my name. It was quite a list, and at the top there was a typewritten statement addressed to Miss Hodges, the Administrator, setting forth Hymie's case and pledging his good conduct in the future. As I laid the pen down and straightened up, my eyes met those of Miss Epstein, who was sitting quietly in a corner of the room by the table. Max and Gilda had fallen into an ardent political conversation, so I wandered over and shook hands.

A copy of *The Revolt of the Angels* lay open on her lap, and in no time at all we were sharing a mutual regard for the written and exact word. Her appreciation far surpassed mine in scope, as I was in a stage of development where my allegiance to humanity was sworn through my religion rather than through literature.

My conversation with Miss Epstein was momentarily interrupted by Hymie, who had brought me a chair from the kitchen and set it down by the table. He handed me a glass of iced tea, and then somebody called him to another part of the room. I continued talking to Miss Epstein and sat down, stretching my arm out to put the glass of iced tea on the table. As I did so, someone in the crowded room brushed me in passing, and my elbow struck the bottle of ink, which emptied its contents over the table — and over the petition. I had just had time to notice what I had done, when I felt a hand on my collar and I was lifted bodily from the chair.

"You bastard!" Max yelled furiously. "You came here to spy on us, didn't you? You stool pigeon!" He waved his fist threateningly in my

face. He was a little fellow but built like a wrestler. I was confused and intimidated and fearful of riot. I began to stammer an incoherent reply.

"Take it easy, Max," Hymie said, coming between us. "The kid's O.K. I invited him here."

"It was an accident," Miss Epstein said calmly and clearly, with a displeased glance at Max.

"Of course, it was an accident," Hymie said, looking at me. "I know that without being told." He turned to Max. "This kid's O.K. We can write our names on another sheet, anyway."

"The Grievance Committee is seeing Miss Hodges the first thing Monday morning," Max said through tight lips. "It's impossible to get all those names by then. And I don't give a damn what anybody says, this kid's not a member of the union and he looks like one of the administration's Gestapo to me. I'll be goddamned if he's going to get away with a stunt like this!"

He had grabbed me by the collar again, but before I could make a move Hymie pushed him roughly aside.

"Lay off," Hymie said angrily. "This kid's a friend of mine, understand? *I'll* vouch for him, and that should be good enough for you or anybody."

"Don't get so excited, Hymie," said Gilda. "Max didn't know —"

"I *will* get excited. And Max can speak for himself."

Max looked at Hymie very quietly, and then a mischievous twinkle brightened his dark eyes, and his lips began moving wryly. He almost smiled.

"I can speak for myself *and* for the Committee," he said with tense enjoyment. "We were a little dubious about this whole business, anyway. You've got a weak case, Goldfarb, and right now when we're trying to get the staff on civil service, it wouldn't look so good for us to plead for every Tom, Dick, and Harry. To put it bluntly, we don't feel you're an asset any more, we feel you're a liability — to yourself, to the staff, to the union, and to the Party."

Hymie's face turned red with embarrassment and rage; his voice quivered with rising excitement. "I'm as good a Communist as you any day! I've done as much for the Party, and more." He took a step forward and grabbed Max by the coat. "Get out of here," he said, emphasizing every word, "before I knock you out!"

"Hymie! Hymie!" Gilda shouted angrily, separating them. "What kind of talk is that? Don't you know what side you're on any more? Apologize to Max — you want your job back, don't you?"

"Max can take his petition and stuff it," said

Hymie quietly. "I'd rather work for the WPA or go on relief than kiss his hand for my job."

5

MAX scowled, turned, and left the apartment without another word. The group began to break up.

"Stick around, kid," Hymie said. "Gilda has some poets here she wants you to meet. They're getting some kind of left-wing anthology together."

I followed him out to the kitchen in gloomy silence and helped him prepare some sandwiches and pour some more iced tea. Gilda's voice drifted in as she assured those departing that Hymie hadn't realized what he was saying and that everything would be all right. I touched his arm.

"Hymie —" I began, by way of apology.

"Forget it, Jimmy," he said. "I never did like that guy's guts, anyway."

Out of the corner of my eye I observed him surreptitiously take a half-filled bottle of liquor out of the cupboard and pour himself a stiff one. I went on slicing the bread.

"Hymie," I said, when I had finished, "I guess this will mean you won't be going on the staff boat-ride? I guess I won't be seeing you?"

"You'll be seeing me," he said somewhat savagely. "No little runt like Max is going to queer the boat-ride for me. Or anything else. Gilda and I will be there."

As I placed the food on a tray, I saw Hymie open the cupboard, reach in and pour himself another drink. Then I followed him into the sitting room.

Miss Epstein was still there and so were four or five others. Gilda came up to me, took the tray, and set it down. She smiled in the same warm, self-possessed way and took me by the arm.

"I know you're not a class-conscious poet, Jimmy," she whispered, "but it's not too late. Anyway, I think this will do you a world of good."

She made some introductions, and amid the general chatter I went over and sat down by Hymie. I thought the group a strange assortment, and Miss Epstein's amused glance from the other side of the room seemed to confirm my opinion.

"Oh, please, do," Gilda was saying to an apologetic-looking little man who had just begun to devour a sandwich. He needed no further urging, for he immediately put the sandwich down, took out a sheaf of papers from his inside coat pocket, and rose with the air of a Roman emperor. He wore a deep-purple shirt and a yellow tie, was very fat, and had a beardless, ruddy face.

"Bert's going to read his *Workers' Ode*," Gilda said, with the proper touch of awe. I looked at Bert and could hardly bring myself to believe that his last name was Clancy. But I soon had no doubt.

"I, Bert Clancy," he began, "brother of all men who are brothers,

Yesman to no man, soothsayer to the world,

Take up my stand for:

shorter hours,

higher wages,

improved working conditions,

a rising pay-scale.

Hear me!

I am the conscience of the revolving globe. . . ."

This went on for five interminable stanzas. Gilda and her friends listened with profound attention. Miss Epstein kept her eyes lowered, communing with herself. Hymie seemed to be thinking about something else, and in the middle of the fourth stanza disappeared into the kitchen. I was somehow reminded of *Tweedledum and Tweedledee*, and it kept repeating itself in unison with Bert Clancy.

He finished with a great oratorical flourish and smiled above the adulation. Before he could begin another poem, Gilda turned to his companion and said, "How about you, Gawayne? You read so well; haven't you anything for us?"

Bert looked rather piqued and sat down.

Gawayne Greene smiled enigmatically and had to be urged. He had overlong blond hair, what looked like plucked eyebrows, intense green eyes, and a petulant mouth. He wore a panama suit that hung limply from his appallingly thin frame.

Gilda urged him with a guarded cordiality that I suspected she reserved for more esoteric and chameleon natures. When he took a volume from his pocket and suggested that he read from his latest love, Gertrude Stein, she said a little heatedly: "Of course, but where does she stand on the class struggle?"

Nevertheless, primly propped in his chair, his face expressionless, his voice a drone, Gawayne Greene read from Gertrude Stein. "*I am saying that there are many kinds of men and women and many millions made of each kind of them. . . .*"

Hymie wandered in and sat down next to me. I could smell his breath now, and the glass in his hand wasn't iced tea. He looked at me and smiled. I smiled back.

"One kind then of men and women have it in them when they know this was once all of them a little baby then and knowing nothing, one kind of men and one

kind of women have it in them then to lose inside them their everlasting feeling, the world is then a broken world inside them, more broken for them than death breaks it for them, ending is less of a breaking to such kind of them than beginning. . . ."

As Gawayne's voice droned on, I looked at Hymie. The lines of his face were relaxed, but his eyes were more sober than I had ever seen them. He looked like a man who had turned a corner and come face to face with himself.

Gawayne stopped. For a moment there was silence, and then conversations rushed in, crossed each other, and went off in different directions.

Hymie turned to me. "How do you like this group?" he said quietly.

"Well — it's different from what I'm used to."

"Yeah. What have you been used to?"

"Oh, I don't know. Family life, I guess."

"Well, this is family life," he said, his voice assuming its serious Marxian tone. "The human family." Then he looked at me with a self-mocking look in his eyes and added hurriedly, in a low voice: "But it's not the same, is it, kid?"

6

THE *De Witt Clinton* was pulling out of the 42nd Street pier on its Sunday morning trip up the Hudson to Bear Mountain, when I sighted Hymie and Gilda making their way through the crowd to where we were sitting on the lower deck. He waved and shouted something, but just at that moment the dance band behind us struck up *Forty-second Street*. I could see the two of them waving and talking to the others, but no one seemed very anxious to detain them. Couples were getting up to dance, and some had already started necking. Miss Epstein and I opened the two extra camp chairs we had been saving, and Hymie and Gilda came up, somewhat breathless, and plopped happily into them.

Gilda greeted me in her usual warm way, but as soon as she had said hello to Miss Epstein and placed the shoebox lunch where it would not be in the way, the smile disappeared from her face.

"Good ole *De Witt Clinton*," Hymie was saying loudly and drunkenly. "You know, Jimmy, it's been years — years since I been on one of these tugboats. Used to take the kids up Indian Point — Chris', what torture, what torture!" He made a mock gesture of anguish, smacking his hand against his head a couple of times. "Good ole *Alexander*

¹Quotations from "A Long Gay Book," in *Matisse, Picasso, and Gertrude Stein*, by Gertrude Stein (Random House, 1933).

Hamilton," he said, growing expansive again. "Good ole *Robert Fulton*. When they gonna name one a these tugboats after you, kid? Good ole *Jimmy O'Malley*."

"Hymie," Gilda said sharply, under her breath, "you're making a fool of yourself. You promised —"

"Promise? Promise? Whassa promise?" he spouted laughing and tugging at his coat pocket. He extracted a bottle of rye in a brown paper bag, pulled out the cork, and took a swig.

"Hymie! Jimmy, can't you do anything with him?"

"We have some black coffee," I suggested.

"Ugh!" Hymie made a face. "No coffee, Jimmy. Please. No coffee."

Gilda turned from him in disgust. "Why, why, why do you drink, anyway?" she said, exasperated, staring at the calm glare of the river.

Hymie looked at me and winked mischievously. He shrugged his shoulders. "Fill the gulf," he said carelessly.

"What gulf?" Gilda snapped.

He looked me seriously in the eyes for a moment. Then he looked at Gilda. "Gulf of Mexico!" He guffawed, hiccupped, and took another swig.

"You don't have to treat me like a child," Gilda said in quiet anger. "You're nothing but an escapist, a sheer escapist."

Hymie had a burst of uncontrollable laughter.

"Hymie, stop laughing. Look, there's Max over there — he'll see you. Stop making a fool of yourself."

"Max? Where's Max?" Hymie swung around. "Hell of a lot I care Max sees me or not," he said, attempting to rise. "Hey, Max," he yelled, "c'mon over and have a drink, you lil sonoffbitch —"

Max stood by the stairway glaring at him, then he turned his back and went up to the next deck.

"Hymie!" Gilda's voice rang out, her anger uncontrolled. "How dare you do such a thing! After all Max has done for the union and the Party! Have you lost your senses?"

"Max, Max," Hymie said petulantly. "Why don't you go to Max if you're so stuck on him?" Gilda made a move to rise. "Whassa matter, can'tcha take a joke? Max don't wantcha. C'mon here, give Poppa kiss." He tried to embrace her, but Gilda brushed him roughly away.

"So you think Max doesn't want me, heh? A lot you know!" Gilda rose and smoothed out her dress. "I'm sorry, Jimmy," — her eyes began to fill with tears, — "but I'm sick and tired, sick and tired —" She turned and ran up the stairs.

"Gilda! Gilda! Come back!" Hymie called.

He tried to rise but fell back onto the chair. "Where'd she go? Where'd she go, Jimmy?"

"She — she's just going to walk it off, I guess, Hymie. She needs to cool off."

The roll of the boat was having a quieting effect on Hymie, and his head nodded toward his chest. "Yeah," he mumbled, "cool off, let 'er cool off."

I looked at Miss Epstein, and she smiled wanly. She had watched the entire scene as if from a distance, and she now returned to her copy of *Joyce's Ulysses*. Kids ran up and down the stairway carrying cokes and ice cream, groups of fellows and girls passed by, intent on having loud fun, and an elderly couple were taking a careful turn about the deck. The river went on washing the Palisades.

The band came back after its intermission, and there was a sudden scramble of people towards the dance floor. A loud blare of music hit the deck. Hymie awoke with a start. A male singer was crooning *When You Were the Girl on the Scooter* (and *I Was the Boy on the Bike*).

Hymie listened in a sort of half daze. "Good ole *Robert Fulton*," he said.

I could see Max and Gilda descending the stairway from the upper deck. His arm slipped around her, and she walked close to him as if in comfort and defiance. They did not look our way.

Hymie was turning his head from right to left. "Gilda, where's Gilda?" he asked, half rising. And then he saw her.

His voice choked in his throat, and a crimson glow spread upwards from his neck and covered his face. He began to pant and beat his hands around wildly, like a drowning man. He moved forward, swimming in rage, his feet striking out for the dance floor.

I grabbed him, and we struggled with each other.

"Please, Hymie, as your friend —" My voice almost broke.

"Who's my friend?" he said bitterly, his reeking breath close to my face. "Lemme go!" he shouted, pushing me away. His hand sailed out and smacked me solidly on the cheek. "You bourgeois bastard, you —"

I stood for a moment stunned. A faith more basic than any I had ever known I had, seemed to give way.

Hymie looked at me. Suddenly his eyes filled and he turned to the rail and buried his face in his hands.

"I'm sorry — sorry, Jimmy," he mumbled thickly, sobbing so that I could hardly catch what he was saying. "It's just that — it's just that — there's one kind of men and women — lose their everlasting feeling — everything a broken world —"

POEMS

by ROBERT FROST

A poet who spoke with the accent of New England to a listening England, where his first book, *A Boy's Will*, was received with instant acclaim, ROBERT FROST, four times winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, is recognized here, as abroad, as one of America's most eloquent voices. — THE EDITOR

NO HOLY WARS FOR THEM

STATES strong enough to do good are but few.
Their number would seem limited to three.
Good is a thing that they the great can do,
But puny little states can only be.
And being good for these means standing by
To watch a war in nominal alliance,
And when it's over watch the world's supply
Get parcelled out among the winning giants.
God, have you taken cognizance of this?
And what on this is your divine position? —
That nations like the Cuban and the Swiss
Can never hope to wage a Global Mission.
No Holy Wars for them. The most the small
Can ever give us is a nuisance brawl.

THE IMPORTER

MRS. SOMEONE'S been to Asia.
What she brought back would amaze ye.
Bamboos, ivories, jades, and lacquers,
Devil-scaring firecrackers,
Recipes for tea with butter,
Sacred rigmaroles to mutter,
Subterfuge for saving faces,
A developed taste in vases,
Arguments too stale to mention
'Gainst American invention,
Most of all the mass production
Destined to prove our destruction.
What are telephones, skyscrapers,
Safety razors, Sunday papers,
But the silliest evasion
Of the truths we owe an Asian?
But the best of her exhibit
Was a prayer machine from Tibet
That by brook power in the garden

Kept repeating Pardon, pardon;
And as picturesque machinery
Beat a sundial in the scenery —
The most primitive of engines
Mass producing with a vengeance.
Teach those Asians mass production?
Teach your grandmother egg suction.

BUT HE MEANT IT

THE prophet of disaster ceased to shout
Something was going right outside the hall.
A rain though stingy had begun to fall
That rather hurt his theory of the drought
And all the great convention was about.
A cheer went up that shook the mottoed wall.
He did as Shakespeare says, you may recall,
Good orators *will* do when they are out.
Yet in his heart he was unshaken sure
The drought was one no spit of rain could cure.
It was the drought of deserts. Earth would soon
Be uninhabitable as the moon.
What for the matter had it ever been?
Who advised man to come and live therein?

ETHEREALIZING

A THEORY if you hold it hard enough
And long enough gets rated as a creed:
Such as that flesh is something we can slough
So that the mind can be entirely freed.
Then when the arms and legs have atrophied,
And brain is all that's left of mortal stuff,
We can lie on the beach with the seaweed
And take our daily tide-baths smooth and rough.
There once we lay as blobs of jellyfish
At evolution's opposite extreme.
But now as blobs of brain we'll lie and dream,
With only one vestigial creature wish:
Oh may the tide be soon enough at high
To keep our abstract verse from being dry.

FOREIGN POLICY AND PARTY POLITICS

by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Bitter partisanship kept us out of the League after the First World War. The peace was not enforced. The ghost of that failure haunted the foreign policy of F.D.R. as it does that of the present Administration. To avoid repeating that failure we have agreed on a bipartisan policy, and this, says the Editor of *Foreign Affairs* (who was a special adviser to the Secretary of State, 1942-1944), involves us in a new series of risks. — THE EDITOR

I

DURING the war both our political parties adopted — to their own advantage and the salvation of a thankful people — the maxim that “politics should stop at the water’s edge.” It has come to seem, in consequence, a healthy and perhaps necessary condition of American security in more normal times as well. Is this true?

Partisanship is, of course, a habit-forming drug. We all remember how, after the First World War, “normal” party differences combined with extremes of personal obduracy to inaugurate a train of acts and failures to act which helped pave the way to a second disaster. Echoes of that feud still reverberated on the eve of Pearl Harbor. Our national future hung then, day after day, on the jeopardy of a half-dozen votes in Congress.

But though we know the dangers of partisanship, we also recognize as never before the dangers of one-party government. If stereotyped political processes were the only cure for exaggerated partisanship, we should have to agree that the cure was worse than the disease. There may be a catch, then, about the idea that foreign policy should always be bipartisan, immune from party debate, and that it can always present a united front to the rest of the world, free from chinks of partisan doubt and reservation.

In moments of supreme danger in Britain, rival parties unite to form a coalition government. But the British recognize that to prolong coalition regimes into normal times would land representative government in the single-party trap, and they have insisted on a return to the party system based on the assumption of disagreement between His Majesty’s Government and His Majesty’s Opposition.

In the United States, executive and legislative responsibilities are so differently divided that a

formal coalition government is not practicable even in times of crisis. However, a President may achieve some of its advantages by taking opposition leaders into his Administration, as President Roosevelt did in June, 1940, when he invited Mr. Stimson and Mr. Knox to join his Cabinet. He may also, by skill and patience, win enough non-partisan support in Congress to pass particular measures and even to give effect to controversial long-range policies. Lend-Lease was adopted in the spring of 1941 by 60 to 31 in the Senate and 317 to 71 in the House; 10 of the favorable votes in the Senate and 94 of those in the House were Republican. On July 28, 1945, the Senate accepted the Charter of the United Nations by 89 to 2; the nearly unanimous vote reflected the careful arrangements made long before by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull to ensure that the measure would find favor in both camps.

But the American President and the members of his Cabinet, chosen by him and holding office at his pleasure, seldom can count confidently on Congress to support their policies even when the President and the House and Senate majority are of the same party; and when the Congressional majority belongs to a different party they of course are weaker still. This makes it incumbent on them to look for support among open-minded representatives of the rival party in Congress.

The opportunities and risks of our new position of world power were magnified tremendously after we became involved in the war and required the improvement of this hit-or-miss practice. President Roosevelt, who had already brought two Republicans into his Cabinet, now assigned many wartime offices to political opponents and business leaders who had been hostile to the New Deal. Looking ahead to the time when partisan-

ship would normally become rife again, he accepted the advice of Secretary Hull and Under Secretary Welles that the work of formulating the American position on post-war world problems should be begun at once and should be organized on a nonpartisan basis.

In a two-party system nonpartisanship means bipartisanship. The State Department's task therefore was to inform key Republican leaders about the scope and nature of the undertaking which lay ahead, show them how the Department was thinking, and eventually secure their general approval of suggested solutions.

Secretary Hull had been in Congress when partisan fires destroyed Wilson's hope for American participation in the League of Nations. He directed his first efforts, then, to making sure that the nature of the projected new international security organization would be argued out in an atmosphere free from the party rancors of 1919-1920. He was determined also to give the Senate no grounds for feeling that its treaty-making powers were being restricted to "taking or leaving" a *fait accompli*. He therefore called the Congressional leaders of both parties to repeated informal conferences in which the general lines of a practicable policy could be set.

In February, 1942, President Roosevelt authorized the formation in the State Department of an Advisory Committee on Post-War Foreign Problems, with Secretary Hull as Chairman, Under Secretary Welles as Vice-Chairman, and Dr. Leo Pasvolksky as Executive Officer. To this committee he appointed several Department officials and a small group drawn from private life (Isaiah Bowman, Norman H. Davis, Anne O'Hare McCormick, Myron C. Taylor, and the present writer). To permit ranking members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to participate, he approved the addition in the summer of 1942 of Senators Connally (Democrat) and Austin (Republican).

No public announcement was made about the committee's composition and duties, or even about its existence. At first, it met twice weekly in the office of Under Secretary Welles; after a few months, Army and Navy officers and representatives of other governmental agencies were drawn in, several other experts were included, subcommittees were appointed to make special studies, and the meetings of the general committee were transferred to the office of Secretary Hull. About that time, Senators George and Thomas (Democrats) and White (Republican) and Representatives Bloom and Johnson (Democrats) and Eaton (Republican) were added. For over a year the

enlarged committee met under Secretary Hull's chairmanship for a second review of all manner of post-war problems — political, territorial, economic, and organizational.

The earliest concrete product of these studies and discussions was the American draft of what became the Moscow Declaration, the first landmark on the road to a United Nations organization and the first assurance that the Soviet Union would participate in it. Secretary Hull was able to carry the American draft to Moscow in October, 1943, in the knowledge that it was the result of painstaking study and with the assurance that it had the approval of key representatives of both parties in Congress. It was accepted by Molotov and Eden with the change of only a few words.

President Roosevelt again showed his determination to avoid a partisan fiasco like that of 1920 when he appointed three leading Republicans — Senator Vandenberg, former Governor Stassen of Minnesota, and Representative Eaton — to share responsibility with Secretary Stettinius and three Democratic colleagues for drafting the United Nations Charter at San Francisco. This allotted the Republican Party three times as much participation at San Francisco as President Wilson's appointment of Henry White had given it at Paris.

President Truman followed the precedent by asking Senators Vandenberg and Connally to help Secretary Byrnes draft the peace treaties with Italy and our minor enemies; and he named Senator Austin as Delegate to the United Nations. These appointments, and that of John Foster Dulles as an alternate delegate to the General Assembly, showed that the Democratic Administration still felt the need for two-party backing in tackling its most difficult foreign problems. They represented as close an approach as is possible under our present system to the formal fusion of party forces which occurs in England in times of crisis.

2

THE Democrats did not, of course, invent the nonpartisan approach to foreign affairs. As early as 1940, Wendell Willkie began embarrassing the Administration by giving it interventionist advice. He was one of the first national leaders to call for American solidarity against the Nazis; and when the Lend-Lease bill was introduced in January, 1941, he came out publicly in its support and announced that he was about to visit England, then undergoing the blitz.

In March, 1943, two Democratic and two Republican Senators introduced the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution calling for the early establishment of a United Nations organization; and two months later a resolution of Representative Fulbright asking for the establishment of international machinery to maintain peace, and for "participation by the United States therein," received 163 favorable Republican votes in the House and only 26 opposed. September, 1943, brought further proof of the new Republican attitude. The Post-War Advisory Council of the party, meeting at Mackinac Island, favored "responsible participation by the United States in postwar coöperative organization among sovereign nations" and urged that the nation's role in "helping to bring about international peace and justice shall not be the subject of domestic partisan controversy and political bitterness." Governor Dewey, probable Republican nominee in the Presidential election to be held the following autumn, helped push this resolution through by suggesting a continuing military alliance between the United States and Britain after the war, thus repudiating his party's former isolationism and challenging old-line leaders to split with him or orient themselves afresh.

After Governor Dewey had been nominated, Secretary Hull invited him to consult on the international organizational policies about to be given a first decisive formulation at Dumbarton Oaks. Governor Dewey accepted, and named John Foster Dulles as his representative. On the security issue the two reached agreement. On other post-war problems the Republican nominee retained freedom to express himself as he liked. As things turned out, no irretrievably harsh things were said about foreign policy in the course of the campaign, and President Roosevelt entered upon his fourth term without having aroused important Republican opposition to his main post-war objectives. The readiness of three prominent Republicans to accept appointment as delegates to the San Francisco Conference confirmed this fact.

Thus both parties helped cement the nonpartisan understanding which permitted the writing of an acceptable United Nations Charter. Both joined, too, in the explorations and exchanges of information that led to a measure of agreement on certain of the specific problems which the State Department had to deal with after the victory. The initiative was President Roosevelt's. The spadework was done by Secretary Hull and Under Secretary Welles. The effort was continued by Secretary Stettinius at San Francisco, and

afterwards by Secretary Byrnes. It was reciprocated by important Republican leaders, in Congress and without.

3

DID a procedure which brought such splendid results have drawbacks also? If so, even though the disadvantages may be less important than the achievements, we should identify and record them so that they may be minimized in any future mechanisms adopted to facilitate interparty collaboration.

Sometimes an effort to achieve unity in foreign policy by discovering the "greatest common denominator" in opposing party views, and by agreeing privately to adopt it, may involve a certain risk. One side — perhaps what history would say was the "right" side — may compromise its principles and whittle down its requirements until the common denominator arrived at represents too little to be worth having, or at any rate less than might have been had.

The question arises, for example, whether, in arguing with the Senate leaders, Secretary Hull may have lowered his sights more than was absolutely necessary. Did he accept a plan for an international organization which was not quite as effective as he might have won at the risk of a little more Republican disagreement, a little less satisfaction of natural Senatorial desires to see a course set which could not possibly lead to any but the smoothest of waters? The 89 to 2 vote by which the Senate accepted the United Nations Charter was a tremendous justification for his aims. But the overwhelmingness of that vote suggests that an even stronger Charter might perhaps have been written at Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco and have been passed by the Senate with only slightly greater (and still negligible) opposition.

If Wilson had been a little more pliant and Lodge a little less vindictive, we might have had a living instead of a stillborn League of Nations. Was the reverse true a generation later? When President Roosevelt went to Yalta he had to take account of Stalin's wish to make the principle of Great Power unanimity — that is, the veto — cover as much of the United Nations procedure as possible. Did he, in dealing with the Soviet demand, underestimate the Republican support at his disposal for creating an effective international organization? As it turned out, many Republicans, including Senator Vandenberg, regretted that a single permanent member of the Security

Council was empowered to limit the Council's right to discuss and investigate situations threatening war. If Hull and Roosevelt had been more confident and exigent, less impressed by the disastrous results of the 1920 debate, might we have had not merely a living organism but also one in which the veto power was more restricted?

There is bound to be doubt, also, about the terms on which members of the legislature are to be invited to participate in executive action, whether as planners or as negotiators, and about the terms on which they may be willing to share this responsibility. We touch here on the old question of the relationship of Congress to the Executive, so long debated in many fields of planning and action. It happens to have a particular relevancy in our present examination. Are Senators, for example, to be invited to consult on the whole gamut of foreign affairs, general and particular, current and future? If so, does the Administration risk giving them a whip hand in a vital area of its own proper domain? If their participation is to be limited to certain phases of foreign policy, can they be sure that other phases, related to the ones on which they are being consulted, are being dealt with in accordance with the same estimate of the national interest?

4

THESE are not academic questions, as one or two recent episodes have shown. Mr. Bartley C. Crum told the Zionist Organization of America last fall in Atlantic City that because Senator Vandenberg had been helping write the United Nations Charter and the peace treaty with Italy he must share responsibility for the Administration's Palestine policy. Was Mr. Crum right in assuming that Senator Vandenberg had even been consulted about Palestine — or, if he had, that his views had been accepted by the State Department? Very possibly he was completely wrong. Even if Senator Vandenberg disapproved the Administration policy toward Palestine he might hesitate to say so for fear of weakening public belief in his wholehearted support of what seemed to him even more important features of the Administration's foreign policy — for example, resistance to Soviet expansionist tendencies.

We cannot ignore the fact that in the circumstances mentioned (quite apart from any question of Senator Vandenberg's possible embarrassment), public discussion of a public question by a leader of public opinion was curtailed. This

curb on the potential "opposition," though quite unintentional, may extend to the discussion of the most important matters.

In the absence of debate, major difficulties arrive like rockets and burst with devastating effects. One effect may be to damage the quality of the decision that is taken; this will put in doubt whether it *ought* to be maintained. Another may be to weaken public acceptance of the decision; this will put in doubt whether it *can* be maintained.

It is a conspicuous fact, for example, that the policy for Germany enunciated at Stuttgart by Secretary Byrnes did not evoke criticism, general or detailed, from Senator Vandenberg or his Republican colleagues in the Senate. Presumably the policy was developed largely in Berlin, since Secretary Byrnes in the midst of exhausting negotiations on other subjects could hardly have been expected to work out in his own mind or in direct discussion with his habitual advisers a program involving action on so many political, economic, strategic, and psychological fronts.

The question to ask here is not whether a policy which aims to restore the German economy, while consolidating Germany under a national government and leaving the Ruhr and other parts of the German industrial arsenal in German control, was wise or opportunistic. The question is whether a decision so narrowly conceived as the one announced by Mr. Byrnes may perhaps have been, involving a choice between various methods to forestall Germany from resuming Bismarck's old play of East against West, was subjected to adequate debate in Congress and in organs of opinion.

The public seems to have sensed a dearth of debate and to have desired enlightenment. There was confusion as to what our aims in Germany were; as to which of them (for they often seemed contradictory) took precedence; and as to how those that did were to be attained. For this reason the speech on the German problem made by John Foster Dulles on January 17, evidently on behalf of an important section of the Republican leadership, awakened quite unusual interest. The Republican Party seemed to be beginning to originate and propose policies of its own. The public welcomed this as an omen that there might be more discussion and perhaps a crystallization of opinion in advance of the meeting at Moscow.

It did not come. As late as February 18, the New York *Herald Tribune* felt impelled to write of the Moscow Conference, less than three weeks away, that "we have not the faintest idea of the proposals which our representatives should advance or even of the principles which should lie

behind them." And it demanded "some real debate" on "a self-consistent program" that could "enlist some unity" behind it. The public instinct which this editorial reflected was sound. Vital decisions are now to be taken — as to whether we want most to destroy Germany or restore it, and on all the debatable subheads under either choice. They must be fortified by wide public acceptance and strong public determination if they are to be real and lasting. Without adequate debate they may be neither. In that case our whole policy in Europe will suffer shipwreck.

5

THE transcendently important matter of how to control atomic energy has a high place in the present argument. To the surprise of the American people, this problem, as I write, has been in course of merger, at the insistence of Soviet Russia and with the approval of Britain and France, in the whole question of whether limitation of all armaments is feasible, and, if so, how. Our government first discussed the control of fissionable materials in the Acheson-Lilienthal committee; and it entrusted the position there recommended to Mr. Baruch for negotiation in the Atomic Energy Commission of the United Nations. The inadequacy of a piecemeal approach became plain when Mr. Molotov and Mr. Gromyko at the turn of the year demanded that the whole question of armaments — not merely all "weapons adaptable to mass destruction," in the careless phraseology of the Moscow agreement, but *all* armaments — be studied and discussed simultaneously. This put our negotiators "on the spot." We had no policy on general disarmament.

The Soviet suggestion seemed logical to the other members of the Security Council. And to us it offered a chance not merely to conduct negotiations about just how our proposed outlawry of atomic weapons was to be made effective by inspection and control, but simultaneously to try to secure, as part of the same deal, a reduction in other arms and forces. But instead of being able to jump at the Soviet proposal, we found ourselves in the logically untenable and psychologically unattractive position of having to demur at the discussion of weapons which all nations possess, while pressing for the elimination of the one weapon which we alone possess.

Eventually we accepted the proposal for simultaneous discussion of atomic and conventional weapons. But not till after the public had become

too thoroughly confused to understand why it was necessary for our representatives to make sure that the new Commission studying arms limitations would be specifically excluded from infringing on the jurisdiction of the Atomic Energy Commission.

In view of his other preoccupations, Secretary Byrnes almost certainly had not had time himself to study the relationship of atomic energy to a general limitation of armaments. Moreover, in view of the inadequate liaison between upper and lower echelons in the State Department, the officials directly in charge of these problems, even if aware of the potentialities of the situation and given time and strength enough to evolve a more comprehensive program, would probably not have had adequate access to the Secretary for a thorough review and determination of policy.

How might Senators Vandenberg and Connally have been most useful in such a situation? Conceivably, by standing off at a little distance and observing the general trend of our international negotiations. They were in fact performing direct services of great value to the nation, even though not precisely those foreseen under the theory of the separation of powers. It seems at least possible, however, that had the two Senators not been forced to spend so much time in London and Paris instead of in Washington, they would have noticed (as their senior responsibilities in foreign affairs would normally have impelled them to do) that the narrowly defined road followed by our government in the atomic discussions, like the broad and wandering track marked by our various positions toward the German problem, was running into a morass.

Some defeatists argue that world problems have become so complicated that foreign policy can only be improvised. Those who still think it must be planned may at least introduce for discussion the question whether it was wise for the two ranking members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to be preoccupied with an affair like the statute of the Free City of Trieste at the same time that it was engrossing the Secretary of State.

The procedure may have had even more grave results. Many other Senators besides the two mentioned are keenly interested in foreign affairs. It would be only natural if these others felt that they should not interfere in the conduct of foreign policy as it was being practiced by their two colleagues, successive chairmen of the Senate committee responsible for recommending action in the foreign field.

While the makers of American foreign policy

were enjoying unusual freedom from criticism, their British colleagues were accepting open and vigorous criticism in London. Taking up one particular reproach, Prime Minister Attlee announced on November 9 that British policy on the future of Germany must be placed on the anvil of public discussion. This did not mean that the whole tenor of British foreign policy was going to be called in question, but merely that the Prime Minister thought he would be stronger at home and carry more weight abroad if specific aspects of his policy were reviewed publicly pro and con. He did not ask all the members of his own party to refrain from criticizing details; still less did he ask Conservative supporters of his broad objectives to do so.

The incident suggests that the Labor Government and the Conservative Party may have a sounder relationship as regards British foreign policy than the Truman Administration and the Republican Party have as regards American foreign policy. If so, are there improvements to be made in our practice within the framework of our present system of government?

6

A CONSIDERED foreign policy represents a synthesis of complicated aims, modified by the practical necessities of compromise. It seems clear that if improvements are to be made they should allow for the fact that although honest men may be expected and indeed pressed to reach a wide measure of agreement on fundamental aims, they must retain the right and opportunity to disagree on the compromises found necessary to achieve them.

Several ways have been suggested for integrating the administrative and legislative functions of our government in dealing with foreign affairs. One is that a bipartisan committee of Congress should be formally constituted to work with the State Department in the whole field of foreign policy. This idea stems from the wartime advisory committee in the State Department, as transformed by Secretary Hull in the spring of 1944 into two consultative committees — one of members chosen from the Senate, the other chosen from the House.

Another plan (though by no means an alternative) has been put forward by Representative Ke-fauver; namely, that the rules of the House be amended to permit Cabinet officers and heads of agencies to come onto the floor to answer questions; presumably the Senate in that case would

adopt a similar procedure. Another, advanced by Thomas K. Finletter in a recent book, *Can Representative Government Do the Job?*, is that there should be a Joint Executive-Legislative Cabinet to enable Congress to participate with the Executive in making policy in all fields, foreign and domestic. This far-reaching proposal would seem to require a constitutional amendment authorizing the President to dissolve Congress and call general elections.

Whether any action will now be taken on such procedural devices depends in part on how Senators Vandenberg and Connally feel about them after their experience with bipartisanship in action during the past year or so. They will doubtless judge any proposal by whether or not it seems likely to increase the advantages and decrease the disadvantages of *ad hoc* partnership with the Secretary of State. Both Senators announced in December that from then on they were going to devote their main attention to their duties on Capitol Hill, though of course holding themselves ready to respond to special calls from the State Department. This may presage general demands from the Senate for an enlargement of its prerogatives in formulating the foreign policies on which it will later be required to pass in treaty form.

Senator Vandenberg in an interview on December 17 showed that he had a more specifically Republican objective in mind. He inquired, in effect, whether the Administration intended to expand or contract the area of bipartisan cooperation in foreign policy, and laid down the "indispensable" condition that in either case it must now be clearly defined. Republican cooperation, he said, has been limited to launching the United Nations and working on the minor European peace treaties; it has not extended to Latin America, the Far East, or the Middle East. "Our responsibility," he said, "must be identified." Plainly he was restless at being consulted on segments of policy only, and at sometimes finding himself in the position of having to negotiate in public on the basis of policies which he had not helped formulate.

The Administration will of course be the other factor in determining whether or not some new instrument of cooperation is created. The President and the Secretary of State might see considerable "compensating disadvantages" in letting the Senate acquire the habit of negotiating as well as ratifying treaties. They might feel more friendly, however, to the idea of setting up an advisory committee of State Department officials and majority and minority members of the Foreign Re-

lations Committees of the Senate and House to discuss the general objectives of American foreign policy and exchange information and opinion on current problems. This is the most modest version of the most modest innovation so far suggested.

Even if such a committee remained merely advisory, however, it would differ essentially from the State Department's wartime advisory committee in that it could not — even without Senator Vandenberg's warning — avoid covering the whole field of foreign policy, including the most controversial current issues. It is interesting to consider what attitude participating Senators and Congressmen would take toward the Administration's policy, as a whole and in detail, when they spoke in the Senate or to their constituents. Would the Administration find that it had merely armed them with the detailed information needed to make a devastating attack on its policies? Or would they be expected to refrain from comment, except of a judiciously approving nature? Either alternative has evident disadvantages. But these might be outweighed by the evident advantages; and not the least of these would be that a rudimentary machinery existed, ready to fill a more comprehensive role in an emergency.

By itself, in any event, a Congress and State Department advisory committee would not perform the same function as the recent Byrnes-Vandenberg-Connally partnership, which brought Republican and Democratic Senators into the formulation of day by day policy and into negotiation with foreign representatives.

The Administration may not feel that it needs Republican Senators at international gatherings as much as it did. By common consent the United Nations has become a cornerstone of our foreign policy; even the McCormick, Patterson, and Hearst press would be hard put to suggest a practicable way of conducting our foreign relations without it or against it. Senator Vandenberg can be counted on to carry through the Senate the treaties with Italy and the Axis satellites which he helped draw up. The future shape of Germany is still to be settled, however, and the ramifications of this problem reach deep into our domestic economy besides touching some of our cherished political convictions and hopes. If the Administration program includes appropriations to feed the German people, Congress will have to debate it; and the outcome will be settled by the Republican majority.

As Senator Vandenberg has made clear, the Republicans will find it harder to manage bipartisanship successfully than before they secured

control of Congress. Now they have formal responsibility for whatever action Congress takes. The November victory exhilarated formerly isolationist elements in the party and gave them a hope of renewing their influence; this has already begun to make trouble for what has been called the party's "new leadership."

On the other hand, the Republicans as a whole will plainly see advantages in steering clear of controversies in the foreign policy field. Nonpartisan agreement on the foreign issues most heavily charged with dynamite has been of inestimable benefit to them over the past couple of years. They feel confident of victory in 1948 on the Democratic domestic record, and fear only surprise issues that might come to the surface in foreign policy debates. Incidentally, the possibility that Senator Taft, for example, might recognize the merit of this course now, but if elected President might display unexpected isolationist tendencies, is a recommendation to the average voter for full and early debates on questions of international as well as of domestic policy.

The Republican leaders may decide that they must have either much more or much less participation both in planning and in executing foreign policy. Even if they decide on much less, President Truman will ask himself whether in 1948 the Republicans will in any case be in a position to favor a less enlightened foreign policy than the one they have helped execute in the last few years. It is no reflection on them to note that in 1939, 1940, and 1941 they were under a practical as well as an intellectual compulsion to change their former attitude. The American people had reached a point in their education which did not permit the Republicans to repeat their 1920 role. Into the void left by our failure to help construct a world community the Nazis and Japanese had interrupted. In 1945 the American people knew too much to be led again down the old road of world chaos.

President Truman would probably be right to doubt that in the period from Secretary Marshall's assumption of office to the next election the state of the world will permit anyone to seek the mandate of the American people by promising a return to isolation.

7

To sum up. All the people have a stake in decisions in the field of foreign policy. That stake may include, and twice in our time has included,

"their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor." They have a right, then, to ask their leaders to rule out partisan considerations in trying to reach agreement on basic national objectives. These admittedly are not easy to define in general terms, but are not hard to recognize in practice. In settling the methods to attain them, debate is necessary; but party leaders may legitimately be asked not to press differences to the point where the goal itself is brought into jeopardy. On lesser issues, the operation of the party system normally requires that there be debate both as to objectives and as to methods. Any device promising to facilitate understanding between the responsible representatives of the two parties should be given a trial. But it is the spirit in which the party leaders determine to cooperate, rather than the precise form of the mechanism available, which will determine the outcome.

The responsibility of the State Department for planning foreign policy, under the President's authority, cannot be escaped. A corollary of this responsibility is that its officials should give more attention to performing it. If an adequate staff were freed to develop policy concepts and plans for giving them effect, as distinct from "handling" routine or emergency matters as they arise, and if their work were freshened and made more realistic by the suggested exchange of opinion and information with key members of Congress, the foreign policy of the United States would take on the weight, coherence, and steadiness it now so often seems to lack.

The fact remains that the Secretaryship of State is a political office. Secretary Marshall's categorical statement that "under present conditions" it is not to be considered such refers to a special, not a normal, circumstance. The Secretary of State is the appointee of the President, who is, under our system of government, the leader of his party as well. In other words, the Secretary of State is ordinarily a political officer of a party Administration; and so he should be, that the public may know where to fix accountability for success or failure in the conduct of foreign relations.

Men who are wise in the ways of the world, and know that there is always plenty of discord and a shortage of concord in human activities, rightly

enough feel thankful for any moment of political harmony: there will be discord enough in due course; let us not speed the arrival of the inescapable turmoil. But precisely because divergencies of opinion are inevitable, we may do well, taking the long view, to prepare not to be thrown off balance when discord comes. One precaution is to realize that even disagreement has compensations, and that "unanimity" may come too high.

Our experiments in bipartisan collaboration during the past five years have taught us more than we ever knew before about its possibilities in the successful conduct of foreign affairs. I hope this analysis of the record will not be twisted into an argument in favor of unbridled partisanship. My sole aim is to provoke closer thought about the occasions when collaboration is necessary and proper, and about the methods best calculated to make it fruitful.

The country will hold in grateful remembrance that Roosevelt, Hull, Welles, Stettinius, and Byrnes on the Democratic side sought Republican cooperation for purposes essential to its well-being and safety; and that Willkie, Dewey, Vandenberg, Austin, Stassen, Dulles, and others on the Republican side seized the opportunity to give the United States full, prompt, and enthusiastic participation in the United Nations. Even so, we may keep the view that the Anglo-Saxon political genius lies in the ability to reach great decisions through debate and experience, and we may still conclude that, year in and year out, our foreign policy will be better understood, and therefore in the long run will *be* better, if it is made primarily by the appointed officials of one party who are responsible for making it, and ratified by the elected officials of both parties who are responsible for ratifying it.

Democracy relies for success on the interest and knowledge of its citizens, brought to life and focus by public debate; it will not function at its best, and may not function at all, if too many vital decisions are taken in private. Debate in Congress and discussion on the street corner and in the press are the red corpuscles in its blood stream. "It was government by discussion," said Bagehot, "that broke the bond of ages and set free the originality of mankind."

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF RADIO

by LLEWELLYN WHITE

RADIO is the youngest of the lively arts. In its extraordinary growth during the past two decades, the radio industry has accomplished much to its credit, but there can be no doubt that if radio is fully to meet the growing requirements of the American people, much still needs to be done. How is such improvement to be achieved? On the one side stands the Federal Communications Commission, representing the views of the government. On the other stands the broadcasting industry, which has never lacked energy in expounding its own position. In between sit the American listeners, submissive but still hopeful. In 1944, under a grant of funds made by Time, Incorporated, and Encyclopædia Britannica, Incorporated, a Commission,* with Robert M. Hutchins as its Chairman, began its investigation of the freedom and responsibility of the press, radio, and motion pictures.

The article which follows summarizes some of the conclusions reported to the Commission by Llewellyn White, its assistant director in charge of the research on radio. Mr. White's book, *The American Radio*, is one of six studies published by the University of Chicago Press for the Commission.

In its prefatory statement, the Commission envisions the extension of radio and television "to every village in the land"; it calls for the broadcasting of local news and the discussion of public issues. The Commission approves the government policy of maintaining diversity of ownership and makes the point that the "unusual controls exercised by advertising on behalf of immediate commercial interest and at the expense of station program direction have, so far, been much more significant than the controls established by the government on behalf of the public interest."

* Members of the Commission are Robert M. Hutchins, *Chairman*, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., John M. Clark, John Dickinson, William E. Hocking, Harold D. Lasswell, Archibald MacLeish, Charles E. Merriam, Reinhold Niebuhr, Robert Redfield, Arthur M. Schlesinger, and George N. Shuster.

The FCC is urged to assist the development of non-commercial stations sponsored by educational institutions or foundations. Then speaking directly to the radio industry, the Commission asks for a separation of advertising from radio programs and for more programs which deal with public issues, at convenient listening hours. It urges radio listeners to organize in their criticism and evaluation of radio. "The air," it concludes, "belongs to the public, not to the radio industry."

— THE EDITOR

1

WHAT needs to be done to make American radio not merely the best in the world but the best it would be possible to achieve? A good deal. Let us examine first some of the weak spots in our radio fare.

The total national product of news, organized and processed by radiomen for radio audiences, is not adequate. To be sure, the ether crackles with news. Having outdone itself, and now and then the press, during the war, radio at the start of 1947 was coasting along on the war's momentum. Probably as much as 80 per cent of the country was getting press association bulletins at least once every hour.

But 80 per cent is not enough. Nor is the mere reading of news bulletins enough. The average radio listener is no more able to evaluate the news which is hurled at him from every direction than is the average newspaper headline scanner. Indeed, a diet of nothing but unrelated headlines may confuse more than enlighten him. It may even, on the radio, give him subconscious ear-hardening or ennui, if the newscasters do not soon stop approaching everything, from tomorrow's weather to today's political climate in Moscow, with the same impartially breathless urgency.

News items need to be integrated with other news and with history. Newspapers employ large

staffs of trained, well-paid (in relation to other newsmen, at least) editors to give this treatment to press association stories. Most big broadcasting stations also employ news staffs. But what some of these news staffs do has always been a mystery to working newspapermen. They do not appear to do much with or to the bulletins that come off the press association teleprinters, except to boil them down a bit and read them off. True, the press associations prepare special files for radio clients. These are presumably peculiarly adapted to the needs of radio, and International News Service, at least, has made an honest effort of late to overcome the suspicion that they are nothing more than dressed-up by-products. But the special radio reports do not relieve the radio news departments of a further refining and processing job.

News needs to be related to the significance-evaluations of qualified experts. That is where the commentator comes in. About 40 per cent of the people of America got, in 1946, what was described as commentary at the rate of about 2 hours a week, half of it outside the best listening periods, 90 per cent of it supplied by "commentators" who lacked even the minimal qualifications for such work — say, either a sound college education or its equivalent in experience as a highly trained writer-observer of, or practitioner in, the specialized fields of political science, economics, government, and so forth.

Statistically "good" individual performance in the news and commentary field too often is marred by wholly unnecessary flaws and inhibitions. Among examples may be listed the superficiality noted above; the broadcasters' reluctance to assume vigorous editorial leadership; their corollary insistence on getting a sponsor to shoulder the responsibility (and the cost) of "opinionated" news — that is, anything that departs from the text of the by no means always unopinionated press association dispatches; and the failure, ever since the one brave gesture in the early 1930's, to train or recruit enough good news-evaluators and to support them, against courts, Congressmen, and witch-hunters, in their honest convictions.

2

THE total national product of useful public discussion is inadequate. Not more than 15 per cent of the people of America were exposed to so-called forum programs in 1946 at the rate of about 1 hour a week, again with half of it outside the best

listening periods. In terms of tangible results, the picture is even more disheartening, for, after nearly a quarter century of radio news, commentary, and discussion, during which time several billion words were aired under these headings and several thousand waterproof wrist watches and pencils were given to several thousand persons for answering several tens of thousands of presumably topical questions correctly, a Public Opinion Research poll revealed in 1945 that 75 per cent of the people did not know what a price subsidy was, 70 per cent did not know how a peace treaty was approved by the United States, 60 per cent had never heard of the Atlantic Charter, and 63 per cent did not know that this country had been receiving reverse Lend-Lease to the value of billions of dollars.

It is possible that the manner in which most of the forum programs were staged had something to do with the disappointing results. Why do the broadcasters insist on bringing to the microphone unrehearsed amateurs who usually turn out to be deadly serious bores? Good newspapers, more concerned for the reader's right to be informed than for the right of a few readers to get their names in print, do not confine their attention to antagonistic and minority views to the letters columns. One of radio's most serious mistakes has been the avoidance of a responsibility which the press long ago assumed: to mirror the views of conflicting groups by hiring trained men and women to canvass these groups and translate their views into terse, professional, attention-rousing language rather than by throwing their columns open to the untrained "spokesmen" of the groups themselves.

The broadcasters' failure to adopt this method leaves room for the suspicion that some of them may have hoped that the very dullness and clumsiness of the forum type of program would soon eliminate it. The technique has become alarmingly common in radio: one does the sort of thing he does not understand but feels compelled to do in order to mollify the FCC or his more literate critics; he does it as badly as possible, and the Hooper ratings are low. So he turns to his critics with a triumphant "You see, the people just don't want it."

This comment would not, of course, apply to those broadcasters who honestly felt that they were choosing the least of several possible evils when they wrote the ban on selling time for the discussion of controversial public issues into the 1929 National Association of Broadcasters Code. But even they ignored the significant question of

whether the broadcasters have any moral right either to give or to sell time for the discharge of a function which they themselves ought to discharge.

Broadcasters tend to stage forums at times when few can listen conveniently. In general they prefer to stick to one-sided issues like juvenile delinquency and to avoid vital problems confronting democracy. "Good" performance tends to be concentrated in a few urban areas served by independent — there the word is used in its literal, as well as its broadcasting sense — stations.

Taking the country as a whole, one finds that minorities do not have sufficient opportunity to be heard on controversial issues. Individual stations that honestly try to solve the problem are more often than not frustrated by the advertising men and their inexorable time schedules. Too often the answer does not reach as large an audience as heard the charge, either because an equally good day and hour cannot be found or because fewer network affiliates carry the answer.

I am persuaded that both the industry and the FCC worry unduly about the fairness of selling time for the presentation of minority views. The observation that those with the most money would get all the best of it applies equally to the other media, including handbills, posters, direct-mail matter, sound trucks, propaganda books, propaganda documentary films, and newspaper and magazine advertising. The sums involved are not of an order calculated to exclude any important minority, since the local unit can usually draw on others throughout the country for financial assistance. Yet they are large enough — particularly in the instance of political parties, which pay a premium rate — to give the broadcaster a certain amount of financial independence in dealing with sponsors and advertising men.

One also finds that minority listener tastes are not adequately served. Here, again, the reasons are not elusive. The advertising man whose only test of a gag or a song or a show is how it went over on the rival station or network week before last will never permit those broadcasters who live in mortal terror of him to experiment.

It is a truism in all the media (and especially in the theater) that new techniques rarely pay off immediately and sometimes never do. Yet the more imaginative play and movie producers, book publishers, and newspaper and magazine editors are constantly gambling. Why should the broadcaster play it safe? The fact that he does is all the more ironical because he alone is dependent on something that the people own. There may be, numerically, more bobby-soxers than

lovers of good drama, good music, sprightly conversation, and stimulating discussion. However, the latter pay the larger share of taxes, and it is just possible that they have a larger voice in shaping the future of our society.

Toward the end of 1946, CBS, stung by what it apparently regarded as an unfair critical evaluation of its over-all effort, based on ignorance of what it included, began a series of advertisements which reproached the critics for "not knowing *how* to listen." What CBS ignored or overlooked, in the advertisements as in its general practice, was the fact that the critics knew well enough where to find CBS's "good" things for minority tastes but were not always able to adjust their working, sleeping, and recreation schedules so as to hear them conveniently. To say to these critical minorities that you intend to take care of them at times which are not "required for serving the larger mass audience" (a broadcasting euphemism for taking care of the advertising man first) is as if a restaurateur told discriminating diners that he could serve them only out of regular hours.

Besides, the broadcaster who sincerely wishes to serve minority tastes is likely to find (as many of them have found) that this requires more than a look-around at the other media for talent. Taking broadcasting at its own estimate as an entertainment medium, one would probably be fair in saying that no other entertainment medium ever leaned so heavily on its fellows or developed so little talent peculiarly its own. The networks have amply demonstrated that not every successful playwright can write for the radio, and that not every Broadway or Hollywood actor can bring his talent undiminished to the microphone.

3

TAKING the country as a whole, one finds that the over-all quality of the "entertainment" fare in radio leaves something to be desired. The coincidence that radio came along just as vaudeville was perishing was perhaps happier for the vaudevillians than for the rest of us. Broadway (and even Hollywood, which is hardly celebrated for star turnover) has run through four "generations" of comedians during the radio lifetimes of "Amos 'n' Andy," "Fibber McGee and Molly," "Burns and Allen," "Lum 'n' Abner," Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Edgar Bergen, and Eddie Cantor, all of whom are still going strong. In radio, a Red Skelton or a Bob Hope is still "new" after half a dozen years of precisely the same routines.

The effect on these veterans has been rather marked, for even the most loyal Hope or Allen or Bergen fan can tire—say, after the second or third year—of Crosby's horses, Senator Claghorn's loathing for Damyankees, and Charlie McCarthy's allowance difficulties. (To the credit of Allen and Bergen be it said that they know when enough is too much and would like to get off the merry-go-round.)

Except for the work of three or four pioneers like Corwin, Welles, Oboler, and MacLeish, there has been literally no radio drama worthy of the name that has not been lifted bodily from the theater. The sum of it has been piddling. Time, money, facilities, and encouragement have been begrudged these pioneers to a point where only Corwin remains hopefully in the wings, so to speak.

I am no psychologist and therefore approach the mine-sown battlegrounds of women's and children's shows with some trepidation. It seems fairly obvious to me, however, that, if the majority of American women really are "helped" by vicarious excursions into divorce, adultery, and incurable disease, the psychologists who are engaged from time to time to swear to this "fact" might find better employment looking into what may be happening to the human race. And it seems equally obvious that children's shows in which unpleasant brats go unpunished by doltish parents, or in which the one mistake in an otherwise perfect crime is explained with such painstaking care as to encourage the most cautious nascent delinquent to try it with improvements, do not clarify the goals and values of society. It is just possible that the true impact of the broadcasters on these goals and values eludes the Hooper telephone girls and that it cannot even be accurately measured in box-tops or soap-chip sales.

Audience-participation shows, the newest craze in radio (the formula is only five or six years old), deserve a paragraph. So far as I know, the first audience-participation show ever submitted to a broadcaster was a 1927 effort approved by a superintendent of schools and a college president as a "positive contribution to adult education." The broadcaster to whom it was first shown thought it was sufficiently entertaining to try on the public; but, as he did not feel able to finance it on a sustaining basis and could find no advertising agency that did not think him utterly mad to suggest such a thing, nothing came of it. A decade and more later, the idea bobbed up again, but with the now familiar new wrinkles: the questions and answers must under no circumstances add to the sum total

of useful knowledge; they must be asked and answered in a setting reminiscent of the old-time vaudeville stage on amateurs' night; and the whole proceeding must be managed in such a way as to screen out the more intelligent citizens with their silly inhibitions about vulgar exhibitionism. Once again, the advertising man had turned a remarkable opportunity into a cheap sideshow.

4

THE argument that the people get what they want in radio entertainment is open to challenge. Women's magazines which stress thoughtful articles and stories in which competent, recognized writers probe deeply into typical human problems outsell the lurid pulp "love" variety, magazine for magazine. Wholesome children's books outsell the news-butcher's product, and *Parents' Magazine* has even demonstrated that constructive comic books can hold their own with the trashier brand. Motion pictures like *National Velvet*, *Boy's Town*, *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*, *Pinocchio*, and *Journey for Margaret* have outbox-officed gangster and wayward-youth fare with the young. Perhaps as many Americans pay good money every year to college bursars for the privilege of amassing useful information as troop weekly into studios in the hope of being rewarded with a pair of nylons (and a lusty cheer from the studio audience if they're from Brooklyn) for their ability to identify a few strains of popular music.

It is possible that the fact that the broadcasters do not build their own entertainment shows has something to do with all this. The advertising agencies have turned the writing of women's and children's shows in particular into a sweatshop assembly-line operation reminiscent of pulp magazine production, in an understandable effort to pare to the minimum the running costs of formulas which they feel no longer need to be sold to the public. The advertising agencies likewise have resisted every effort to replace shopworn comedians, singers, and bands with new talent, so long as the old-timers could keep their Hooper ratings above 15. The agencies know that mere lack of competition will tend to keep the ratings up, just as a man who runs a 100-yard dash against himself invariably wins. But, as long as the public keeps on buying tea bags, tooth paste, and coffee, the agencies do not care.

The broadcasters have assumed many curious and untenable positions during their quarter century in business, but probably none is more in-

secure (and insincere) than the bland contention, so often reiterated, that the listener does not want anything he is not now getting and that any time he does he has only to ask for it. The public cannot ask for something it does not know exists or could exist. It did not ask for the novel (Fielding gave it to us). It did not ask for the printing press. It did not ask for Shakespeare or Walt Disney or news magazines. It did not ask for football or movies or the 25-cent pocket book. It did not even ask for radio.

The first task of the purveyors of entertainment and intelligence is to anticipate, gamble on, whet, stimulate, elevate, and broaden the public taste. There has always been an element of risk in it. If the advertising men are not willing to share the risk in radio, perhaps the broadcasters had better place themselves in a position to assume the whole of it. The best of them will find, as the best of the publishers, producers, and creators in the other media have found, that giving the people more than they demand is sometimes profitable.

The broadcasters have not yet provided a means for listeners to hear at a more convenient later time programs which circumstances have caused them to miss when first broadcast, or to hear over and over programs that are good enough to be heard over and over. A combination of the adoption of country-wide radio time, the wider employment of transcriptions, and the development of one or more of the several methods for multiple program broadcasting should go far toward solving this defect, which places radio at a distinct and quite unnecessary disadvantage compared with the other media.

Even the broadcasters at the 1946 National Association of Broadcasters convention agreed that there is far too much "commercialism" in radio. The statement usually is made in terms of the ratio of commercial to sustaining programs on the air. I have never felt that the distinction is very real. If the advertising men had demonstrated, over a period of more than twenty years, that they could produce the best radio fare, I should be willing to let them produce all radio fare, provided that the Communications Act were amended to bring them under FCC license. Since they have demonstrated what I regard as quite the opposite, I should like to see them produce none at all. It is not a question of there being certain types of programs that the advertiser is peculiarly well fitted to prepare and certain other types that the broadcasters are peculiarly well fitted to prepare. The advertisers do not even

display much knowledge of psychology or public taste or public need in their commercial plugs.

All these shortcomings of the radio fare suggest many possible remedies, or fruitful lines of exploration. I recommend to the broadcasters that they:—

Assume a position of vigorous editorial leadership in public affairs.

Reject the role of parasite feeding on the older media and set about training their own producers, directors, actors, writers, editors, commentators, and entertainers.

Develop more plausible discussion techniques.

Assume the responsibility for adequately treating all important controversial public issues, substituting the criterion of public need for the criterion of acceptability to sponsors, advertising men, or oversensitive public officials.

Improve their machinery for letting important minorities be heard and, with this in view, abandon their preoccupation with the theoretically admirable but practically unreal and unworkable distinction between bought time and free time for the discussion of controversial public issues.

Develop more memorable radio drama.

Make it a rule that only those who are professionally qualified will be allowed to use the radio to help people with their problems.

Create an adequate clearing house for praiseworthy and especially successful new program ventures, so that those broadcasters who are honestly seeking to improve their service will have the benefit of all the brains and imagination in the industry.

Explore the possibilities for multiple programing from a single station, with a view to serving neglected areas and minority tastes more adequately.

With the same aim in view, juggle their programs so as to place more of those designed for general public education and for minority tastes in the better listening periods.

Experiment, experiment, experiment. The public is expected to gamble two or three billion dollars on new receiving sets within the next five years; surely, the broadcasters should do some gambling on better, fresher, more varied fare.

5

I do not believe that the broadcasters can make much progress in program improvement unless and until they first radically change their relationship with the advertising men, with one another, with the government, with the other media of mass communication, and with the public. This, in turn, suggests improved relationships with the broadcasters on the part of the government, of the other media, and of the public.

The broadcasters need to achieve, immediately, that arm's-length relationship with the advertisers which fairly characterizes all but a submarginal

handful of newspapers and magazines. The broadcasters have given me a dozen reasons why they believe that such a step should not or cannot be taken.

They say that advertisers dictate policy in the print media, also. The studies of the Commission on Freedom of the Press indicate that the Commission does not believe this to be the fact in the vast majority of instances. The advertisers do not actually prepare the reading matter in the print media or weave their sales messages into the reading matter. And the bulk of newspaper and magazine publishers do not regard the sale of goods and services as their only, or even their primary, reason for being. The broadcasters say that it makes no difference whether A, who writes radio shows, B, who produces them, C, who directs them, and D, E, and F, who act them, are on the payroll of a broadcasting station or on the payroll of an advertising agency. They would be the same people, and so they would be bound to write, produce, direct, and act in precisely the same way.

To say this is, it seems to me, to miss the point completely. It is like saying that Frederick Lewis Allen, Ben Hibbs, and Virginius Dabney would be just as satisfactory editors for *Harper's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Richmond, Virginia, Times-Dispatch*, respectively, if they were employed by a national advertising agency. It discounts, perhaps through ignorance, the classic war between editorial people and the front office. Indeed, it skims over the constant struggle between the creative people in radio, both those who work for the broadcasters and those who work for the advertisers, payroll-wise, and their masters — the advertiser and the advertiser-cowed broadcaster.

The truth is, as hundreds who have done it can testify, that a newspaperman *does* express himself differently when he becomes an advertising man. He even thinks differently. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that, if he finds he cannot think differently, he goes back to newspaper work, breathing imprecations and maledictions against the whole advertising fraternity.

It has been said that if any attempt were made to exclude advertising men from the preparation of radio's "reading matter," the advertising men (including the sponsors) would simply abandon radio to economic starvation. Here we are asked to believe either that radio is not really so effective an advertising medium as the broadcasters have been telling us and that the sponsors who have been using it were prompted solely by chari-

table motives; or that their advertising messages could not stand on their own merits, as they are obliged to do in the other media, but must be slipped over on a public which otherwise would reject them; or that people do not listen to the commercials at the beginning and end of programs but only to middle commercials.

It is difficult for me to reconcile these things with the broadcasters' repeated claims that radio is far and away the most effective medium for the advertisement of certain types of goods and services, that listeners actually like the commercials, and that the majority of them do not turn their sets off or down during the commercials between programs, even when these commercials are what are known as "local station-break spots" and are therefore wholly unrelated to the programs preceding or following them.

6

I SUGGEST to the broadcasters that they: —

Stop trying to rationalize an accidental and unnatural relationship, steel themselves against the reflex cries of anguish from those who habitually cry before they are hurt, and take the first long step toward that freedom of the press for which they clamor: adoption of the practice of offering time for the advertising of commercial goods and services only on the basis of time-periods limited to 120 consecutive seconds between programs, the programs to be developed entirely by the broadcasters and to have no topical or other connection, except for the coincidence of time sequence, with any advertising matter.

Take the initiative in cooperating with the FCC to bring about an early court test of the constitutionality of the Mayflower Decision and the Blue Book. (The Mayflower Decision effectively discourages broadcasters from participating in controversy themselves. The Blue Book announces an FCC policy of weighing program adequacy and balance as one of several factors in considering applications for license renewal.)

Stop dreaming of a day when there will be no government regulation of radio.

Stop cheapening the First Amendment by invoking it every time the FCC issues a routine ruling.

Follow the lead of FCC Chairman Denny and NAB President Miller toward harmonious cooperation between the industry and the FCC.

To the FCC, I suggest that it: —

Either amend the Mayflower Decision to permit broadcasters to air their partisan views, on condition that they provide equal time for an answer, or enforce it in an instance which will ensure its speedy review by the courts as to constitutionality.

Enforce the procedures outlined in the Blue Book in an instance which will ensure its speedy review by the courts as to constitutionality.

To the NAB, I suggest that it:—

Draft a "Code of Standards" calling for the immediate establishment of an arm's-length relationship between broadcasters and advertisers, endorsing such portions and basic principles of the FCC Blue Book as appear to the better broadcasters to be reasonable and workable, and pointing the way toward improving techniques in the handling of discussion of controversial public issues and in the presentation of useful information generally.

Prepare to publicize, thoroughly and impartially, flagrant individual departures from the Code.

To the Department of Justice, the FCC, and the Congress, I suggest that they:—

Take whatever steps are necessary to ensure that the NAB have the proper legal sanction, under the antitrust and other laws, for carrying out the above recommendations.

To the Congress, I suggest that it:—

Re-examine the Communications Act of 1934 as amended, with a view to giving the FCC a more explicit charter, particularly in the field of over-all program evaluation, and to providing authority and funds for the effective operation of such a charter.

To the newspaper and magazine press, I suggest that it:—

Support the broadcasters in their quest for equal constitutional freedom, provided that the broadcasters meanwhile qualify themselves for such guarantees by securing their freedom from advertisers.

Devote at least as much emphasis to honest, constructive criticism of radio as a medium for entertainment and public information as it now devotes to honest, constructive criticism of the theater, books, and motion pictures.

And to all who may be interested in the improvement of radio, I suggest that they explore the possibilities of greater listener participation in the evaluation of radio fare.



"KILROY WAS HERE"

by PETER VIERECK

An example of genuine folklore emerging from this war is the expression "Kilroy was here," scribbled everywhere by American soldiers and implying that nothing was too adventurous or inaccessible for them. The idea of this poem was suggested to the author, who served as a Technical Sergeant overseas in the Italian campaign, by a Harvard lecture of John H. Finley, Jr., pointing out the Kilroy spirit in Ulysses. — THE EDITOR

1

ALSO Ulysses once — that other war.
 (Is it because we find his scrawl
 Today on every privy door
 That we forget his ancient role?)
 Also was there — he did it for the wages —
 When a Cathay-drunk Genoese set sail.
*Whenever "longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,"
 Kilroy is there;
 he tells The Miller's Tale.*

2

At times he seems a paranoiac king
 Who stamps his crest on walls and says, "My own!"
 But in the end he fades like a lost tune.

Tossed here and there, whom all the breezes sing.
 "Kilroy was here"; these words sound wanly gay,
 Haughty yet tired with long marching.
 He is Orestes — guilty of what crime? —
 For whom the Furies still are searching;
 When they arrive, they find their prey
 (Leaving his name to mock them) went away.
 Sometimes he does not flee from them in time:
 "Kilroy was —"
 (with his blood a dying man
Wrote half the phrase out, fainting in Bataan.)

3

Kilroy, beware. "HOME" is the final trap
 That lurks for you in many a wily shape:
 In pipe-and-slippers plus a Loyal Hound
 Or fooling around, just fooling around.
 Kind to the old (their warm Penelope)
 But fierce to boys,
 thus "home" becomes that sea,
 Horribly disguised, where you were always drowned, —
 (How could suburban Crete condone
 The yarns you would have V-mailed from the sun?) —
 And folksy fishes sip Icarian tea.

One stab of hopeless wings imprinted your
Exultant Kilroy-signature
Upon sheer sky for all the world to stare:
 "I was there! I was there! I was there!"

4

The G.I. Faustus who was
 everywhere
 Strolled home again. "What was it like outside?"
 Asked Can't, with his good neighbors Ought and But
 And pale Perhaps and grave-eyed Better Not;
 For "Kilroy" means: the world is very wide.
 He was there, he was there, he was there!

And in the suburbs Can't sat down and cried.

PALESTINE: REALITIES AND ILLUSIONS

by ELIAHU BEN-HORIN

Writing in the February *Atlantic*, Professor W. T. Stace of Princeton raised the issue of whether in Palestine we are "pursuing the methods of justice or the methods of force." His article, "The Zionist Illusion," provoked instant response, and chief among the more thoughtful replies is this article by ELIAHU BEN-HORIN, who was born in Russia and immigrated in 1921 to Palestine. He lived there for two decades and became Editor of the Hebrew daily *Doar Hayom* and Editor-in-Chief of the Palestine News Service. Mr. Ben-Horin writes with an intimate knowledge of the Middle East and Palestine, which he last visited in 1946. He is the author of *The Middle East: Crossroads of History* and a contributor to leading American magazines. — THE EDITOR

1

I HAVE never tried to climb Olympus, and I do not know how it feels to be among the gods. It must be an awesome feeling to sit there and lay down the law for all the fallible human beings walking the earth, stumbling over each other as they hurry on their way.

There is something Olympian about the boundless objectivity which Professor Stace, author of "The Zionist Illusion," in the February *Atlantic*, claims for himself. Being a philosopher, Mr. Stace is sincerely convinced of his own objectivity. He seems certain that in his analysis of the Palestine problem he has applied nothing but cold reason — which, according to his basic postulate, is the only foundation of justice in international relations. I do not claim such objectivity for myself. I fear, moreover, that no such complete objectivity exists in international or human relations, and that even Mr. Stace possesses only the normal quota.

Take two Americans and send them to China, and you are likely to get two diametrically opposed appraisals of the rights and wrongs of the Chinese situation. The same result would be obtained in the case of Spain, Soviet Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, or any other land. Recent history offers an obvious example: the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine. Late in 1945, six Americans and six Britishers were commissioned to study the Palestine problem and make recommendations as to its solution. Sharp differences of opinion cut across the Committee, sparing neither the American half nor the British. This was only natural. Men and women with different political views, different social outlooks, backgrounds, educations, ways of reasoning, and emotional reactions cannot help

being subjective on any given issue. Do we not loathe the totalitarian state precisely because its people have no right to differ? Only in a totalitarian world could men reach that "ideal" rigidity and objectivity which Mr. Stace advises us to employ in the settlement of international problems.

If for argument's sake one were to endorse every word of "The Zionist Illusion" and agree with the author in his basic assumption that the will of any given majority should be accepted unconditionally, and that Zionism is therefore an aggressive force, it does not yet follow that Zionism is an "illusion." What about the British Empire, the French, Belgian, and Dutch colonial possessions — are they all based on the will of the local majorities, or are they all illusions?

This brings us to another question, which is, in effect, a test of Mr. Stace's objectivity. He writes that he has selected Palestine as a good case for the examination of his theories with regard to justice in international relations. Why Palestine? Why not Ceylon, where he spent some time as a British civil servant? He surely knows all the intricacies of the Ceylon situation better than he knows Palestine. Or he could have chosen the Sudan — apple of discord in the recent British-Egyptian negotiations; or Indonesia — the scene of a recent small-scale war, in which Britain actively helped Holland to suppress the fight for independence of the native majority; or Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, Kenya, and many more lands, where small British minorities "own" the colonies and deny millions of natives not only "self-determination" but the most elementary civil and human rights. Was the choice of Palestine as

a test case altogether accidental, or does Mr. Stace, as a former British civil servant, feel disinclined to apply the yardstick of cold reason and international justice to Great Britain?

It seems, after all, that Mr. Stace is as human as the rest of us.

2

THE very idea of the League of Nations in the past and of the United Nations in the present is the affirmation of mankind's right to settle and adjust matters on an international scale, beyond and above national boundaries or the will of local majorities. When the Potsdam Conference determined to approve the post-war transfer of three and a half million Germans from the Sudetenland, they did not ask the local majority whether they would like it or not. When the United Nations decided the fate of Trieste, they did not ask for the approval of the people of Trieste.

Any observer of European affairs would undoubtedly agree that Hitler represented the majority of the German people. Had a scrupulously democratic election taken place in Germany at any time between the remilitarization of the Rhineland and the first setbacks suffered by the Wehrmacht on the Russian front, Hitler would have received a more overwhelming vote than Roosevelt ever obtained from his countrymen, and would then have proceeded to do exactly what he did without democratic elections. Would any of us contend that the world should unquestioningly have accepted the will of the Reich's majority regardless of the atrocities which such a Nazi majority was undoubtedly likely to commit?

It is no accident that the League of Nations was brought into being by the same political philosophy which outlawed imperialism and aggression and proclaimed the right of self-determination for all nations, large and small. The Woodrow Wilson who was the author of the famous Fourteen Points was also the father of the League of Nations idea. Strangely enough, "The Zionist Illusion" never mentions the basic fact that the Zionist enterprise in Palestine and Jewish aspirations with regard to Palestine received the approval of the League of Nations; that the League of Nations not only endorsed the Balfour Declaration but took over Palestine primarily in order to bring about the materialization of that declaration; that Britain was entrusted with the administration of the Mandate on behalf of the League of Nations; that it was only after civilized mankind, through the

League of Nations, had given the Jewish people the green light to go ahead that they poured into Palestine their sweat and blood, their youth and money, their skill and hopes. The League of Nations Mandate is still the only constitutional basis for the administration of Palestine and the only legal international covenant defining mankind's intentions as to the future of Palestine.

Nor can an unbiased mind entertain any doubts as to the real intents of the Balfour Declaration and of the Mandate. Although these documents employed the somewhat nebulous term of "national home," Lord Balfour himself, David Lloyd George, Britain's Prime Minister at the time of the Declaration, as well as Winston Churchill, President Wilson, Field Marshal Jan Smuts, and others who took an active part in the framing of the Declaration, went on record as asserting that what was promised to the Jewish people was the gradual establishment of a Jewish majority in Palestine, thus transforming Palestine into a predominantly Jewish state. Even the anti-Zionist Royal Commission, headed by Lord Peel in 1937, could not help confirming this fact.

Were the statesmen responsible for the Balfour Declaration and the representatives of fifty-two nations in the League of Nations so ignorant as not to know that there was an Arab majority in the Holy Land?

As a matter of fact, there were eight Arabs to each Jew in Palestine three decades ago, whereas today the proportion is only two to one. It was in full awareness of this fact that the highest body of organized humanity decided that it would be right and just to establish such an internationally guaranteed regime in Palestine as would facilitate Jewish immigration and colonization with a view to ultimately creating there a Jewish majority and transforming the Arabs into a minority.

This and nothing else is the basic element in the Palestine issue. All the other elements — the historic connection of Jews and Arabs with the Holy Land, the objections of the present-day Arab majority, the fact that Jewish colonization benefits the Arabs, the suffering of the Jewish displaced persons in Europe, and the disinclination of all the nations in the world to accept these refugees into their own countries — are subsidiary.

"A promise to steal ought not to be kept." This sounds like good, ethical reasoning. But can the embodiment of the collective conscience of the world — in this case, the League of Nations — be so lightheartedly accused of conniving in theft?

Has any one of us the right to imply that mankind as a whole is wrong and he alone right?

Formally the Balfour Declaration was a purely British pledge, but all the Allied powers were responsible for it. The United States were actively involved, for President Wilson had coöperated in the negotiations which led to the issuance of the Declaration. Britain and her allies, as the victors in World War I, were in the position of being able to dispose of the spoils of war. However, they handed over the spoils to the League of Nations, and it was the League, now the trustee on behalf of humanity, which made the decisions regarding the various territories of the former Ottoman Empire.

Palestine had not been an Arab state either prior to the First World War or ever in history. It was a Jewish state in antiquity, a Crusaders' kingdom for a short period in the Middle Ages, but never an Arab state. The Arabs formed a majority of the population for a long time (not for two thousand years as Mr. Stace erroneously writes, but for about half that period), yet for the last five hundred years they were a subjugated people living in provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

The Arabs, like the Jews, received pledges during the First World War, and they received them — never questioning their validity on ethical or other grounds — from exactly the same party that issued the Balfour Declaration. It was the Allied victory that transformed the Arab subjects of Ottoman tyranny into rulers of several independent Arab states. At present, there are seven such states with kings or presidents, with membership in the United Nations and all the paraphernalia of statehood. The total area of the seven Arab states amounts to well over one million square miles, whereas the area of Western Palestine is only 10,000 square miles — in other words, less than one per cent of that part of the Ottoman Empire which was liberated by the Allies in World War I.

3

WHAT have the Arabs done with the enormous territories handed over to them for possession and rule? And what have the Jews achieved in the small area which was promised them but never actually placed at their disposal?

These questions may be secondary elements in the Palestine and Middle East picture, but factual examination of them will prove most illuminating. In the years since the end of World War I, the high rate of illiteracy has remained almost sta-

tionary in Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Trans-Jordan, Iraq, Syria, and even in Egypt, affecting from 80 to 95 per cent and more of the population. Abject poverty, unsanitary conditions of life, diseases of all descriptions without medical help, a high rate of mortality especially among children, a sub-human level of existence — these are the hopeless lot of over 90 per cent of the masses in the Arab lands. Wealth, absolute power, harems, and luxury are the exclusive possession of about 2 per cent of the population. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been poured into the Arab lands in royalties for oil concessions. All this wealth has gone into the pockets of the kings, sheiks, and effendis — none of it for the betterment of the working masses. Western civilization is barred from the independent Arab states as tightly as it was in the days of the Turkish sultans.

Is this the kind of "self-determination" that spells fulfillment of the noble dream Woodrow Wilson had thirty years ago, or that holds out promise for the better world which the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations proclaimed in our days? "Independence," "self-determination," "self-government," and "majority rule" are no fetishes and should not be treated as such. It is the essence of the thing that counts, not the pretty slogans. In essence, one cannot even say that "the Arabs made a mess of it." They — namely, the Arab ruling cliques — never wanted self-determination for their peoples. They wanted "self-determination" only for themselves. They wanted absolute freedom for the shameless exploitation of the Arab masses, for the preservation of a feudalistic society, reactionary and antisocial, in the twentieth century. And they got all they wanted.

What the Jews made of Palestine is supposed to be common knowledge. But it is not. People take it for granted that the Jews have done wonders in Palestine, and immediately shrug this off as something self-understood. Few realize the extent of Jewish achievement in Palestine, that the Jews actually performed the greatest colonization achievement of the twentieth century. This the Jewish people did without having any powers of statehood or compulsion, and despite the active opposition of the Mandatory power, which (contrary to the prescriptions of the Mandate) prevented Jewish immigration instead of facilitating it, hindered Jewish settlement on the land instead of helping it. The Jewish enterprise in Palestine may also claim the rare distinction of being about the only colonization process in history which not only did not displace or exterminate the native

population, but greatly benefited it economically, socially, and culturally, and bolstered its rate of natural increase.

These benefits conferred by Zionism on the Palestinian Arabs do not in themselves justify Zionism, but they undoubtedly throw a very favorable light on the ethics of Zionist aims and methods. The Jewish people have done their full share towards the realization of Wilson's idea of self-determination for small peoples. Thus far they have proved to be the only people in the Middle East which neither made a mess of, nor misused for reactionary and antisocial purposes, the opportunity offered by the League of Nations.

In the deep social cleavage between Jewish Palestine and the Arab potentates, one may find the main explanation for the opposition of the ruling cliques in Arabia to Zionism. It is, moreover, in relation to this aspect of the Middle East problem — the social aspect — that Great Britain and, to some extent, America are committing their greatest mistake in foreign policy.

I was sitting in the Foreign Office in London, talking to one of Mr. Bevin's top assistants. It was late in July of last year, and I was then on my way from the United States to Palestine. We were discussing British-Soviet relations in and over the Middle East and the broader lines of Britain's Palestine policy.

On this occasion I formulated Britain's situation in the Middle East in the following terms: "These are your alternatives. You can adopt a pro-Arab orientation in the Middle East, which means, of course, backing the reactionaries who rule the Arab states and the Arab League. Or you can back the march of civilization into the Middle East with Jewish Palestine as its advance guard. You can ride one of these two horses but not both of them at the same time. You must take your choice."

Despite its Labor Government, Britain seems to have made its choice in favor of the Ibn Sauds and the Amin el Husseinis. Why the feudal barons of Arabia fight Zionism is obvious. Zionism is a serious threat to their absolutist power over the Arab masses; it is a living indictment of their way of life; it is an ever present call for progress in the Middle East. But why is Labor Britain so determined to block Zionism, contrary to the obligations of Great Britain and to the solemn pledges of the Labor Party during the last thirty years? Is it fear of Russia? Fear of Arab threats of a pro-Soviet orientation? Is it because of the oil interests? Or is it a continuation of traditional British muddling?

Nobody knows better than the British that the Arab states in the Middle East, with the Arab League at the top, represent no tangible force in economics, industry, culture, politics, or war potential. The British know also that the Arab states lack the fundamentals of nationhood and statehood, let alone the necessary prerequisites for Pan-Arabic expansion. Most of their kings, sheiks, and politicians are directly or indirectly on the payroll of the British Exchequer. They are puppets of Britain, and they know it.

The British are neither pro-Arab nor anti-Jewish. They are pro-British. They use the Arab argument in the Palestine controversy for their own ends, caring little about the interests of the Arabs. They cannot possibly be afraid of the Arab threats, for they know that there is no substance in them, but they are not above using these threats to impress others, especially America.

Bartley C. Crum, one of the American members of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine, said in an address last year that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., would sooner turn to Stalin to ask for his intervention in reducing his income tax in America, than Ibn Saud and other Arab kings would call for Soviet intervention in the Middle East. There is nothing I could add to that. When the kings of Arabia are ready to commit suicide, they will turn to the Kremlin. For the time being, King Abdullah of Trans-Jordan goes to Ankara and concludes a pact with Turkey, openly directed against Soviet Russia. For the time being, the Arab League appeals to Arab lands to settle in their territory 100,000 ex-Soviet Caucasian Moslems who joined the Wehrmacht during the German invasion of Russia and are now in Allied prison camps. Don't these and similar facts speak louder than words as to the probability that the Arab rulers will jump into the open arms of Russia?

4

THE problem of oil in the Middle East is equally misinterpreted. I wish I had enough space in this article to "explode" the "oil argument," based as it is on misinformation and misdirection of public opinion. I can only touch on it here.

For England, which has no petroleum resources at home, Middle Eastern oil is the main source of supply and therefore extremely important. But even for England, oil is only one ingredient in the general strategic importance of the Middle East. In time of war, it is not formal ownership of oil concessions that counts, but their accessibility.

In other words, it is only when Britain controls the seas and can bring oil from the Persian Gulf to any place of battle that Middle East oil can be decisive in the fortunes of war.

This is even truer of America. This country has enough domestic oil for many generations to come, as far as peacetime needs are concerned. Should it have to oil a new world war, the American-owned concessions in Saudi Arabia or in Bahrein, 10,000 miles away from our shores, would be of little avail unless America should establish strategic bases in the Middle East and naval stations all along the route, strong enough to secure the accessibility of these oil resources.

These are the realities reflecting the maneuvering of the great powers for strategic and oil positions in the Middle East, with Britain and the United States aligned *de facto*, if not officially, against Soviet Russia. All this has little to do with justice in international relations or with Jewish and Arab rights in Palestine. Jews and Arabs, kings and politicians, historic pledges and contemporary conferences, are no more than pawns in a much bigger game of power politics. It is here, rather than in the Jewish-Arab controversy over Palestine, that one should look for the very real danger of a new world-wide conflagration. In this crucial fight between the major powers, the desires and preferences of the Arab potentates are of no consequence. They have no choice in the matter. They cannot turn to the Kremlin, because they would then lose all their power, wealth, and influence. They need the oil royalties which form the major item in their incomes, and they are entirely dependent on the Western powers politically, economically, and militarily.

Wise statesmanship on the part of Great Britain and America could have used these stern realities in order to entrench Western democratic influence in the Middle East. There is obviously only one way to do it: namely, to make Middle Eastern oil a means of progress in the Middle East. The capital, skill, and political and economic power which Britain and the United States are pouring into the Arab lands could have been used in the interests of the masses of the population in those countries. Seventy-five cents, if not ninety-five cents, of each dollar paid in oil royalties, subventions, grants, and interest-free loans should have created schools, hospitals, maternity clinics, sanitary dwellings, roads, irrigation, and general improvement of conditions. Five per cent should have sufficed for the upkeep of the harems of Ibn Saud and the sheiks of Bahrein and Kuwait.

However, both Britain and the United States

can hardly be said to be acting with wise statesmanship in the Middle East. All they want is oil, and beyond that they do not care. They come to the Middle East to take, not to give. They have no long-range policy. From a short-range viewpoint they consider it good business to make deals with the feudal barons of Arabia and thus help them to perpetuate their regime of tyranny and exploitation of the Arab masses. British and American policy-makers are too shortsighted to see that it is they who leave no choice for the underdog in the Middle East but to turn, sooner or later, to Russia. Britain and America, fearful of Soviet expansion, actually pave the way for that expansion.

Badly exploited, chronically undernourished, poverty and sickness ridden human masses must become more and more susceptible to Soviet propaganda. The day may come when the present reactionary orientation of British or American policies in the Middle East will backfire with such strength as to upset the British-American cart entirely.

5

THE fiasco of the recent London Conference on Palestine led to the official announcement that Britain will hand over the Palestine problem to the United Nations without any recommendations. One is driven to the unhappy conclusion that this is an act of desperation rather than of constructive planning on Britain's part. Breaking the Palestine Mandate and blocking Zionist progress in Palestine have proved too costly in terms of military manpower and unfavorable public opinion: the nearly 100,000 soldiers kept in Palestine could be used to good advantage in British factories and mines.

Thus, after twenty-five years, the Palestine Mandate may return to the jurisdiction of organized mankind. Whether the question comes before the Security Council, the General Assembly, or the Trusteeship Council, it will have to be analyzed and decided on its intrinsic merits, and not on the exigencies of politics. Since, ultimately, it is the great powers that will determine the fate of Palestine in the UN, the Western democracies will have an opportunity to revise their entire approach to Middle Eastern problems.

If the Middle Eastern situation, the forces at play there, the claims and counterclaims and the crisscross interests of the great powers are seen in the right perspective, Palestine emerges as one of the focal points in the entire picture. A Jewish

Palestine would offer the natural base of operations for the march of civilization in the Middle East. No other country in that part of the world can provide such a base. A Jewish Palestine would be the fulfillment of mankind's pledges to the Jewish people, would provide the solution for one of the most tragic problems of our times, and would remove a bad irritant in international relations. No other country could or would offer such a lasting and stable solution.

The Zionist idea and the problem of the Jewish displaced persons in Europe are not identical. Zionism, as the supreme expression of Jewish national renaissance, political, cultural, and spiritual, existed long before Hitler arose to fame and power in Germany. The Zionist prognosis of the Jewish position in Europe and in the world amounts to this: as long as the Jews are a minority everywhere and a majority nowhere, Jewish defenselessness and the Jewish tragedy will not end. The Zionist remedy therefore was and still is to regain nationhood and statehood for the Jewish people. It was this Zionist aspiration that was endorsed by the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate of the League of Nations.

The cruel extermination of 40 per cent of the Jewish people by the Nazis only served to confirm the prophetic prognosis of Zionism as to the insecurity of the Jewish position in the world. The pitiful situation of the remnants of European Jewry, who cannot stay in Europe and who are unwanted by the world at large, lends additional urgency to the Zionist demands to open the gates of Palestine. However, the demands themselves are not based on the existence of Jewish displaced persons in Europe, but on the legitimate rights of the Jewish people under the Mandate.

Zionism offers the only realistic solution of the Jewish problem. One looks in vain in "The Zionist Illusion" for a practical solution of the Jewish problem, "greathearted" or otherwise. One finds there a frontal attack on Zionism and a negation of the justice of the Zionist solution of the Jewish question, but not an alternative solution. On the contrary, starting with the desirability of "all the underpopulated countries in the world" amending their immigration policies, so as to absorb the homeless Jews of Europe, Mr. Stace soon arrives at the conclusion that "we have to face the plain truth, however unpleasant it may be, — however shameful if you like, — that none of the great nations want these refugees." There he lets the matter rest, and returns to his concluding jibes at Zionism. Where is the alternative?

It does not exist. Neither Mr. Stace nor any-

one else can suggest a solution of the Jewish problem outside of Palestine. By that I mean, of course, a tangible, workable solution, not mere lip service and emotional orations on Jewish suffering.

Madagascar, Uganda, Southern Rhodesia, British Guiana, and the many other territories mentioned from time to time as possible alternatives to Palestine fade out of the picture as soon as you analyze them in practical terms. What is more, all these territories have native and European populations utterly unwilling to give up their present positions or even to make room for the Jews. Nor can the Jewish people claim any rights with regard to all these territories, as it can in the case of Palestine.

We have Professor Stace's testimony to the effect that none of the great nations wants to absorb any sizable number of Jews. Nor is there any small land available for Jewish colonization. At this late hour in their tragic history, the Jews would be pursuing a dangerous illusion if they pinned their hopes to a new dispersion among peoples who frankly do not welcome them.

Palestine is no illusion. If there is anything tangible in Jewish life and in individual and national Jewish hopes, it is Palestine. Despite the insecurity of daily life and the political uncertainty as to the ultimate status of the country, Palestine is the one land on God's earth where a Jew feels completely at home. Even Jews coming from Western democratic lands react thus in Palestine. Palestine is the only land capable of bringing out the best in the Jew: his idealism, his devotion to the earth, constructive search for social justice, and great colonizing ability. Jews tried to colonize in Argentina late in the last century, and failed. Jewish colonization in Soviet Biro-Bidjan and in the Dominican Republic cannot boast of great achievement. Only Palestine provides the ground for truly magnificent Jewish colonization.

It is true that against the background of Arab backwardness and neglect, present-day Jewish Palestine may seem like a mirage in the desert. This is about the only illusory feature one can detect in Jewish Palestine and in Zionism. Otherwise, Zionism is the one stark reality to which the Jewish people can cling in their despair and helplessness. It is also the only forceful and dynamic reality capable of bringing the Middle East back to civilization.

(Readers are directed to Atlantic Repartee, where there is further discussion of this controversial issue. — THE EDITOR)

No Teachers

Twelve years from now when the children of our war marriages will be overcrowding the high schools, there is every prospect of an acute scarcity of good teachers. ISABEL STEPHENS, who is the mother of three children, taught in the public schools of Illinois and is today Assistant Professor of Education at Wellesley College; from her close knowledge of undergraduates, she points decisively at those reasons why the teaching profession no longer appeals to our most promising college graduates. It is more than a matter of pay!

WHAT HOPE FOR WOMEN TEACHERS?

by ISABEL STEPHENS

I

WITHIN the last two or three years this country has become aware of its underpaid teachers. Nowadays no one is allowed to miss the fact that teachers are poorly paid and scarce. The assumption seems to be general that if teachers were paid more, more young people would choose the profession and stick to it, and then we parents could cease worrying about the school life of our children. It would be good to think that it was all as simple as that.

Unfortunately there seems to be little evidence that young women in American universities and colleges have a desire to teach and would gladly enter the teaching profession if they could afford to do so. I do not think that the small pay check is the main deterrent which holds back able, well-prepared young women from teaching. If we raise salaries enough, we shall of course find people to do the work; but the question is, What people? Will conscientious parents who want good schooling under good conditions for their children be able to stop worrying when salary scales are up 50 per cent? I am inclined to doubt it.

Let us by all means hasten the present tendency of school boards to raise teachers' pay — it is only reasonable and just. But let us not be deceived into thinking that that will solve a very grave national problem. The horrid truth is that we have invented a huge new machine — the American School System. We have devised elaborate schemes for training and qualifying young people for membership in the staffs of our thousands of schools, and now we must face the fact that far too few of our ablest and finest students wish to follow the profession of their teachers. Unless we can discover why this is so and do something about it, America's pride in its schools will become what it already threatens to be: pride in our school buildings and our organization. It is

not just numbers of teachers that we need; it is more fine teachers, teachers of the caliber of the rare ones in every community.

It is imperative that we assess here and now the thinking of young people about the teaching profession. If we can find out why they are reluctant to embark upon it, perhaps we can in some cases change their ideas to conform more nearly to the facts. Perhaps we can change things in our own communities to meet some of their just criticisms. Since women far outnumber men on most of our school staffs, what young women think is especially pertinent. Students in the liberal arts colleges represent a large group from which we should draw our future teachers. But at present very few students in the women's colleges are headed for teaching. From my own experience in talking with undergraduates, I have repeatedly encountered four typical forms of resistance. These ideas permeate the entire college, but are not fostered by it. They come fully developed from the home community. Sometimes the girl sheds them, more often not. Somewhat simplified these notions are as follows:

1. "Teachers are born, not made. You either are good at teaching or you are not. It is a talent that cannot be trained or learned."

Here is an escape for any young scientist or historian or linguist who shrinks from the thought of teaching.

2. "Teaching is the safe and stodgy thing to do. Grandmother felt emancipated when she broke away from the farm and got a job teaching. Nowadays one must have an apartment in New York and see life while working at Altman's or Macy's. There is no chance of teaching anywhere except in stuffy little towns or suburbs or in girls' boarding schools, where I would be 'the young element' among the dried herring."

Here is a mixture of truth and fiction which has great power to dissuade any who may leap the first hurdle or feel they have "talent." It shows no understanding of the possibilities in teaching as an interesting occupation regardless of grandmother's desire to get away from great-grandfather.

3. "Teachers are old maids. I want to get married and that means I ought to meet men in the next few years. Teaching is a dead end."

Here again is much truth. Here is where the higher-salary argument begins to be important, because if teachers were paid more, more young men who now hesitate would enter the profession. There would be more eligible bachelors on school staffs, and in time fewer teachers would remain single. This argument overlooks the fact that a young woman need not marry into her own profession. The real difficulty lies in the fact that a woman schoolteacher living in a strange community is isolated from males — not only male teachers, but all males. The suburb or city community makes no place for her as a social being outside of school hours. The small town eyes her suspiciously and keeps her in a state of self-conscious solitude except for church socials and ladies' bridge parties. (The square-dance vogue is helping here.)

4. "Teaching is dull and monotonous. You do the same thing over and over."

This total misconception is a very hard one to defeat. Teaching is the only adult occupation which most girls know by direct daily experience. Even housekeeping they know only in fits and starts and as assistant sweeper-upper. Teaching they have seen at close range for years. Little do they stop to realize that monotony enters every job, that "journalism" may mean drudgery, "publishing" often means proofreading till your neck aches and then more proofreading, that "secretarial work" means typing, typing, typing, typing. To repeat once a year seems insignificant when one has tried being a telephone operator. But to such a remark the college student will say, "Oh, but I want to be in personnel work with the telephone company." She has never tried five-minute interviews all day long — cards, card files, and numbered faces.

It is noticeable that none of these notions about teaching makes any reference to salary. Neither do they make any reference to teaching as a "calling" in any literal sense of the word, as one might speak of the ministry. It seems that most college women do not think of teaching as something important to do for the good of the world, as they think of work for the United Nations or the diplomatic service or even government jobs in Washington. In recent years, since about 1932 to be more exact, young

people fired with any sort of missionary zeal have been much more likely to direct it toward government civil service than toward teaching. This fact has probably spared the nation some overearnest teachers who wear out their pupils with good intentions, but it has also deprived us of a great many enthusiastic people in a profession that can use them as well as most Washington bureaus, if not better.

2

THERE is a fifth deterrent which undermines the supply of teacher candidates still further. This fifth consideration does not usually come to college with the freshmen. It comes upon students unawares after they have overcome the objections of their friends, and often of their families, and have decided that teaching is what they want to do. Enthusiastic disciples of teaching, they suddenly discover that they must qualify for public school jobs in a way that seems to them absurd. Many refuse to do it. They say, "There is too much hocus-pocus to qualifying for a teaching certificate in most states. What with six semester hours of this and eight of that, too much of my time would go to courses in education and psychology which I do not want." Furthermore, the requirements for experience leave them baffled. Apparently they must take a fifth year and then be short some essential "practical hours."

Very few of even the most earnest and eager students in a liberal arts college are willing to take the eighteen hours of education plus the practice teaching they seem forced to do, usually in a fifth year. If they must finance a fifth year of study, they prefer to go on into some professional school, or even, as a last resort, into graduate work leading to college teaching. At this point their instructors in college often add the final push by discouraging the ablest ones from teaching in secondary schools. College teachers like to maintain that the best students are most needed in college teaching and will waste their time in the secondary schools. It is hard to say how much influence this attitude has, but certainly it is no help to be told by your professor that he considers high school teaching something for the second-raters — the earnest C students — to do.

I almost never talk with a college woman who is considering the advisability of going into public school teaching without feeling strong sympathy with her hesitation at the same time that I want to urge her into the work. She is right in thinking that she will be bored with some of the courses she will

have to take to fulfill state requirements. She will often wonder whether anybody cares what she thinks about history or mathematics or whatever it is she wants to teach, and whether she is ever going to have a chance to know the children she hears so much about, but does not seem to be allowed to teach.

She is right in thinking that it will be difficult to find a job in a community of the kind she knows best. She will probably have to start in a wholly strange small town where she will be conspicuous as a newcomer whose faults, real and imaginary, will be topics of general conversation. If she does achieve a suburban school, she will find it hard to have a good time and to make congenial friends. The young married couples, absorbed in their own social life, leave her isolated. Aware of much of this, she will find it hard to stick to her determination to teach in public schools when good private schools are glad to have her for what she is, provided she can give evidence of good standing in her academic work, and of serious intention to become a teacher. Just as many of the most promising young men who go into teaching turn to the private schools and academies, so the young women who rightly feel that they have had a good education are tempted to turn away from the public schools.

There can be little doubt that in the worthy attempt to legislate prepared teachers into our schools, and to legislate out political patronage, we have set up absurd barriers for literate, intelligent young people. One or two courses in education can be a help to them, but surely most of their theoretical work in education should be done not before they have ever taught school, but after four or five years. Then it comes as a desired inspiration and help. Studied in vacuum as far as their own teaching life is concerned, educational theory must of necessity be almost meaningless. Some actual experience with children should of course be provided for advanced students in every undergraduate college, and they should undergo some sort of apprenticeship before launching into their own classrooms. But the present requirements for experience make it almost impossible for young teachers to start anywhere except in the most difficult situations.

The one- or two-room school is no place for the beginner, nor is the small-town school. Big city schools should make places for many more novices than are now admitted. As novices they could learn as they teach under the guidance of experienced people. If they could be reasonably sure of sympathetic direction on the job, many young women who now shrink from the work, and many more who once tried and were discouraged, would enlist

in the important service of bringing up the next school generation.

If we want to keep in our schools the young teachers who have been ambitious enough to fulfill the paper requirements and at the same time retain their vigor and originality of mind, we must give careful thought to the things which some of them find discouraging after they get into the schools, as well as to the deterrents which keep their peers out. More than once I have received a letter saying something of this sort: "I am not going to stick another year. I feel cramped and caught in this narrow little female world where we talk, or rather gossip, about the children and our own little affairs. Teaching makes people petty and pulls them down to a trivial way of talking and thinking. We never feel as if we were part of anything big — not even 'American Education.' Most of our job is busy-work, filling out records and attendance sheets and ratings. The principal is more interested in how efficient we are than in our ideas. Socially and intellectually I'm in a hole. I'd better climb out now."

The next time that I hear from the writer of such a letter, she is trying her hand at selling or publicity or stenography. She had fine possibilities as a teacher, I know. She failed to find encouragement and companionship of the kind she had known in college. She is to blame for weakening so readily; but also to blame are the school and the community in which she taught. Young teachers are not considered as young people who want to live fully and gayly in the adult community. Parents tend to invite them to supper with the children; conversation seldom rises above a discussion of reading disability and usually stays on Johnny and Mary. If there were more married women among the teachers, it would be much easier for the new young women to enter the life of the community with the help of established citizens. The opposition to married women teachers in many places rules out of the schools the very people who could do most to build a happy, easy social life between teachers and the community.

3

THERE are a few things that private citizens, just plain parents and other taxpayers, can do about all these discouraging facts and discouraging fictions that keep exceptional young people away from teaching. To begin with, why not abandon the notion that teaching is an inborn talent and recognize it as a difficult art that can be learned

by anyone who cares enough about children and about studying to be willing to live in a world of books and children without finding the two incompatible? Once recognized for what it is (or should be), the profession seems a good one for many able young women. They should be encouraged to consider it. This can best be done by a direct attack. I mean: by helping to create an interesting social life for the teachers in the local community, citizens can disprove the notion that teaching is dull and also the notion that it leads to isolation and a single life. (Why the single state seems so overwhelmingly undesirable to American girls is difficult to say. Grandmother's sister never did get married, and now at sixty-five she is a lively and charming spinster with no apparent regrets over her freedom. She found a profession interesting and independence preferable to many of the marriages of her friends. But that particular sort of emancipation seems to have been on the wane since the early part of this century, particularly in the decades since pseudo-Freudian doctrine has become popular.) The sincere "career woman" is almost nonexistent on most college campuses today.

It is important that we dispel the pall of old-maidism which hangs over teaching. This can be done by encouraging more men to teach and also by including women teachers in the normal social life of the community, by making plans for them at the dinner table and the country club dance. Furthermore they should be admitted to the staffs of city schools when they are young and inexperienced. Low pay would be no deterrent to them if they could have the compensations of urban life when their hearts are young and gay, and of teaching experience under the direction of experts. Though all such arrangements are technically in the hands of school officials, citizens can voice their opinions. School boards have ears and power.

Parents can even find out when, as is sometimes the case, new teachers are baffled by the kind of mechanistic system they are caught up in. They can find out, for example, when state requirements

for certification are keeping able prospects from coming into the best schools except as "internes" or student teachers for a single year of study. They can ask whether there is any way for these young people to stay on as beginners in the city schools instead of having to strike out alone in small communities. Wouldn't those small communities often be better served by married women residents?

Is the prejudice against married women teachers working to draw young unmarried women into the profession or to keep them out? Investigation will often show that local regulations not only keep out of the schools friendly and experienced advisers of the sort young women teachers want, but also add another "dead end" as far as professional interest is concerned, for if a teacher marries, her profession is permanently closed to her in many parts of the United States. This fact discourages many young women from undertaking long and expensive preparation.

With all these matters the local citizens should be intimately concerned. Nothing but lethargy or ignorance on the part of parents makes it possible for "efficient" principals and superintendents to make bored classroom managers out of potential teachers. If we parents more often praised a teacher for ideas and enthusiasm and scholarly emphases, and less often for her power to keep order, the policing would be kept where it belongs, as a minor necessity but not the end-all of teaching. A thoughtful, scholarly person can find teaching a very delightful job, but she can do so only if she is encouraged to be thoughtful and scholarly. While the main responsibility for making life interesting for young teachers falls upon themselves, the principal, and the older members of the school staff, parents can help both by positive action and by inquiry and criticism.

Above all, these young teachers must be treated as young women. When that happens college girls will look with favor on the profession, and many of our finest will put teaching as their first choice for the future. Then indeed parents can begin to relax.

COLLECTOR'S PROGRESS

by WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS

I

IN 1911 Alexander Cochran gave to Yale a notable collection of Elizabethan books. Among them were some of the most celebrated books in existence, a dozen Shakespeare quartos from famous libraries, pedigreed copies mentioned with awe in the book world. The Elizabethan Club was founded with these books and forthwith altered the tone of Yale undergraduate life.

The safe where the treasures were stored was open on Tuesdays at tea-time and visitors were taken in to look at the books and hold them while speculating upon their cost, but that was the end of it. My favorite book was the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, not because I knew or cared anything about the poem, but because of its binding, an olive green affair with a gilt cypress tree on it. This was the work of an expensive London binder of the 1890's and I had reached the end of the first stage of my journey as a collector when I saw that, far from being an object of beauty, that binding was a blight upon the book. Even a handsome binding, I learned, was little better than a frill. "Why bother with husks?" was the way one eminent collector put it to me, which was perhaps a little austere and would certainly be disputed by the ardent collectors of the great binders, Mearne, Derome, Payne, and the others.

The second stage in many collectors' journeys is the one which is marked by devotion to "association items," the books given or owned by their authors or other persons of note. An example of an association item (about the best one I know) is a book in Professor Tinker's library, Glanvill's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661, the copy given by Browning to Matthew Arnold, the very copy which moved Arnold to write "The Scholar-Gipsy."

A graduate and a trustee of Yale, WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS is the editor of the Yale edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence and several other delightful volumes on the eighteenth century. He has brought together in Farmington, Connecticut, the supreme collection of Horace Walpole and of the relics of Strawberry Hill.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvill's book —
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!

Lovers of association books, if they care anything for one of the most beautiful poems in the language, regard that copy with veneration.

Like most young collectors, I bought association items whenever I could afford to do so and indulged in sentimental speculation upon the persons who had given or owned the books. One such book was Mrs. Agmondesham Vesey's copy of *Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray*, 1753. Mrs. Vesey was one of the Blue Stockings (among whom she was known as "The Sylph"); she was gay, but she was also deaf. I pictured her putting down her ear trumpet with some relief after what I gathered was almost unremitting gaiety and intellectual exercise to enjoy this new book, but for all I really know she never looked at it. Still, the book led, as will almost any book printed in the eighteenth century, to Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole, both of whom were Mrs. Vesey's friends.

Dr. Johnson thought little of the book: it was proof of the slightness of Gray's poetry, he held, that it had to have elaborate designs and be printed on only one side of the page. Walpole, on the other hand, regarded it highly; it was, in fact, he who inspired it. Gray and Bentley were his friends and his enthusiasm for his friends' talents knew no bounds. Gray wrote sublime poetry; Bentley was capable of equally great productions in the arts. It was obvious that they should collaborate and that the result of their collaboration would be a book beyond price. The *Elegy* (which Walpole had also chaperoned into the world) had made Gray famous two years earlier, but Bentley was unknown outside the Strawberry Hill circle and Walpole set to work to establish his reputation. The new book would do it. Walpole wrote the Explanation of the Prints and paid the costs of the book's publication. It was his life-long practice to

do everything he could do (which was a great deal) to enhance the fortunes and reputations of his friends, even if he had to run down those of possible rivals to do it.

Bentley's *Designs* turned out to be a landmark in the history of English book-illustration. It was the earliest English book to illustrate the work of a contemporary poet and after long eclipse it has been rediscovered. Sir Kenneth Clark has called it "the most graceful monument to Gothic rococo," and Sir Osbert Sitwell, "Exquisite." Bentley's reputation is brighter today than it was two centuries ago.

Mrs. Vesey's copy of the *Designs*, in short, opened to me wide and animated prospects of the eighteenth century. I hold it in special affection even though I have since acquired other association items of greater general interest. Among them is Walpole's copy of the *Designs* and the original designs themselves bound elaborately by Walpole and annotated, *suo more*, for posterity.

Nowhere does coincidence play a more dramatic part than in this branch of collecting. The young collector of association items is led to believe that he possesses occult powers and that the person he is collecting arranges for the transmission to him of books, MSS, prints, snuffboxes, etc., which belong in his collection.

This exciting possibility seemed confirmed in me in the spring of 1925, when Professor Tinker asked me, on my departure for England, to get him a first edition of Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. I hadn't one myself at that time and said so. Mr. Tinker replied that he would be content with a good ordinary copy, and then, knowing my fondness for books of association he added, "And you can have the copy Walpole gave to William Cole." He said Cole rather than anyone else because Walpole's two most illuminating passages on the *Castle of Otranto* were written in letters to Cole, one of them going with a copy of the book. Apart from Walpole's copy it would probably be, from an association point of view, the most desirable copy in existence — if it still existed.

The first edition of the *Castle of Otranto* was a small one and I was able to find only one copy of it in London, in the shop of Messrs. Maggs. This presented me with a problem: should I give the book to Mr. Tinker or keep it for myself? In the end generosity prevailed over rapacity and I asked Mr. Ernest Maggs to let me know when the next copy of the book came in. On my return to Farmington from New Haven after giving the book to Mr. Tinker I found a letter from Mr. Maggs saying that he thought I would be interested in a

copy of the *Castle of Otranto* which had just come in — the copy Walpole gave to William Cole.

Cole, it turned out, had transcribed on its fly-leaves some complimentary verses "To the Honourable and Ingenious Author" and the long passages which Walpole had written him about the composition of the book. "You will laugh at my earnestness," Walpole concluded, "but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please." These words contain the whole "point" of Horace Walpole; few authors can ever have seen and summed up their goal in life so succinctly and characteristically.

The consuming passion of Walpole's life was to transmit to posterity a faithful report upon his time in his own unofficial and entertaining way. Posterity might think him frivolous and gossipy (it has thought him so), but that was of small moment to him so long as posterity also believed that his report was accurate. If it did so, he would gain the immortality on earth which was the only immortality he believed in. Cole, he knew, was filling scores of folio volumes with antiquarian notes for the benefit of posterity, including copies of the Walpole-Cole correspondence. He would doubtless have been pleased to know that Cole took this additional step to ensure his privately-indited epitaph's being read in the twentieth century. In any event, I felt that Walpole had rewarded me for my virtuous renunciation of the first copy of the *Castle of Otranto* that had come my way.

2

THE third stage in the collector's journey is reached when he becomes aware of "condition." All copies of the same edition of a book have not the same value; the variation in price depends largely upon the condition of the copy. The new book collector soon learns to read what a bookseller has to say about the condition of his wares after he has bought a book or two in poor condition. "Loose in joints," "rubbed," "foxed," "piece torn from top of title-page," are warnings not to be ignored. It usually takes the collector longer to see why a book in "mint" state is worth ten times as much as a "good, sound" copy.

A. W. Evans, that most avuncular of booksellers, opened my eyes to the importance of condition when he told me that he would rather have an uncut copy of Bentley's *Designs* in its original boards than Mrs. Vesey's copy which had been bound in

contemporary calf. Association items, it appeared, were all right for the beginner, but those who really knew what they were about wanted to have copies "pristine," unprofaned by the binder; if possible, not only uncut (that is, with the margins untrimmed) and in the original boards or wrappers, but "unopened" (that is, the top or side leaves uncut), and so, of course, unread. The *cognoscenti* measured their books in millimeters, a procedure which offered greater nicety and a scientific flavor. An extra millimeter might advance the price of a book by pounds. "Condition" was all.

This was in 1925, in the dawn of the age of bibliography, a science recently enunciated by R. B. McKerrow. The word bibliography was (and is) confusing, because it is used to mean different things. A list of books on a subject is called a bibliography of that subject; a list of an author's written work is also called a bibliography. A century earlier Dibdin used the word to mean book-collecting, and later, Rive used it as a description of books "and other literary arrangements." But McKerrow and his coadjutors when they talk of bibliography have in mind something more definite and complex. They are talking about the mechanics of book-production, the part played and the techniques used by compositor and pressman and "the relation of the text as it finally appears to the author's MS, especially dealing with the errors which may be introduced by the processes through which it has passed." "Each book," said McKerrow, "presents its own problems and has to be investigated by methods suited to its particular case. . . . With almost every book we take up we are in new country."

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. New facts were discovered every day in old books, not merely the teasing "points" of unscholarly collectors and booksellers, not just a dropped letter here, a misspelling there, but more important matters involving paper, "cancels" (pages which have been suppressed during publication), the rearrangement of "the order and relative value of different editions of a book," and, finally, and most excitingly, the discovery and demonstration of forgeries. A book as it issued from the press became the great desideratum, for when it was rebound some of the evidence essential to seeing what actually took place when it was printed was lost.

At first I had only bought association copies of the books printed by Horace Walpole at the Strawberry Hill Press, his own copies of them or copies he had given to his friends. But it became clear that was not good enough for a collection which hoped to be unrivalled, and so I added copies in

pristine state. This meant a good many duplicates, but among them were certain "variants" which had been noticed by booksellers and others. A particularly puzzling variant occurred in Gray's *Odes*, 1757, "The Bard" and "Progress of Poesy," the first work printed at the Press. It had recently been pointed out that a few copies were printed on thick paper with two misprints, a puzzle which engaged some of the best bibliographical minds for years. Doubtless, I reflected, there were variants in other Strawberry Hill books, as well. Bibliographically, the Press was promising.

But the collector's work is only partly done when he has formed his collection. Unless it is used it is like bric-a-brac in a cabinet. Since I was not a bibliographer I invited Dr. Allen T. Hazen to finish the task for me. The result was his *Bibliography of the Strawberry Hill Press*, a book which has been justly called an advancement in the study of bibliography.

Once Dr. Hazen was embarked upon it I was seized by an acute attack of bibliomania. The great Folger Shakespeare Library was the shining example of what wholesale collecting may produce. Mr. Folger had bought 77 copies of the First Folio, about half the known copies, to aid students of textual problems in Shakespeare. This was a much higher percentage of the whole than I aspired to, but 10 per cent of the number of copies printed at the Strawberry Hill Press did not seem too fantastic a goal. Since Walpole kept a journal of the Press (the MS of which I owned) we had his word for the number of copies of each of his printed books. There were 34 of them (several were of only a few pages) and, in addition, 78 "Detached Pieces" which included title pages, labels for books, and cards of address. The number of copies ran from Gray's *Odes* (2000 copies) to four or five copies only. I succeeded in reaching my goal in less than half the books, but in most there were duplicates — in some cases more than twenty copies — which Dr. Hazen was able to use for collation and comparison. He was able to discover unrecorded variants in nearly every book. His efforts were rewarded with the discovery that Walpole's printer-secretary, Thomas Kirgate, was a forger, and he was able to prove that among the works manufactured by Kirgate out of wedlock were the thick paper *Odes*.

3

ONE does not have to be a bibliographer to reach and enjoy the fourth stage of collecting, the one called "provenance." This is the detailed history of

individual copies. It is perhaps the most difficult matter of all to explain to the non-collector, but to know that your copy of a book was formerly in a famous library, to know when and for how much it was sold, who bought it, and what then became of it, step by step, until it reached your own shelf, to recognize the marks of ownership of these former owners, perhaps to find the lot numbers of the various auction sales through which the book has passed, is a source of the greatest satisfaction to a seasoned collector. "Such well-attested descent," wrote Horace Walpole, "is the genealogy of the objects of virtù — not so noble as those of peerage, but on a par with those of race-horses. In all three, especially the pedigrees of peers and rarities, the line is often continued by many insignificant names."

To enter fully into this most personal and rewarding of all the stages of book-collecting one must have access to auction and booksellers' catalogues. There are regrettably few collections of these in this country and the specialist will do well to make his own collection of them. "Descriptive" bibliographers have learned that "provenance" is an indispensable tool in their work, but one does not have to know what a forme is or understand the mysteries of imposition to taste its joys.

There has recently come into my possession a book which passes in review the three last stages of the collector's journey, a copy of Walpole's *Hieroglyphic Tales*, 1785, one of seven copies he printed at his Press. Although I had the original MS of this delightful little work I lacked a copy of the book. Three of the seven copies are in public institutions, three have disappeared. I knew where the seventh was and after waiting twenty years I acquired it. It is the copy Walpole gave to Thomas Barrett, the man he saw carrying on the Gothic tradition into the nineteenth century. It is uncut, in the original wrappers, as fresh as it was the day it came from the Press, for it has been preserved in the wrapping paper in which it was then placed and on which Walpole wrote, "A Strawberry Edition to be delivered on my death to Thomas Barrett Esq. of Lee in Kent. H. W." It is thus an association item of great interest and its condition is such, after 160 years, as has to be seen to be believed. Finally, nearly all of its subsequent history is known from its appearance at Sotheby's, 12 July 1859, in the sale of Barrett's library, lot 513, when it was sold to Boone, the dealer, for five guineas, down to the other day. One of the missing links was the place where its late owner

bought it. This was supplied by Mr. John Carter of Scribner's, who, when he saw it, recognized the Scribner price in code inside the front cover and kindly translated it for me.

Many holders of the Ph.D. degree look upon collectors with suspicion and dislike. Collectors, they believe, are shrewd, unprincipled persons who by their wealth and cunning have been able to acquire books and MSS and other objects which "ought" to be in the hands of persons qualified to make "proper" use of them, that is, holders of the Ph.D. degree. There have been, of course, collectors who refused to share their treasures with scholars, just as there have been scholars who have accepted help from collectors and not acknowledged it. Both of these types are unattractive, but it is a mistake to assume that all collectors and all scholars fit into them.

The ideal — which is frequently achieved — is when the collector and the scholar join forces, each bringing to the union contributions which the other cannot supply. The self-consciousness which they may also bring gradually disappears, and then one day the collector will hear himself described as a scholar. It is a metamorphosis, some would say, not unlike the one which occurs at the end of Mr. George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, where the pigs turn into men.

Not that the collector should even then get ideas above his station. When H. H. Furness, the editor of the *Variorum Shakespeare*, was asked if there was anything left to explore or discover in Shakespearean scholarship, he answered his own question by quoting John Barclay, the anatomist, in one of his Edinburgh lectures. "Gentlemen," said Barclay, "anatomy may be likened to a harvest field. First come the reapers, who, entering upon untrodden ground, cut down great stores of corn from all sides of them. These are the early anatomists of modern Europe. Then come the gleaners, who gather up ears enough from the bare ridges to make a few loaves of bread. Such were the anatomists of the last century. Last of all come the geese, who still continue to pick up a few grains scattered here and there among the stubble, and waddle home in the evening, poor things, cackling with joy because of their success. Gentlemen, we are the geese."

The collector at the end of his journey must be content with the place he has earned in the academic procession, a place not without honor at the rear of the geese.

SQUIRRELS IN THE ATTIC

by LEONARD DUBKIN

1

THERE was a time when I was out of work. Ever since I was fourteen years old I had been working at one job or another, usually on some newspaper as a reporter. But I don't think I was a good newspaperman, for I was not properly impressed with the importance of my profession in the total scheme of life, as every good newspaperman should be. The desire to scoop the other afternoon papers on an important story, a desire which burned fiercely in the minds of everyone on my paper, from copy boy to publisher, seemed to me an achievement of dubious value, as unimportant in the life of our community as some chess-player's desire to capture his opponent's queen.

The managing editor of my paper probably knew how I felt about my work, for I had often made cynical remarks about some of the stories we had printed; and once I couldn't help grinning disparagingly while he was lecturing me on my duties as a servant of the people. But he put up with me, perhaps in the expectation that I should some day have an assignment so vitally important that it would open my eyes to my true role as a public servant. He put up with me, that is, until I was sent out on what I shall call the Racine case, and then the elasticity of his tolerance reached its limit, and I was fired.

Everyone in Chicago was talking about the Racine case. A woman's body had been found stuffed into a culvert in the suburb of Oak Park, and the next day it was identified by a Mr. Charles Racine as the body of his wife. The husband was as mystified as to the motive for the horrible

A sage once remarked that only a young man can afford to retire — a precept which LEONARD DUBKIN put to the test. He had always wanted to become a naturalist. When the Chicago newspaper for which he worked fired him for having muffed an assignment, Mr. Dubkin found solace in poking about the parks, the empty lots, and the city streets in search of the insects and small animals which anyone can see — but which few people do see. This is the first of two installments drawn from his forthcoming book, *Enchanted Streets*, which Little, Brown will publish late this spring.

crime as were the police, but our hard-boiled city editor had a hunch that Mr. Racine knew more about the crime than he was admitting. So he sent me out to Oak Park to have a talk with the man and see what I could find out.

Mr. Racine lived in a large house on the street which divided Chicago from Oak Park, and he was alone in the house when I called. He was a tall, thin man in his early sixties, with a deeply lined face that was always ready to break into a smile. He didn't look like the sort of man who would murder his wife and stuff her body into a culvert.

We sat in the living room talking, and I asked him the usual questions. Soon I became aware of little scratching noises in the walls, with occasional muffled squealings. Once there was the sound of little feet scrambling from one end of a wall to the other, as though one rat were chasing another through the wall, and then a squealing sound as though they were fighting.

I nodded my head toward the sounds and said, "Rats in the wall, aren't there?"

"No," he said, a kindly smile lighting up his face, "those are squirrels."

"Squirrels? But how do squirrels get in the walls?"

He led me to a window and showed me a large cottonwood tree that grew beside the house, its branches brushing the roof. "If I knew exactly where they were getting in," he said, "I'd block up the hole; but this is an old house and they could probably get in at half a dozen different places. The landlord gave me a big squirrel trap that I bait with a nut and keep up in the attic, and every once in a while I catch one. He told me when I caught one to drop the trap in a bathtub full of water and drown it, but when I caught the first one I didn't have the heart to do it. He was a cute thing, sat up on his hind legs in the trap and chattered at me like a baby. So now when

I catch one I take a streetcar to the end of the line and let it loose."

"Well," I said, "I never heard of squirrels living in the walls of a house before. I always thought they preferred a hole in a tree."

"Maybe some do, but not these squirrels. You should see what they do up in my attic! Pull whole newspapers down in their hole, and clothes, and anything else they can drag along the floor. Come on up and I'll show you."

I followed him up a winding stairway to the attic, a long, low-ceilinged room lighted by one small window. "Sometimes," he said, "I sit here quietly on the floor, and after a while they come up out of that hole in the floor and I can watch them; they don't pay any more attention to me than if I was a piece of furniture. Would you like to watch them for a while?"

I said I should, and he pointed to a place against the wall. "Stay there for a while and they'll come out. Stay as long as you like, because I'm going out and I'll leave the front door open for you."

2

So I sat there quietly in the dim light waiting for the squirrels to come out, and while I sat I thought of how strange it was to find squirrels which had become household pests, and I went over in my mind the fascinating subject of parasitism. Here was one species of animal, the gray squirrel, and he was considered by human beings in many different ways, according to the methods of survival he adopted. Out in the country the squirrels were shy, wild little woodland creatures, scampering up a tree trunk and chattering excitedly when some human walked by. In the city parks they were only half wild, and would take peanuts from the fingers of a child and even climb up a man's clothes to see if he had any nuts in his pocket. But when they invaded a man's house, when, probably because of the scarcity of other nesting sites, they chose to live between the walls of a human dwelling, they became parasites, and were to be caught and drowned like their relatives the rats.

As long as the animal remains aloof, as long as he confines himself to a plane of existence remote from my own, I will view him tolerantly, I will even try to entice him into a closer relationship by leaving nuts about in front of my house. But if he invades the walls of my home, if he disturbs my sleep and chews up my furniture, I will treat him as an enemy of mankind.

So mankind serves notice to nature, to all the creatures large and small that share this planet with us. Be beautiful, be interesting, be wild, mankind says to them; but keep your distance, do not, even unwittingly, interfere with our lives or our plans or our comings and goings. For if you do we will exterminate you, we will eliminate you completely from the earth. And we have, or will soon have, the means to do it. We have become past masters in the art of destructiveness. There will come a time when only those creatures which are beneficial to us will be allowed to exist, and then only in the forms in which we choose to have them. If there are any squirrels they will be wild and shy, chattering at us from the top branches of some tree in the forest. And the pigeons and the rabbits and the ants will be those which do not fraternize with man — unless, of course, we like the taste of their meat.

A tiny head poked itself up out of the hole in the floor Mr. Racine had pointed out to me, and I watched it as it turned about so the eyes could view every part of the attic. It was exactly like the head of a large rat. It is a rat, I thought; for aren't squirrels rodents, aren't they merely rats that have become adapted to living in trees? But when the little animal came up out of the hole and stood for a minute on its haunches, its appearance of kinship with the rats vanished. Its bushy, feathery tail, twitching spasmodically like the tail on a mechanical toy, was reminiscent of the outdoors, of tall trees and wildflowers and the ground littered with brown leaves; and when it set out across the floor in long, hurried leaps it looked as much out of place in this dim attic room as some exotic bird.

It jumped behind some trunks that stood upright at one side of the attic, and for a time I did not see it. When it reappeared it was dragging a green sweater across the floor by one of the arms. It was quite a load for the little animal, and he would give it a few tugs, then leap off somewhere, to reappear a few seconds later and tug at the sweater again. Another squirrel came up out of the hole and ran toward the sweater, and it seemed to me he wanted to help; but the first squirrel chased him around the attic a few times and then down into the hole, and when he was alone again went back to the sweater.

It took more than an hour to get the sweater across the attic floor to the hole, and at least that long to pull the one sleeve down. But, though the body of the sweater moved as the squirrel tugged on the sleeve, the rest of it would not

go into the hole. Finally he pushed his way up through the tangles of the sweater and with his two front paws forced it into the hole. Then he went down after it, and I did not see him again.

When I returned to the office the city editor was furious. Where the hell had I been? he wanted to know. When I told him I had been interviewing Mr. Racine, he told me to go tell it to the managing editor. The managing editor looked at me icily and told me to get my check from the cashier, I was fired. I found out later that Mr. Racine, after leaving me sitting in the attic, had gone back to the culvert where his wife's body had been found to look for a pair of glasses he had lost there. He was picked up there and taken to the detective bureau, where he readily admitted that he was the murderer.

I found it hard to reconcile the kindly old man who couldn't bear to drown a trapped squirrel with a cold-blooded murderer; but there it was in black and white, his confession was spread all over the front pages of every afternoon paper but ours.

At any rate, that was how I lost my job.

3

AT FIRST I was sure I would not be out of work long. I had many friends in the city, men and women in responsible positions, and I went around to see them as often as I thought expedient. We would sit around talking of this and that, or perhaps have lunch together, and when I left, my friend would usually assure me that he would remember me when something opened up. But as the weeks went by and nothing "opened up," I noticed that my friends were beginning to avoid me, they were quite often busy when I called, or they had a luncheon appointment and couldn't see me.

So, though I remained in the city, though I talked to people in a normal manner and walked about among the crowds downtown, I drew myself away from the society of other human beings. I began to spend a great deal of my time in that world which, unnoticed by the throngs of men and women intent on hurrying to their work or their homes, to the movies or to a night club, exists all about them, under their feet and over their heads and on every side. I became absorbed in the world of nature, the nature that exists in a big city.

I do not mean to imply that this was a new

world for me, that I discovered it in the city at that time. Ever since I was a boy I have been interested in nature, and as far back as I can remember I have been watching the birds and insects and little animals that inhabit the city and the fields and woods on its outskirts. When I was around twelve years old I was determined to be a naturalist when I grew up, and I had a collection of insects, birds' eggs, stones, fossils, and all the other objects that prospective naturalists collect. I also read all the natural history books I could get at the public library, and I filled dozens of notebooks with the minutiae of my collecting expeditions. But the exigencies of earning a living, the necessity of contributing money at home, soon dampened any hope I had of being a naturalist. And though my interest remained as strong as ever, though I continued to be curious about the processes and methods of nature, I no longer had the time to observe them as closely as I might have wished. Ever since I had my first job, at the age of fourteen, my nature-watching had become a furtive, secret part of my life, to be indulged in at odd moments when no one who knew me was around, like some awful vice.

But now that I no longer had a job, now that I could do what I pleased with my time, I began to watch the birds and insects and animals in the city openly, without any thought for who might be around or what he might think of me. I discovered many curious and interesting things I had never known before, and rediscovered others I had known as a boy.

A wealth of life exists just above the surface of the earth, between the blades of grass, under fallen leaves and twigs and stones, on and under the bark of trees, and on the leaves and stem and flowers of every plant. There, creatures that vary in size from a tiny fraction of an inch to three and four inches live out their lives, unseen by human eyes, unaware of the vast changes that man has wrought on the face of this earth: little beings as weird in appearance as though they had been dreamed in a nightmare, as fantastically made as though their organs had been thrown together haphazardly, with habits as varied and as strange as though they had been conceived by a madman, and yet each one singularly fitted for a particular role in life, for a particular duty on earth, for an honored place in the scheme of existence.

Just to study the ants alone, to observe the habits of the different kinds of ants and try to solve the enigmas of their actions and behavior, would take many lifetimes. There are ants that

spend their entire lives capturing slaves to do their work for them; others keep herds of plant lice, or aphids, which they milk. One variety of ant does nothing but plant and cultivate huge underground gardens of the mushrooms on which they feed; others march through the grass in long lines, with bits of leaves they are bringing home held over their heads like umbrellas. There are individual ants of one species which attach themselves to the ceiling of the burrow and hang there for months, fed by the others until they are round little barrels that act as food reservoirs. There are ants that have a highly developed sense of social consciousness, others that are predaceous. Some live in trees, others in the ground. Some species are carnivorous, others eat only a particular kind of fungus.

And yet ants are only one kind of insect in the vast multitude that inhabit the earth. There are also the beetles; those that roll carrion into huge balls, those that drag dead birds or mice underground, embalm them, and raise their young on the flesh, those that fly and others that are earth-bound. There are also many different kinds of bees, and wasps, and flies, and butterflies and moths, and dragonflies and mosquitoes and midges, and spiders, and grasshoppers and leafhoppers and crickets and ticks — and a thousand others. And then there are a host of insects so insignificant to man that they do not even have common names, but, if they are ever referred to at all, are called simply “bugs” — except by entomologists, who have long Latin names for them.

During the period of my unemployment the world of insects was for me a refuge from the human world in which I felt myself an outcast. Whenever I felt depressed and melancholy, when, after answering help-wanted ads in the newspapers and going from building to building “seeing” my friends, it seemed to me that there was no place for me in the society of my kind, that I was a useless individual in a busy world, I would walk to one of the little parks near the Loop, or to a grassy place beside the river, and spend an hour or two watching the insects. And watching the insects had the effect of completely obliterating the world of human beings from my mind; it was like a drug that deadened my memory, and left no aftereffect, no hang-over.

At first, when I sat down in the grass, with the noises of the city all about me, the rattle and clang of streetcars, the blowing of auto horns, the chugging of a locomotive somewhere in the distance, and the shrill blowing of a policeman’s whistle, there would be no sign of activity on the ground,

nothing moving in the grass. I had chosen a barren spot, I would think, there were no insects here at all. But as I continued to stare at the ground and my eyes became focused to the small, I would become aware of a movement in the grass, perhaps an ant, or a hairy brown caterpillar, or a little fly with golden body.

Once the first thing I saw was a spotted ladybug moving sedately up a blade of grass. When she came to the top she went over and continued down the other side, then on to the next blade of grass. I got down on one elbow and watched her go from stem to stem, up one side and down the other, until she came to a spot of black on a grass stem, where she stopped. I moved my head directly behind her for a closer look and saw that the black spot was made up of tiny aphids, each with its threadlike beak stuck into the stem sucking the juice. The ladybug was methodically gobbling up the aphids, one to a mouthful, until there were none left. Then she continued up and down the grass stems until she came to another colony of aphids, where she duplicated the procedure.

4

ANOTHER time, on a leaf of a small bush, I saw a queerly shaped green bug that looked like a tiny triangle with two bulging eyes on top. I had often seen these bugs when I was a boy, and had marveled at their strange appearance. Why were they shaped like triangles, I wondered, and what purpose did they serve in the insect world?

I used to watch these bugs closely every time I saw one, and the only thing I ever saw them do was walk about on leaves, then lift their heavy wing covers, like a little old lady lifting her skirts to cross a street, and fly off. I had heard them called stinkbugs, because when they were disturbed they shot off a little vapor of evil-smelling stuff; but the descriptions of them in the books on entomology I had read did not mention a common name, and the scientific name was so long and meaningless that I never could remember it.

Another thing that puzzled me about this bug was the location of its thorax. I could not afford a cyanide jar in which to kill the insects I wanted for my collection, but I had read somewhere that a practical and inexpensive method of killing insects was to pinch the thorax firmly. This method served me very well, and the slight disfigurement of my insect specimens was hardly noticeable when they were mounted. But where was the thorax of this triangular bug? It was

built somewhat like an armored tank, and its thorax was hidden somewhere within the armor. Each time I tried to kill one I would invariably pinch the wrong part of its anatomy, and the body fluids would come oozing out, leaving a shapeless mass unfit for mounting. So I never had a stinkbug in my collection.

But to return to my story — I once saw one of these bugs on a leaf of a small bush that grew in an empty lot east of Michigan Boulevard, where I had gone to recuperate from a day of looking for work. I put my head down close to the leaf and stared at the bug, marveling at its odd shape. I was not interested in the location of its thorax now, for there would be no purpose in killing it — I no longer had a collection. The little bug walked to the edge of the leaf, then turned and went under it. I turned the leaf over by the stem so I could watch the bug, and saw, peacefully grazing on the underside of the leaf, which was uppermost now, a green caterpillar with two rows of yellow dots along its back. The triangular bug approached the caterpillar, and as it came close there issued from its head, under the armor, a long, jointed, pipelike affair with a point at the end. Then the bug rushed fiercely at the caterpillar, and I thought of an armored knight with a crooked lance attacking a huge dragon.

The end of the stinkbug's pipe penetrated the side of the caterpillar, and the bug quickly raised his pipe high in the air and held the squirming caterpillar impaled there. For a long time he stood motionless, holding that wriggling dragon that must have weighed five times as much as himself. What was he doing with it? I wondered. Was he some insect sadist watching the death throes of an impaled caterpillar? Or was he merely waiting for it to die so he could eat it?

After a time the caterpillar stopped squirming; it hung limp and lifeless from the bug's pipe. Then the bug lowered its pipe, brushed the caterpillar off on the edge of the leaf, and walked away. I picked the caterpillar up from the ground where it had fallen and held it between my fingers. It was thin and hollow inside; the stinkbug had drained it of its juices. What a horrible way to die, I thought, to have one's insides slowly drained out while hanging in the air. And yet it seemed horrible only to me, to the human observer. Delicacy of feeling does not exist in nature, and no creature but man has ever felt either pity or remorse. The stinkbug had been provided with only one method of getting its food, and this was it. To the caterpillar it was a natural death, neither better nor

worse than any other. There was no question of cruelty involved here, for cruelty is a concept that has been evolved in the brain of man, and it had no existence for these little creatures, nor anywhere in nature.

5

LATE one afternoon I was walking on the east side of Michigan Boulevard, near the Art Institute, when I decided to sit down on the grass for a while and rest. It was a hot day, and the passers-by were mopping their faces with damp handkerchiefs, the men with their coats off, collars open, and sleeves rolled up. I sat for a time watching the cars rush by, then stop in a row when the traffic light was red. What a silly, senseless life people lead in a big city, I thought. Here were these men and women driving cars madly down the Boulevard as fast as the law would allow them to go, zipping around cars that were moving too slowly, honking their horns wildly when it seemed as though they might have to slow down to let some pedestrian cross the street. Then they came to a traffic light that was red, and they calmly sat in their motionless cars staring out of the windshield, waiting for the light to change so they could go tearing ahead again.

As I sat there I heard, through the noise of the traffic and the talking of the passers-by, the thin, high, intermittent shrilling of a cricket somewhere under the grass. Now the singing of a cricket has always been a sort of challenge to me; it sets off in my mind, each time I hear it, some compulsion to track the little insect down and watch it producing its rasping sound. Hundreds of times, both as a boy and as a man, I have crept cautiously up to the spot from which the shrilling came, and dozens of times I have been close enough to see the cricket, but each time the insect has become aware of my presence and stopped singing, so that all I ever succeeded in seeing was a little black insect scurrying away under the grass. I have read, of course, that they produce the sound by rubbing their wing-covers together, but that is not the same as seeing the sound being produced: it is as though all one knew about human speech was the fact that it is produced by a vibration of the vocal chords.

I got up, looked about to be sure no one was watching me, then cautiously approached the place from which the sound was coming. Twice the cricket became frightened and stopped singing, and each time I stopped where I was and stood motionless until the singing started again. When

I was directly above the sound I lowered myself carefully to the ground, looked about again, then lay down on my stomach with my head a few inches above the grass.

At first I could not see anything; there was only a dim blackness between the grass and the earth. The cool, dank, heavy smell of earth and growing grass filled my nostrils, and the piercing clamor of the cricket's song so close to my ears obliterated the city sounds all around me; I might have been lying on my stomach in some country field miles from any house or town. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness under the grass I began to make out little objects, a twig and a few stones, an old curled-up brown leaf, and the grass stems going into the ground. A black ant came into view, rushed about busily first one way and then another, and finally disappeared under the curled-up leaf. But I could not see the cricket, though the scraping of his wing-covers filled my ears.

Then at last I saw him. He was standing on the end of a little twig that came out of the ground at an angle, his legs gripping the twig, his long, angular hind legs projecting out behind him like two braces. I could see him start his song by raising his wing-covers and vibrating them against each other for a few seconds, then slow the vibrations until the shrill rasping trailed off into little clicks of sound. After each burst of song he changed his position on the twig, loosening his grip and revolving a little to the right or left, like an opera singer shifting his stance for another aria.

Soon I became aware of a second cricket, smaller than the first, crawling up the twig toward the singer. It was, I decided, a female, for she crawled slowly up the twig with a sort of feminine meekness, as though she were attracted by the song but was not sure what sort of reception she would get from the singer. While he was singing she did not move, but crouched low on the twig as though she did not dare interrupt his singing; it was only during the short silent intervals that she moved toward him.

When she stood before him he stopped his scraping, lowered his head toward her, and felt her with his antennae. Then he raised his head and went on with his singing, while she stood meekly before him. Well, I thought, this is a fine situation. His beautiful singing has won him a mate, but he doesn't want her, she doesn't appeal to him. Perhaps he's an aesthetic cricket, rubbing his wing-covers together just for the joy of hearing his

own song. He probably believes in art for art's sake, and is repulsed by the thought of using his song for material ends, like attracting a female.

But the lady knew her rights; when she saw that he was paying no attention to her she rushed at him fiercely, butting him so hard that he broke off his singing and rolled over on the twig, hanging under it by his legs. Then he turned so he was standing atop the twig again, and for a few seconds the two insects looked into each other's eyes. What thoughts were going on behind those eyes, in those rudimentary little brains? The situation seemed similar to one in which two human beings might find themselves: it was a case of a girl who had thrown herself at the feet of a man she worshiped, and had been repulsed. And yet how could I know that these insects were thinking what a man and a woman would think in like circumstances? I could only guess at their reactions, I could only be certain that some sort of drama was being enacted here, on a tiny twig underneath the grass. It might be a drama like a million others that were taking place in and on the earth, beneath stones, under the bark of trees, on waving grass-stems, on leaves high in the air, and in the homes of people. But these little creatures standing on their twig looking into each other's eyes could not know that.

When the two crickets had looked their fill the smaller one turned about and crouched down on the twig, the end of her glossy black body glistening in the other's face. They must have reached some agreement, I thought, for now the male rose to the occasion, he scrambled quickly between her legs. It was then that I became aware of voices about me, and I realized with a start where I was.

"Why doesn't somebody call an ambulance?" a woman's voice was saying.

Then a man's voice said, "He's probably just drunk. Come on, help me turn him over."

I turned over and sat up in one swift motion, and, blinking my eyes in the sudden strong light, saw a crowd of people grouped around me in a circle. For a second no one moved; they all stared down at me as though I were a corpse that had suddenly come to life. Finally one man leaned down toward me and asked, "You all right?"

"Yeah," I said, "I'm all right." Then I got up hurriedly, pushed my way through the gaping crowd, and walked as quickly as I could down Michigan Boulevard, acutely conscious of the eyes that were following me, my face burning with embarrassment.

(To be continued)



AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

THE BURDEN

by JOHN A. LYNCH

I do not believe the moon has anything to do with it. The moon affects the tide perhaps, but I do not believe it twists men's lives as some say. I do not believe it makes one man thrash on the ground and babble to his friends, and another man date his letter Monday when it is really Wednesday. Because that was what was being done and there was no moon on the nights that came immediately before or after these things. But there has been a moon since, and sometimes it has shone when one man would walk past his dying friend and offer no help, and another man would get up from his hole and go away in the night, and not be heard from again. But I do not believe the moon has anything to do with these things.

For the men would do these things themselves, and only themselves, and I could not help wondering about them. And sometimes I myself would do these things, and later on, when not doing them, would wonder again about those who did. Because when you are putting on your letter that it is Monday, you believe it is Monday, and even when a friend says it is Wednesday you put Monday. When you know you are right, you are going to do it that way. And when your friend goes on with his letter dated Wednesday, you know he is wrong, and you wonder about him.

JOHN A. LYNCH served with the Combat Infantry of the 88th Division in Italy. Detroit born and bred, Mr. Lynch, who is now in his twenty-fifth year, took his B.A. at Notre Dame and entered the Army in June, 1943. He was wounded in October, 1944, and wrote this, his first story, after fifteen months of hospitalization.

Mike said it was because one thing and another add up until the little things have become a big thing. It is like the straws and the camel, he said. It is like the water dribbling through the dike until it is no longer a dribble but a flood. And when the days of the week come as fast as they sometimes do, you are apt to lose one or more of them.

When the days of the week lose themselves one after the other, the men are apt to lose themselves also, and Carl will shoot at a man who is the enemy and give away your position, which is a good one for the time, when what he knew was a man is really a turkey, and there is no likeness in the two. But it causes you to get out of your holes and go across the saddle of the hill to the other side where the cover is not so good, and you have to spend part of the night digging another hole. And Mike says that Carl should be sent back, that he is good no more; but all they do is put you on the post Carl had and the fear grows that you yourself will soon be shooting at a turkey instead of a man who is the enemy. And when you take off the safety every time you hear a rustle in the bushes, you do this a great number of times, and they are little times, little things, and soon you do shoot at the turkey, only this time it is a goat.

If you do this yourself you do not feel ashamed, but you say it *was* a man, and you were doing your duty, which is outpost. But if it is another man doing this, you wonder about him, and say to yourself that he has been tired too long and should be getting a rest, that he is not a good soldier any more, though he could be if he were to get a rest.

But how can there be rest when you begin at

four in the morning of Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday to go out on the hillside, then over the crest of the hill and into the small valley which only yesterday was spaced with other men, who heard Carl's shot and your shot when everything else was still, and wondered if it was a signal that an attack was beginning. And if they thought it was a signal, then it is well that you did fire a shot, because they are not around now and maybe you yourself frightened them away. At least you can think that, and they cannot stop you from thinking it.

Nor can they stop you from wanting a home in Connecticut, all on one floor, and two bars in the house, one for ice cream and one for good liquor. Because you are now two days of fighting beyond the hill where Carl shot the turkey and you the goat, and you have not had water for twenty-four hours. Nor do you crave water now, for the thirst has gone beyond that stage and it is such that only ice cream and liquor will do. And there will be four flavors of ice cream, all in deep, cold holds because it is what you would need now to stop the dryness.

Mike said that he and George, who is dead now, once tasted water from a pool in which two of the dead enemy lay, and the water was good and it stopped their thirst. And when I asked him why they did not remove the dead bodies first, he said they were too tired, and anyway it wouldn't have improved the water a bit just to have the bodies laid to the side. And I wondered about that, because Mike and George had been there longer than I, and I wondered about them too. But I don't any more, because I have been thirsty, and if it was ice cream I would eat it with dead enemy flesh running all through it, because it would be ice cream and not the flesh that I would be eating.

The liquor is a different thing, however. That is for the hour after the thirst has been eased, and it must be pure. It is for the hour when the jaws have begun to function again and they can move up and down as if in eating a good steak. It is for the hour after the roof of the mouth has become softened again after so much dryness, and the tongue is again sensitive to taste. Because liquor must be tasted, and it must be poured through the teeth and in and out between the lips and the gums and around and around, so that you can forget the day of twenty-four hours just passed that you held a pebble in your mouth and rolled it and rolled it on your tongue, but there was no freshness left.

I first thought of the Connecticut home the

night we stumbled down the rocks of a mountain-side, and the word came down the column to "hold it up," and thirsty and tired I fell to the ground, and lying there wished for ice cream and liquor. "Hold it up" was meant for one thing, and to me it was that I should now let myself fall on the ground. I remembered that a coin put in a machine brought forth a bar of candy, or one could get cigarettes that way, and soft drinks, and in other places a compartment for luggage, or a parking place for a car, or a postage stamp, or even a meal in some places.

Just so, the way to get a place of rest is to hear the words "hold it up" come back through the column, and as each man hears the words he gets a place of rest, which is the place where he happens to be at the moment. And ahead you can see the men falling to the ground as each one hears the words, and when it comes your turn you fall too, but only after you have given the words to the man behind, because he is tired also and is looking for a place to rest, and a reason for it. And if you fall so that your back lies across an uncomfortable stone, you do not move it away you are that tired, but only lie there and are glad for what little rest there is. And rest can be had in all positions, except when spliced on a tree limb.

Because that is what happened to Paul when he fell to the ground that night, but kept falling for another twenty feet as he had rolled off the shelf of rock that we were crossing. And he called three times as he fell, but no more, and that was only because he was unconscious, and they found him hung in a low tree with a branch caught up in his crotch. That is rest also, I suppose, of another kind, more complete than most, but I do not prefer it, because though I have had it, I cannot remember what it was all about. Just that the pain of the mind and body becomes so great that all pain leaves, that is, it is no longer felt. Of course it is still there, but it has passed into an unfeeling stage and that is the equivalent of unconsciousness.

And having come down the mountain with only one casualty, who was Paul and had to be carried to the rear because we were making an advance, we stepped out into a valley at dawn.

2

THERE was a town farther on that I remember for one or two important things, and some of little import, of which there are always many, such as seeing a man cross the road holding a dripping,

bloody chunk of meat, and the first impression that such a sight will make. I was alone, returning from the headquarters of the battalion to the headquarters of the company, which was lodged in a fine house with a large kitchen, with a stove and a table already set with meat and wine, which of course had been left by the men who were retreating before our advance, and which we didn't touch, at least we didn't the meat. The *vino* is something else again.

The sight of the man and the meat was a shock of a sort, probably anything as bloody as that would be, so I had to call and stop the man. He was a farmer, or so he appeared, and holding the chunk of bloody stuff out in his hand he said over and over, "*Cavallo, cavallo,*" keeping an eye on the rifle I held leveled at his body, because you could never afford to take a man's word in that time. Furthermore, his other hand clutched one of our blankets, and this was a shock in itself, seeing the blanket — perhaps once belonging to a friend whose death I did not yet know of, or at least he was or had been one of us — and the meat in such relationship that a man should emerge from a yard carrying only a blanket and a piece of fresh meat.

"*Tedesci?*" I forced at him, prodding the meat with the muzzle of my rifle, forcing him to step backwards till he was against the wall of the house and could move no further. "*Tedesci?*" I asked, hoping he would answer "*Sì, sì,*" not because I desired to know he had butchered one of the enemy, but because I feared it was one of our own, the blanket being there and all. But he only uttered "*Cavallo*" again, pointing to the yard from which he had just come, and I didn't go any further. There were no stains on the blanket, and I let him go. But the little thing that it was, lodged with me, and went with me into the town and beyond.

We were not the first to try to drive the enemy from the town, and the blanket must have belonged to one of those captured the night before or perhaps killed in the yard. At that time we were still a good distance away, and were moving forward to dig in on the hill below the town. Having arrived at that position early in the morning, we learned that the town was still in enemy hands and the first attacking force had suffered many casualties, and now it was our turn. Digging in, we waited for the dawn and the time we should split up our forces, one platoon to the west, one to the east, and the remainder of us to come in from the south. But even before that, another company was to attack in the low hills on the right flank and attempt to force a withdrawal from the town.

It was while we were leaving our holes on the hillside and gathering our equipment, moving silently into our loose formation, that the shells began to fall. There was a scramble, as there always is at such a time, men running to the holes they have just left, or diving into other men's holes, or throwing themselves to the ground, behind a stone or two, no matter how small. But there were men wounded anyway, and above their cries there was Carl's screaming. He was not in a hole, but rolling on the ground, his face tortured, his eyes mad, and there was not a mark on him. He had tried to go forward one extra hour, he had tried to carry one extra straw, and now he no longer felt the pain in his mind. There was no need to say good-bye to him, because he could not hear us at all, but we took his carbine and his belt and the two grenades he was carrying inside his shirt.

Louis was lost also, but with him it was different, and perhaps better. He was ahead of me when the shells began to fall again, and I did not see him get hit, nor did I ever see him after that. But I was told, when I went back after our engagement to find his body, that he had been alive as they carried him down the hill below the town, and he had died there at the bottom, a hole as big as a silver dollar in the back of his skull. I asked had he been unconscious all the time and they said he had, and that made it easier for him. It would make it easier also when I had to tell Scotty, who had been Louis's close friend, but was now in the hospital from a wound of the last campaign.

So Carl and Louis were gone before we went into the town, which by this time — and it was mid-morning — had been fairly well evacuated by the enemy because of the action on the right flank. There were only a few shots, which hit no one, but we kept ready for anything, and until the men found the *vino* and the kitchen with the fine stove, it had been an orderly affair, no one taking chances, everyone on the alert. But wine is not to be reckoned with. Even in this town three of the men stood drinking in the front room of one house while one of the enemy stood in the well of the stairs, beckoning to them that he wished to surrender, waving a handkerchief, afraid to move forward, yet not even being able to surrender at that time. It was good wine, each house well stocked, so we had our choice of the bottles, and this time it was in real bottles and not in the straw-jacketed *flaschi* that served in the lower towns through which we had already passed, and at every house through the many hills.

One man who had been in the night attack I

particularly remember because he lay on the road to the south of the town, and the one on which we marched, in rather orderly fashion, to make contact with the platoons coming in from the west and the east. He was lying with two others, and of the three he had got closest to the town, but he was actually only in the outskirts and only a few feet closer than his comrades. He was an Indian whom we called The Chief, and he was, of the three, the only one yet alive, and already he had lain there a matter of ten hours or so.

We filed by, the platoon of us, each man moving wearily along with his personal burden, and a few of us spoke to him, and one man gave him water from his canteen, and each man left him to the man behind, until they were all gone and I was the last man. Going down on one knee I pulled a blanket up on his chest, for he had already been partly covered with it, and he asked me what day it was. I answered, stumbling a little with the words, "I don't know, but maybe it is Thursday." He seemed satisfied with that, because he didn't say anything more, but just continued to look at me in a way I didn't understand just then, but which is the way death looks at you when it is in a man who is being dragged relentlessly and helplessly into the grave.

3

So we had our wine and we found potatoes in a house and these we cut and sliced into a frying pan in the kitchen, and chucking the stove full of wood, soon had a healthy fire and over it our pan of potatoes, which are good most any way, but best fried when you have not had potatoes for a long time. Our lard had a questionable source, specked with flakes of wood and earth as it was, but such a thing is not noticeable when it is in a pan with fried potatoes. No one spoke of Carl or Louis, but we laughed and sang a song or two. Nor did anyone speak of the Indian still lying on the road. For these things you do not speak of, nor hardly think of, when you have wine and potatoes, even if all you have is wine and potatoes, and nothing else, even though they are not a tasty combination, but only what is on hand. And the men were coming in with their souvenirs from time to time to show them around, a dress sword, a scarlet cap, a picture postcard album, a set of delicately carved goblets unearthed in some corner of a basement, a silver-headed cane, all of which they knew they would have to throw down again when we moved out of the town: All except the silver-headed cane perhaps.

Mike said the captain wanted me, which was Mike's way of saying that the captain wanted a man and I was the man, and that is how I happened to be returning later on from the battalion headquarters to which I had carried the captain's message, and where I learned how Louis had died. The headquarters was for the time in a shallow cave on the hillside below the town, a perfectly safe place, and an ideal one, for it had space enough for a dozen men. It lay halfway down a path that branched from the road that ran across the top of the hill, one end of which lost itself among the hills to the west and the other wound into the town that was now ours. It was the same road we had come in on, where we had passed The Chief, and where the others lay quietly beneath their blankets in the warm sun.

Going back to headquarters then, I passed the Indian for the second time. But this time he did not speak, but only turned his head slowly and looked at me again in that tired, deathly way. Nor did I speak, because I had not found out what day it was, and that was what he had asked me before. So I went on and delivered my message, which was that the town had been secured and outposts were in effect, and we would set up a roadblock before nightfall. The colonel said there was no message in return, except that he would be there himself as soon as matters with the weapons company had been detailed. He asked in which building company headquarters was, and after I had told him that, I started up the path.

Fifteen minutes can be a quarter of an hour, and again it can be hundreds of seconds. It is a quarter of an hour when you are having wine and potatoes and showing souvenirs with a roof over your head, but it is hundreds of seconds when you are waiting in your hole during the shelling, and counting every one that comes in or goes over or plops with a lifeless sound, a dud. It is hundreds of seconds when you are going up a road into something you cannot see. I imagine it is always hundreds of seconds when you are dying.

The Chief had died in the fifteen minutes it took me to go down and back up the hill path. His blanket was still to the point where I had pulled it the first time I came by, but his eyes were staring madly and his mouth was open, showing his stained teeth, and a dozen blue flies were crawling on his tongue. More were buzzing and darting at his face, and I waved my hand to chase them off, then pulled the blanket over his face.

It was only a little further along that stretch of road that I met the farmer with the chunk of meat, and then I was back in the town, had made my

report to the captain, and had gone in search of more wine because someone had taken the bottle that was mine behind a bucket in the corner. We started on the roadblock as the evening began, and we dug our holes methodically, but with care because we would stay there all night. Mike and I dug together and he had brought a light machine gun up to the position, which we set up to face down the left fork of the road, another gun being trained to fire on the right fork, and a bazooka ready to fire either way. We camouflaged our work, drank again of what wine we had brought with us, and having been assigned our watches in one-hour shifts, lay down to sleep. The enemy did not try to come back into the town, and it was a good thing. Mike was on first watch and he fell asleep, and tired and drugged with wine we all slept the night through.

4

I HAD meant to ask Mike what day it was. There always seemed to be the question of the days in the week and no one could keep track of them. I remembered that once it had been Friday and the word was passed around that Father Whalen was coming up the next day. So he came up and it was Sunday, and what became of Saturday we asked among ourselves. No one could say about Saturday. Even Father Whalen said he didn't know, but he would ask someone when he got back, because it had seemed a short week. So Saturday was gone in that week, and in another week it was Tuesday that was missing, and in another both Tuesday and Wednesday. But the days were not the only things missing.

When you speak to a man who is dying, and you perhaps smile at him and cover his chest with a blanket, then go into a house with a roof on it and there drink wine and eat potatoes, something is also missing. In every man this thing is missing, for stumbling along they have all, nearly a hundred during the day, gone past a man who is alive, and going past have thought no more about it, until he lay on the road long enough to die. Any one of you could have saved the life of The Chief, but not being on the road for that purpose you push on to the town, for the coin has been inserted and the handle turned and what comes out is your getting to the town and making it secure. Nothing else comes out and only a bullet or a shell can break the machine and prevent it from securing the town. If a man dies because you have secured a town and the wine and potatoes that go with it, is it your fault? The coin in the cigarette machine

will not also secure a candy bar to be eaten after the cigarette has been smoked.

And for your defense you make this excuse, that with a town to be secured and a house to be occupied and a message to be delivered, you cannot be everywhere at once, cannot be doing everything. You can tell this to yourself and, when you find it gets weaker with each telling, you can bolster yourself by telling it to others. But they will only say, "So what," as if they do not know what you are talking about, because they have been fed on wine and potatoes and have gone beyond the town and are now looking up another hillside.

Lying along the paths and the road, and once in a while in the brush where they had fallen, were the others of the night attack, each one with a blanket drawn over him. And there were yet others, in green uniforms, ones without blankets, and fewer of them also, and they would be buried by our men later with *Karl* or *Ludwig* or *Josef* over them. For them we could not spare blankets, but would rather look into their stiff and sallow faces and curse them because they were who they were. But you do not like to look into the face of a friend who cannot look in return, so you must cover his face, and also his body, and make him comfortable until the burial detail comes with sacks and trucks to carry your friends away. And if they are a few days in coming, you do not want them to find your friends looking ugly and green, with their arms rigid, their lips drawn back over their gums, and their sad eyes gone back into their heads, and covered up they do not look this way. So finding them, the men of the detail will say that here was fought another battle, and here lie the brave men who fought it, resting beneath their blankets.

But let them find the enemy, and if he is staring purple and green all at once, you do not care, for it is only when the stench of him has become unbearable that he is worth covering. And sometimes then it is easier to move to another position, where you cannot see and smell him, but from which you may return to his side and see that he gets greener, and you say it is good for him, the dirty Kraut.

5

THERE were three days of hill fighting that followed before we took a holding position below the river. The attack had slowed down all along the front, and we were now to wait until some higher echelon would decide for us what was best to do, and feeling the coin register, we would do it.

Each night we crossed the hilltop and went to our

positions of defense, carrying with us two machine guns, and every man his rifle or carbine or pistol, and each morning just before daybreak we left those positions and returned to the holes we had dug on the near slope of the hill. We slept in the daytime, sometimes in the holes and sometimes beside a haystack in the shade, and we had time to write letters again, and it was decided that the first day should be Monday, and the day following be Tuesday, and so on until we had had seven days, and then we would start over again.

A road ran near us where we were in the daytime, and the cooks found us on the second morning, and there were two wheatcakes for each man and one strip of bacon. There was always water, and not far to go for it, and the wine had been found in the usual places because there were a few simple hillside houses near-by. It was beginning to be more of living, and as the body began to get its rest and the old ways came back to it, the mind also freshened, and we talked of Louis for the first time, because now we could remember him without it interrupting the occupation of a town or the clearance of the enemy from a hill. Also remembered were Paul and Carl, and guesses were made as to when we would see them again. But no one remembered The Chief, except me.

The talk was small, but it was what belonged to us, and it died down only when we became tired again and lay down by the haystack or in our holes to sleep, and when we went out on the forward side of the hill after dark. Out there we didn't talk, but two in a hole, slept and watched one at a time. And if we were both awake the time was passed one watching and the other digging the hole a little deeper, so that after four nights it was a very good and deep hole, and very safe.

But another thing we did at night was think. We didn't want to, but it was that we had to, and we arranged the events just passed, put them in order, one after the other as best we could, reasoned with some, and digested them. Putting them in sequence, we found they were the taking of a number of hills, and a mountain then, and the crossing of a valley at dawn. Beyond that it was a series of hills again, our town with the wine and potatoes, then more hills until we were now below the river and wondering when we would cross it and start up the hills on the far side, where already we could see our shells landing and the fires they left burning at night. These were the major things, then, the names and numbers that would go into the histories and be charted as advances of the campaign. And through them were interwoven, sometimes tangled, the death of Louis, Paul hung

by his crotch in the tree, Carl screaming on the ground, the Indian by the roadside, the other bodies on the paths we took, the thirst and the hunger and the fear. But these things would not go into the histories, nor can they be charted.

It was on the fifth night that Mike left the hole and walked away. There were fires burning in three sections of the enemy ground, making rings of light on the far hills, and the moon was up, and it was not a night made for fighting. Except for the occasional rumble of artillery in the hills, and now and then a shot along the river, there was only the sound of men digging deeper into the ground, a little at a time, for the night is long and it passes slowly. I was asleep when Mike left our hole, and only when another man woke me to ask where Mike was, did I know he was gone. But I remembered that he had often spoken quietly of how close we were to the enemy, at least how close it seemed at night when we could see the fires, and occasionally the flash of their artillery, and once we heard the rumble of their trucks. And he spoke also of how tired he was, when would it all be over, and must there always be another objective ahead. And so he went out in the night and we saw him no more. The next day, in the afternoon, we were relieved at our positions and the fighting was over for a while, and we began to move out slowly to the rear.

If it was a straw upon a straw upon a straw that crippled the camel, just so numerous little things coming to you in the night, little things returning, will cripple you. No one can say just what moment of what day you begin to wonder more about yourself than about the others, the time that you are not sure of anything. The time that you are about to date a letter Monday and a friend says it is Wednesday and you put down Wednesday, because, though you are not sure it is Wednesday, you are less sure that it is Monday. The crack in the dike widens and through it tumble the little things one after the other until they break loose. And when they begin to overflow, when you can no longer hold them in check, you are apt to get up from your hole and go away and not be seen again. Or suddenly you may scream and remember nothing. And later, when you are rested, they will tell you that you thrashed about so, it was necessary for six men to carry you to the aid station, and you were babbling when they left you there. But you do not remember that it hurt any, for the weariness and the horror and the stagnation of the mind had suddenly turned to unconsciousness.

This will go on, it will follow you and sometimes

possess you so at night that you must get up from your bed and walk by yourself, and fight this thing by yourself, and keep the straws from burdening the camel, the flood from crumbling the dike. And because others cannot understand, they wonder about you, and you must go on alone. Because the days of fighting are over, the days of man killing man, the days of hunting — because those days are over, the extraordinary love of friends has passed also and you are alone. Because the days of staring at the dead faces, of waiting in the wet holes of the earth, the days of thirst and hunger, the days of fear — because those days are ended, they would expect that it is all ended.

But it cannot end for you, nor can you make it clear to them why it cannot end, and the burden is yours alone, and you must only hope that it does not grow too great. That the men walking out into the night do not call to you, that the man writhing on the ground does not stare with mad eyes, that the bodies beneath the blankets do not entrust themselves to you, that the days do not once again lose themselves, and falling, stumbling, wearing away into nothingness, carry you with them into insanity, or, withering slowly yet absolutely, lead you over the brink, into the deep abyss of escape, into the final flight from torture that is death.

JOURNEY FOR A CHILD

by CAPTAIN SIEGMUND A. E. BETZ

INTO the cool, fragrant cellar,
 Into the storage bin for fruit and wine,
 To the rich dampness,
 To the old things lying in bushel baskets,
 To the haunted corners covered with a velvet cloth of dust
 Every child must go,
 To search out the treasure of fear.
 This, once found, he holds like a jewel
 And never loses.
 It is an amulet in his pocket.
 It flashes red and green by railroad tracks.
 It puts a spell of hatred on policemen.
 It writes its holy laws in flying regulations,
 And it makes a man distrust his wife,
 Flavors with gall his finest liquor,
 And calls him from dreams
 To balance his checkbook just once more.

Sometimes a man thunder-washed by bursting shrapnel
 Feels in his pocket, and the stone is gone.
 A man in an airplane exultantly watching the lightning
 Fall like glowing brass about him
 Just beneath the thundercloud —
 Or a man whose brain and breath are twisted sharp
 By the sudden sight of a woman's face —
 May forget it.

But all men sometimes reach for coins
 To pay a subway fare.
 And in the silver jingle of their pockets
 Always that bit of ancient hard black flint is there.

THE DIAMOND AGE OF LECTURING

by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

1

I HAVE never been a professional club and forum lecturer, although for some years I made brief but very extensive tours throughout the country under the sponsorship of a lecture agency. The purpose of these tours was not primarily financial. I had never lived far from the smell of Atlantic tidewater, and it did me good to get West and South — to listen to the talk in club cars, to wander the streets of Midwestern cities, to read local newspapers, and talk to home-staying characters.

I omit from these benefits the inevitable entertaining, which is the lecturer's most fatiguing chore, although some of this hospitality was very rewarding and led on to friendship. And I was never one of those neurotic talkers who refuse food and drink, and even talk, until they have put their show on the stage.

Only twice have I undertaken large adventures with the spoken word: in 1923, at a University of California Summer School in a new environment with subtly different ideas about; in 1945, on a government wartime mission to Australia and New Zealand. In both instances, and particularly the latter, I got at least as much as I gave, and the financial considerations were negligible.

Therefore I speak impartially when I say that literary lecturing in America has never had its due in histories of literature and education. I do not mean, of course, university lecturing to students, which is part of an educational system, and obligatory whether it is brilliant and meaty, or meaty and dull. Nor professional entertaining such as Mark Twain was master of, and also that generous

and enthusiastic personality "Billy" Phelps, my old teacher and friend, in his mellow, loose-shod later days. I mean lecturing on literature, art, music, drama, foreign affairs, or what have you, which is definitely intended as adult education for those characteristically American groupings who wish to be knowledgeable without taking too much trouble about it. A whole literature of satire in pictures or in print has been directed against these organizations. Let the fun go on. I could add items of my own, as of the chairman of the literary committee of a vast woman's club in Ohio, who said to me as I arrived, "You was here before, wasn't you?" To which I was happily inspired to reply, "Yes, I were." I shared the stage that day with a dancer, who (quite rightly) gave more pleasure than my heavy-going lecture on criticism.

Yet the writer of a memoir who takes American culture seriously must counter this satire with questions that are also serious. After all, these audiences, voluntarily assembled (which have no parallel elsewhere unless, and under very different conditions, in Russia), are often much more significant than the lecturer who addresses them. They want the latest word on art or the most durable wisdom in public affairs — cravings so important in a democracy like ours that it is unwise to make fun of their superficiality. I felt often that my audiences came to hear about new books so that they would not have to read them — and have again and again been confronted by the evidence of aroused interest floating back like bread on the waters after many days or years. And I should like to say a word for the "popular" lecturer himself. If all writers of informational books wrote as well as the best "popular" lecturers have to talk, and if all teachers took as much pains to be clear and interesting as the club and platform lecturer has to be, there would be more education in the schools and colleges, and more profitable reading of serious books.

Editor, biographer, and literary critic, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY has known the wear and tear and the exhilaration of lecturing in America and has recognized the zest for self-improvement which brings our huge audiences together. A graduate of Yale who taught English at his Alma Mater, he became Assistant Editor of the *Yale Review* in 1911 and was called to New York to edit the *Saturday Review of Literature* from 1924 to 1936. He has been Chairman of the Board of Judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club since its beginning.

The radio has now restored the eminence of the spoken word, but has not yet equaled the achievements in popular adult education of the itinerant lecturer speaking in person. The very size of the radio makes it like a vast corpse attracting the buzzards of commercialism from the four winds. Its unpaid-for educational programs are too often dull and impossibly placed. Its "talent" is urged to be cheap in tone, following a principle which also guides the proprietors of the moving pictures, and which I believe to be a fallacy: that the public prefers the bad to the good. It is true, of course, that audiences and readers prefer sprightly trash to dull excellence. Nevertheless the radio is better at news than at education.

2

BUT I am writing of the twenties and thirties, not the forties. Those years, for writers and critics and editors, were certainly the Diamond Age of lecturing. Even the academic hierarchies were celebrity-hunting as hard as the intellectual proletariat. The chief difference between the two markets was that the universities sought great rather than notorious names and would accept, from the erudite, "ers" and "uhs," word chokings, and repetitions of things already in print, with a dumb patience of which no woman's club or Rotary luncheon would have been capable. It was not at a university but, I think, in Carnegie Hall that Maeterlinck, then in the bright sunset of his fame, read an address translated into a phonetic English in which he had been coached on his trip over. As he pronounced his script, it sounded like no possible language. "For God's sake," shouted someone in the gallery, "say it in French!"

We had been measurably (in millimeters, not inches) internationalized in the First World War, and there was a coast-to-coast demand in the twenties for foreign lecturers, particularly English men of letters, and Irish and Scotch, whose dialect was sometimes easier to understand. The fees paid were enormous and caused wounding jealousy among the native talent. The English especially had exported their literary men during the war as a shrewd and successful form of propaganda. After the war, although the propaganda ceased, the publicity continued on its own momentum to the great advantage of many a British author whose best market was in the United States.

I remember John Drinkwater, a good poet who made his reputation with a play about Lincoln. He was a good showman as well as a playwright,

and earned his fee (\$750 a lecture, so it was reported) by looking every inch the handsome poet in a fervor. He draped his graceful body over the lecture stand and read from his own poems. It was easy money.

And there was Lord Dunsany from Ireland, the mystic romanticist of the Irish Renaissance, equally famous for his one-act plays and his eccentricities. In no other period would a shy, awkward man, scarcely articulate in speech, have been dragged from his Irish seclusion to earn stage money as a celebrity. I remember a painful evening in New Haven. Dunsany had heeded and hawed unintelligibly to a large audience, then came across the street to a reception prepared for him at our little Elizabethan Club. It was full of gaping undergraduates, who stiffened into silence when Billy Phelps led in the distinguished visitor. For once Billy could think of nothing to say, and it was Lord Dunsany who got in the first word. "I say, this is a little silly: I think I shall go home." And he did, leaving supper, party, and guests to amuse themselves.

The men from overseas made the most money, but if as notable writers they deserved it, as lecturers most of them emphatically did not. The British celebrity as a rule made no attempt to interest his audience. He gave good material, usually in a very bad package, and the hearer could unwrap it himself or go home. Such a brilliant talker in private circles as H. G. Wells could only be described as inept on the stage. Sir Walter Raleigh, that great Oxford scholar, once in my hearing read galley proofs of a book — on the platform to be sure, but apparently speaking only to himself — and the book had been published! Such admirable writers as Harold Nicolson and V. Sackville-West were helpless before an audience. Lecturers should be seen and not heard, except in the front row, was the principle they acted upon.

I think that the idea that large groups of un-intellectual people really wanted to hear what they had to say never occurred to these speakers. Such groups certainly would not in England, so why here? The Americans paid money to look at celebrities, precisely as Oxford undergraduates went to unendurable lectures in order to get a degree. That was what they believed. And if they were famous enough they got away with it — once. Of course there were many notable exceptions among foreign visitors — the Abbé Dimnet, for example, and Julian Huxley.

The reception of our local talent was much more significant than this exploiting of famous names. Books and criticism had become news in the twen-

ties, perhaps for the first time in the United States since the tiny but intelligent Lyceum audiences to which Emerson lectured before the Civil War.

Some of us have forgotten that first great age of American lecturing which took up where the great sermonizers of a previous age left off. Emerson was only one of a legion, but the greatest. Beginning at home, in and near Concord, he extended his tours out through the raw Middle West, where he drove frozen miles by buggy across the prairies, and taught the expatriated New Englanders Transcendentalism and, what was more important, the ideals which were to save the United States from becoming an empire of materialism. That he ate apple pie for breakfast was his passport to democracy. Thoreau, staying closer to home, labored with a poor delivery. As he said, he cleaned up so well behind him that he was seldom asked to come back for another lecture. When he published them, his not too successful addresses on walking and wild apples went round the world in essay form, as did Emerson's.

By 1920 a new national literature in poetry, fiction, and drama had come into being and had aroused that intellectual curiosity which is quite different from interest in notoriety or success. From Texas to Maine, American writers could count upon audiences who wanted to be told why Sinclair Lewis did not like his Middle West, why sex had entered (they meant re-entered) literature, why Americans no longer wrote like Englishmen, why poets now dealt with what had been called unpoetical, and what had happened to the standards taught to them in school by which one judged good literature.

It was impossible to lecture without a question period afterward, which was often more interesting, both to lecturer and audience, than the lecture itself. For the first time in their experience many of these audiences learned that good books, especially American books, were not merely amusement and self-improvement, but more exciting than life itself, since they revealed and interpreted the hidden currents of emotion and half-conscious trends of thought that flowed through whole communities. What the good lecturer did was to create awareness — he did not educate, he did not have to. He led the horse to water, and left him there. Fortunately, in those days the water was good.

And the American lecturers were good also. I would cite Billy Phelps and Will Durant especially in the twenties, and John Mason Brown and the Editor of this magazine in later decades. They

were what I should call penetrative lecturers. By this I do not mean that they were necessarily or usually erudite or profound, but they had that skill of communication which sent the hearer home with an idea, or a fact, or an enthusiasm firmly and usefully planted. It was not a gift so much as a craft, often an art. I remember a vast dinner of some association. I was sitting next to Will Durant, who was warned a few minutes in advance that he would be called upon for some informal remarks. They were informal, but also coherent, pointed, and packed with sense. No wonder, since in those few minutes allowed him he had penciled on the tablecloth between us an elaborate outline of heads and subheads. He never glanced at the outline while he spoke, but it had organized his ideas before he began.

So great was the success of literary lecturing until the ominous approaches of war diverted the public mind from the arts, that the publishers thought they had found a new form of advertising. Every author of a new book was urged to speak at every book fair, woman's club, or men's luncheon that would listen to him. I doubt whether he sold many of his books as a result, although if he was inspiring he undoubtedly sold books of other writers. Seeing and meeting an author seems often to end all curiosity as to what he may have said in his writing. So it was usually the authors' imaginations, not their pocketbooks, that profited, except for the lecturer's fees. They stepped out of their Greenwich Villages, Connecticut farms, editorial chairs, or university libraries and were for brief but inspiring moments face to face, emotion to emotion, with the populace for whom they wrote.

Only those who understand how important the sense of an audience is to a writer can appreciate what it means to see your ideas — your verses if you are a poet — stick visibly like arrows in the minds of actual people whose faces betray the results. The vigor, the confidence, of American writing in the twenties and early thirties must be partly ascribed to a more concrete sense of communication between writer and reader than at any other time since the great decades of the early nineteenth century. Scores of writers never took to the stage, and in many cases that was most fortunate, for they could write better — far better — than they could speak. But the best of these independent spirits were talked about even if they did not talk. Walt Whitman's line, though still unrealized except in beginnings, became intelligible to many an American writer: —

“To have great poets, there must be great audiences, too.”

MONTANA RAILROAD GANG

by STOYAN CHRISTOWE

I

MY FATHER was angry. I knew that because he took off his cap, blew at it, and put it back on his head. He was a gentle, soft-spoken man. When he was downright angry he blew at his cap. It was a black cap, with a button on top. Like everybody else in the flat, he wore his cap indoors. Some of the men slept with their caps on.

"There's no use arguing, Father," I said. "I've signed up with the railroad gang and I am going."

"And if I should forbid you to go?"

"You can't forbid me. This is a free country."

"It's a free country! Yes. But that doesn't mean a son should have no respect for his father and go contrary to his father's wishes."

"I am going to Montana."

"And that is final?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. I shall go, too."

"On the line?"

"Yes."

"But you think it's unwise to go on the line."

"You don't think so yourself. If it's good for you, then it should be good for me, too."

"Your only reason for wanting to go on the line is because I am going."

"Isn't that a good reason?"

"But I'm not a child. I can look after myself. I am eighteen now."

"I am not coming to look after you. I am coming because it may be better to work on the line than at the Terminal. If it's good enough for you, it should be good enough for me too."

"But I — I don't want you to come."

"I don't want you to go, either. But you're going. You said this was a free country. If you can do as you please, why can't I? I am not going with you. I am going with the gang."

Nothing more was said.

Chris, the straw boss-interpreter, set the fourteenth of March as the day of the gang's departure for Montana. Chris had arrived in St. Louis from St. Paul around the middle of February. He was sent by the Great Northern Railway to gather a large gang for the Montana Division of that line. With an array of "self-writing" pens and pencils in his vest pockets, and a notebook, he went around signing up people.

Men who worked in factories and foundries, in steel mills, packing houses, and roundhouses, gave up their jobs and signed up with him. It was not entirely the prospect of money that made them do it. Some of them, especially the younger ones, made as much as three and four dollars a day as chippers and coremakers in the steel mills, while the pay on the railroad would be much less. It was more the release, perhaps, from these heavy, sweaty tasks, the getting away from soot and grime and smoke and ashes and grease, that made them sign up for Montana.

With some it was the distant sorcery of the West, the freedom and mobility, the great regions beyond. They had come four thousand miles from the hearthside to where they were, and they would go still another thousand miles or more in their search for America.

Chris made no extravagant promises about wages, living conditions, or special privileges. He said that of all Northwestern railroads the Great Northern was the largest and had the best reputation for "treating good" its employees. He was a good-hearted, well-meaning man, for although he was endangering his own position as straw boss-interpreter he signed up some who could — as the say-

A native of Macedonia now in his forty-ninth year, STOYAN CHRISTOWE became an American citizen in 1924. He covered the Balkans for the *Chicago Daily News* in 1927 and 1928, and from 1942 to 1944 he served as Adviser on Balkan Affairs for our Military Intelligence. This is the second of two installments from *My American Pilgrimage*, the story of Mr. Christowe's first five years in America, which will appear this month as an Atlantic-Little, Brown book.

ing goes — buy and sell him when it came to knowledge of the English language, or knowledge of any kind, for that matter. He turned down no one. He did not bat an eyelash when Vasil, who had a reputation as an “agitator” and a “gang-buster,” proffered his five-dollar shipping fee.

As our train glided out of the shed and twisted through the yards, the coal chutes, ashpits, round-houses revolved into the background. Some of our people who worked in the yards stood on the tracks, in their greasy overalls, their mummery faces grinning as they waved to us. Once I had stood there like that, watching the trains and wishing I were on them to be traveling through America. That seemed remote now, like something from a dimly remembered past. Already things that had happened to me in America were forming a past, a history and a background.

The train rumbled over an iron bridge and the noise drowned the chatter of the Balkanians. I kept my face to the window. A sudden deafening roar, galelike, blasted in my ears and my view was blocked by another passenger train going in the opposite direction. The train on which I was went ahead, carrying me forward into a new life.

But I turned my face from the window and there, beside me, was my old life. My father was asleep, the old cap on his head. True, my father was going with me and not I with my father, but the ponderous watch chain at his vest seemed tied to my own neck as much as it was to that old Turkish watch, bulging in his vest pocket, ticking away the old life. And that wasn't all. I was riding in an American train, going across the heart of America — but as a member of a Balkan community-on-wheels, as one of a hundred people who held their nationality in the palms of their hands, like old coins. In the three coaches set aside for the gang, the talk, the music, the memories were Balkan. The Old Country was quarantined here, and I was of it.

Occasionally my father would wake and lean over to the window. For a minute or two his sleepy eyes would gaze listlessly at white farmhouses, cathedral-like red barns with cupolas on their roofs, and circular towers, like campaniles, attached to them. He would shake his bewildered head and close his eyes again. I knew he was unhappy, and it hurt me.

Yet I had only to look out the window at the fields and farmhouses and the clumps of trees rotating backward to regain my sense of separation and forward motion. Broad, flat earth rolled away with American prodigality. And my being yearned to be one with it. Small towns whirled past. A little depot with the name of the town beneath the gable would revolve away, to be succeeded by a factory chim-

ney spinning after it, then a white church spire, a red-brick schoolhouse with a façade of rectangular windows. And then again rolling, spreading earth, boundless, unhedged.

2

THE hundred men, strung upon the line, appeared like a tribe of pigmies lost in a glacial region and trying to bore their way out of it into a habitable world. With puny bodies, cumbrous in heavy wraps, and with steel implements, we defied the skin-cracking cold which gripped the plain. There was nothing tame or gentle about this Montana country. It was one vast desolation. The snow was not deep, for blades of last year's grass stuck above it. But the cold was all-pervading.

The track ahead was but a thin stripe upon the earth's white expanse. And upon this band of steel the hundred men, like animated tumbleweeds, bent and twisted, bored and scratched. Upon the white bosom of American earth we engraved a necklace of steel — set in tie plates, clasped with bolts and angle bars, brocaded with spikes. And there it lay secured to the earth, immovable.

I had always thought that the building of a railway was a complicated business, as mysterious as the building of a steamboat or a locomotive. And I had believed that we would be carrying the steel while others — Americans — would be doing the skillful work. Now a hundred erstwhile plowmen and shepherds tore off the old track and built it anew as fast as they tore it up, and the whole thing struck me as too simple to be true. There was the feeling in me that the hundred men, adults though they were, were just children pretending to be building a railway, over which maybe a toy train could pass, but no real one.

There was not an engineer in sight, nor an American, to lend credence to this thing, to impute reality to what was being done. The boss was an Irishman with the fantastic name of Pat — just Pat. Could a man named Pat build a railway? Besides, Pat did nothing anyway. Wrapped in a bearskin cloak which reached to his galoshes, and with a beehive fur hat upon his head, he walked up and down the track, from the claw bars to the spike malls, doing nothing, saying nothing.

Around eleven o'clock, when some sixty or seventy new rails had been strung upon the line, Pat called a stop. The men lay huddled like a flock of sheep while Pat and Chris took over the business of the temporary closing of the track, which, like the whole process of laying steel, turned out to be a simple matter. The connection was accomplished

with a switchpoint, the truncated end of which was joined to the nearest new rail and the bladelikey point spliced against the old outcurving rail ahead.

Since the track had been opened in the morning this was the first chance I had to see Vasil, who was on a spiking team in the rear. The sight of him now lent some credence to the reality of the railway we were building.

"Is this all there is to building a railway, Vasil?"

"It's simple enough here in a straight line but gets plenty complicated on curves, bridges, and switches."

"Why did we close up?"

"I think for the *Fast Mail*. That's the train which carries the U.S. mail from St. Paul to Seattle. It's the fastest train on the line. If Pat stopped it for one minute we'd have a new boss tomorrow morning. Freight trains you can hold."

"So a train will pass over this track we just built?"

"And how."

"Why is it forbidden to hold the *Fast Mail*?"

"Because it costs the Great Northern one thousand dollars for every minute the *Fast Mail* is late getting into Seattle. It's in the contract. It comes cheaper to the company for us to wait a whole day than for the *Fast Mail* to be one minute behind schedule. Nobody can hold the *Fast Mail*."

Chris and Pat walked up and down the track. The ground wind, which had winnowed the snow, had died down, and the plain, as if in hushed expectation of the *Fast Mail*, lay in frozen quietude. Only the telephone wires moaned continuously.

"We're getting paid for doing nothing," I remarked.

"It's the only rest we get," replied Vasil. "Except when we come to switches and the Irishman will be scratching his head to figure out the position of the frog and the head block. But switches here are far apart. In summertime there'll be more trains — stock trains, fruit trains, specials. Stock trains you don't hold either. They're as important as the fastest passenger trains. The animals lose weight in travel and the faster you get them to the Chicago stockyards the more money they bring."

The things this Vasil knew!

Pat's thin voice announced the approach of the train. "Here she comes. Everybody up now."

The men stirred, picking up their tools as they stood up. I looked up ahead to the east. And there, where the track vanished, a bundle of black smoke was visible. That and nothing else. But that was the *Fast Mail*. That patch of black smoke on the steel-gray horizon began to rouse the plain. We could detect a faint sound emitted by the rails.

By and by the bundle of smoke assumed the shape of an inverted cone, with its apex spinning on the edge of the plain. And soon I saw the engine, a black point upon the rim of the horizon. There was now a distinct vibration upon the rails, with the emission of an occasional sound as when you pick at an overstretched wire.

The men, holding claw bars, line bars, line wrenches, spike mallets, adzes, tongs, and standing upon the embankment, looked like an armed savage tribe watching a vessel steam up to the shore of their island. The approaching train seemed the only living thing upon this broad expanse of lifelessness. I watched the locomotive grow bigger and bigger as it left more and more of the plain behind it. With reduced speed, the locomotive rolled on, the head of it rearing higher and higher.

Pat stood in the middle of the track signaling to the engineer to continue on with caution. Two short blows of the whistle acknowledged Pat's signal and he stepped out onto the embankment.

The engine appeared immense. Its cowcatcher was sculptured in ice, but its stack belched smoke, for there was a fire in the heart of the engine which no cold could stifle. And as long as the wheels stayed on the rails, the engine was a mighty power. It moved on, its wheels rolling with earth-shaking ponderosity. The pistons shuttled like gigantic arms bending at the elbow to propel the wheels.

The locomotive was still over old track, and the wheels turned slowly, cautiously, feeling their way, as if suspicious of the new track ahead, laid by us. The engine itself sniffed, scented, its many valves spurting out jets of vapor.

The men withdrew farther down toward the ditch, and I too stepped back with them, but my eyes were on the front wheel, watching it come closer and closer to the point of connection. High up in the cab the engineer had slid open a section of the glass that enclosed him, and his goggled eyes held the rail below like a pair of binoculars.

My heart thumped in my breast as the front wheel turned onto the switchpoint. The next instant it was on the new rail, and then upon the joint which I had made secure with the bolts and the fishplates, and on it rolled, over the new track.

I gave out an involuntary cry and brandished my line wrench like a mace. And then a chorus of a hundred voices waked the plain from its frozen lethargy. There was warmth and cheer in every voice, as if the locomotive were a rescue party from a peopled world come to us forsaken upon the nakedness of a cold and desolate America. The engineer gave out a prolonged, heartening whistle, and the train gathered speed upon the new and firmer track.

I watched the *Fast Mail* disappear into the unknown West, and I felt less alone now, less cold.

"All right, men, rip her up now," Pat yelled in his high-pitched voice.

A new energy seized the workers. The claw bars clamped the spikes with the iron fangs of the bars and jerked them out like frozen worms. The tongmen slung in the new thirty-three-foot rails with the lightness of sticks. I unclasped the metal hooks of my sheepskin-lined coat so as to breathe more freely, and I took off my mittens that I might touch the steel with my bare hands. And then I felt as if a candle were suddenly lit inside me, glowing within me and warming my body. In crowded St. Louis I had never felt so close to America as I did now in this pathless plain. I knew that as I touched the steel, linking one rail to another, I was linking myself to the new country and building my own solid road to a new life.

3

ON a warm sunny June day which had brought the gophers from their holes, the roadmaster dropped a message from the rear platform of the *Skidoo*, and before Pat had had a chance to read it the men began to shout, "We're moving."

"All right, men," Pat announced, "we *are* moving. We close up right away."

It was to be the longest move yet, more than a hundred miles, to the West. Moving was always exciting. It meant an interruption in the monotony of work; it meant riding across new country, to a new camp site, perhaps near a town where there might be a store, or close to the Missouri, in whose muddy waters one could take a bath on Sunday. We moved in the daytime, and as a rule by freight trains, occasionally by a work train. That meant slow going. The men liked it, even if it wasn't comfortable riding, because we got paid the same as if we had been at work on the track.

By four o'clock in the afternoon tools, handcars, pushcar, switchpoint, and other equipment were loaded on the flatcar and the camp was ready to be picked up at a moment's notice. With still two full hours before dinner, the men took advantage of the interval to indulge in hobbies and devote time to their personal appearance at the company's expense. Some took out their musical instruments, some organized card games on the grass flat before the cars, others set down backgammon boards and reclined on the ground. There were two professional barbers and they both set up shop in the open, trimming hair at twenty cents a throw to earn a few extra dollars. The cook was heard to argue with

those who had lined up before the kitchen door with basins for hot water for shaving.

"We need the hot water for the dishes," the cook complained. But he kept filling the basins which were held out to him. "Why do you have to shave? Where do you think you're going, to Great Falls?"

I took soap and towel to the tank to save lugging water in pails to the washstand in the bunk car. I was drying my face when I heard the ring of the gong, an old fishplate hanging at the door of the kitchen. "Is it for dinner?" I asked a man standing in a doorway.

"It's for a meeting, for not to move at night."

All through camp the men were stirring. A score or so were already gathered before one of the dining cars, clustering about Vasil. I climbed into our bunk car, hung the towel on its nail above my bunk, put on a clean shirt, and was ready to go. Then I turned to my father, who was lying down.

"You coming to the meeting, Father?"

"No, I'll just rest. Let them thrash it out."

"Don't you feel good?"

"I don't feel bad." His voice sounded feeble. He had the easiest job in the gang, carrying shims in a two-pound lard pail and holding one at the end of a rail as the next one was set in place by the tongmen. A child could do what he was doing — still, he was perpetually tired.

When I got to the meeting nearly everybody was there. The discussion was under way and I heard a young man say, "Work animals get better treatment."

"Work animals have better sense than some of us." This was said by a dusky fellow with straight, coal-black hair, who was a spiker.

"I never heard of any place where they paid you while you slept," declared an elderly man, who as an adzman did work that was play compared to spiking.

"That's just the point," said Vasil. "You won't sleep. These freight trains average about fifteen miles an hour and that means you'll be banged and bumped all night long. And you should be paid for it."

"That's too bad. Are we made of glass? It's unreasonable to demand pay for lying in your bunk. Whether you sleep or not."

"Here comes Chris," someone said. The straw boss-interpreter was seen coming out of Pat's car.

"Are they going to move us at night?" asked Vasil of Chris.

"We'll be picked up around ten tonight." Chris's straw-colored hair, freshly combed, was wet and stiff. He fingered the gold heads of several pens and pencils in his vest pockets. On hot days he would

remove his jacket, but never his vest, which he would wear unbuttoned.

"What about time?" demanded Vasil.

"Pat's got no authority to give time for night moving."

"Has he asked for authority?"

"There's no use telephoning. The answer will be no. It's the rule."

"The answer may be *yes* if Pat says the gang'll strike."

"Who elected you spokesman for the gang?" Chris jerked out one of the fountain pens from his pocket and waved it at Vasil.

"Nobody did," a thin voice chirped. "He rings the gong on his own. Now he says we'll strike. We've got something to say about that."

"When a worker's not paid for his time, his time's his own," argued Vasil. "And nobody has the right to budge him from his home."

"Don't forget there's wheels and rails under your home," Chris answered. "Your home belongs to the company and the company can move its own property as it pleases."

"That's right," several voices echoed Chris. "That's right."

"That's not right," said Vasil calmly. "We're in the cars, see. And that makes a lot of difference. We're not property, we're human beings; not freight either. Look here, men, for myself I don't care. A dollar one way or another don't make much difference to me."

"It don't to us either."

"All right then, it's not the dollar. It's whether it's right or wrong for workers to be pushed around without compensation. The company owns the cars and the tracks, it's true, but the company don't own us, and shouldn't move us on our own time unless we are willing —"

"We're willing," screeched a short, stumpy man with a solid, cube-shaped body.

"We'll find out who's willing and who's not. We'll take a vote."

"It will do no good," counseled Chris. "We're all for pay. Nobody is against pay. But we can't get it. There's no authority. St. Paul says no pay for night moving."

"We'll not vote for pay," declared Vasil. His words evoked some laughter. And his own face twisted into an ironic smirk.

"What'll we vote for — cucumbers?"

"We'll vote on whether to strike."

"What'll we strike for?"

"For straight time, or time-and-a-half, for night moving."

Many voices spoke up at once: "He's crazy,"

"He's a gang-buster," "He don't give a damn if we all get fired."

Then a single voice was speaking. "We came here to work, not to right wrongs. There's work elsewhere. Whoever don't want to be moved at night he knows what to do."

Then Vasil made a fresh start. "Look here, men. I know we came here to work. I'm not against working. I am a worker. I'm speaking to you as a worker. I'm not urging you to stop work. I am only trying to tell you that when we are not at work our time is our own and we shouldn't let ourselves be pushed around."

There was earnestness in Vasil's voice. If there was anger in him he did not let it go into his voice or into his words: he let it escape through his hands, which worked continually, clenching and unclenching.

I felt Vasil's strong belief in what he was saying. His words, while not tense or loud, rang with conviction. They were like the strokes of his spike mall, precise, compact, well aimed. I saw the hostility in some of the faces, and the cold, steely eyes turned on him. And I could think of nothing to say which would carry any more weight than what Vasil was saying, yet I had a strong urge to add my own voice to his, and once or twice I did open my mouth to say something, but said nothing.

"Who are we, a bunch of Balkanians, to be telling the Chewtobaccos what's right and what's wrong?" someone said. "They really ought to charge us fare for carrying us to this new place of work. Still, if they wefe to do that, I'd say, yes, let's protest. But to ride on a train, just to ride on a train, and demand pay for riding on a train, I never heard of such a thing."

After much argument someone had sense enough to suggest, "It don't cost nothing to vote, so let's do it and stop this wrangling."

"Wait a minute. Why should a whole gang yield to Vasil?" This was said by the Avocat, a law student who had joined the gang wholly for reasons of health.

"You're not yielding to me. We're to ballot and I'll abide by the majority opinion same as anybody else. We're simple people and we wish to settle this matter by the simple method of voting."

"Then we're giving in to you," insisted the Avocat.

For perhaps a whole minute Vasil stood silent. Then he said, "Well, what do you propose?"

"I propose we first take a vote on whether to vote for a strike."

Many people scratched their heads, unable to grasp the fine point.

"I never thought of it in that light," said Vasil.

"Let's do it that way before somebody asks for a vote on the vote whether to vote for a strike. Now understand, men, we're not voting on the question of a strike, but on whether we should vote for a strike. Those in favor of taking a vote for a strike raise your right hand."

All right hands went up, including the Avocat's.

"That settles that. Now we shall vote again, but this time it's whether to strike or not to strike. This will decide it."

"Just a minute," a voice spoke up. "It's not against the law to strike, is it?"

"We have a legal right to strike," assured the Avocat.

"I just wanted to be sure we're not breaking any laws."

"All in favor of striking so as to get time for moving at night raise your right hand," said Vasil.

At least a score of men were counting hands, some inaudibly, some loudly. Thirty-one hands were counted.

"Those against striking raise your right hand."

Fifty-three hands went up.

"Okay, fellows, we move on our own time, without pay."

4

YOU'LL soon get well, Father. You need rest and some good food. I'll go ask the cook if he's got something special."

On a nail above the bunk in which the sick man lay hung his old Turkish watch, with the winding key on the heavy silver chain. The watch looked out of place here in the boxcar but no more so than its owner, lying on his back and staring at the ceiling, his lips dry and cracked.

"I'll soon have no need of food," said my father weakly. "As for rest, that's for God to give."

"You'll get well. And as soon as you're strong enough to travel we'll go back to St. Louis. You shouldn't have come here in the first place. You've got to eat something to give you strength. Now don't worry. I'll be right back."

"I can't eat, my son." The voice was like the voice of a cracked bell.

"Then maybe we should send for a doctor. Pat said he'll send the section foreman with the motorcar to fetch a doctor. There's one in Glasgow. It's only twenty miles."

"To send for a doctor that distance! He'll charge a whole month's wages."

The next day Pat sent the section foreman for the doctor. It was August and a hot sun was beating down upon the roofs of the bunks, overheating the

interiors. Still the sick man felt chilled to the bone. I put his coat over the blankets, and watched his dry forehead for sweat. There was no sweat.

"Pull the covers from my chest, my son."

"Is it too hot for you, Father?"

"Will you please pull the covers down?" He had to stop between words for breath. It was labor for him to speak.

I uncovered his chest.

"Inside the vest, on the lining," he whispered.

On the left side of the vest against the lining there was a patch pocket with a flap over it secured by a small safety pin. I unfastened the pin and took out a wallet, shaped like an ordinary envelope. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes."

"You want me to keep this for you?"

"Listen, my son. Will you send one hundred dollars to my sister Kyra. And say to her that I did not forget her."

"Of course I will."

"That's good, that's good." He rested a moment. And then again in a faint voice, "Will you forgive me — my son — if I've been angry with you — and said things — in my anger — you are a fine son — will you —" The whispering faded.

When the Turkish watch on the wall pointed to half past two I heard the cough of the section foreman's motorcar and went to the door. I climbed down the ladder and started up the bank to meet the doctor, who turned out to be surprisingly young, for a doctor. He could hardly have been thirty, had no beard, no mustaches, and wore a loose-fitting gray suit. The only thing to inspire confidence in him was the little bag he carried, a little black leather bag with a shiny metal clasp.

"I am Doctor Wainer," he said. "Is it your father who's sick?"

"Yes. He's very sick."

The examination was very brief. I stood by quietly, watching the doctor hold my father's wrist a while, take his temperature, and listen to his breathing through a contrivance.

He put the listening contrivance back in his bag and clicked the bag shut. He then carefully pulled up the blankets to cover the sick man's chest and motioned to me to follow him.

Out on the grass he turned and spoke to me. It was as if some mechanism spoke and not a human voice. "You know what pneumonia is?"

I thought a moment. Then my mind supplied the unpronounced letter "p," and I nodded affirmatively.

"How long has he been ill?"

"Four days."

"Why didn't you send for a doctor the first day?"

I made no reply. There was nothing I could say.

"I can't take the responsibility of moving him to a hospital now. It's too late." The doctor spoke without emotion. He was not angry.

For a moment or two both the doctor and I remained silent. And then it was he again who spoke, but still without feeling, without sympathy, without even a tone of impatience in his voice.

"It may not have helped anyway," he said. "There's no resistance."

"Resistance?"

"Yes. Strength. The body has no strength to fight the sickness. Hard work. Bad food."

The doctor's phlegmatism extended even to the matter of his fee. Failing to think of the word fee, and aware of my inability to phrase my question more delicately, I asked, "How much you charge, Doctor?"

"It doesn't much matter. Ten dollars will do."

He took the ten-dollar bill and without bothering to look at it stuck it in a pocket.

"Keep him wrapped up and give him plenty of water. All he can drink." Then he walked up to the waiting motorcar, and the section foreman drove him off.

That night I stayed up till midnight but there was nothing much I could do. My father would not even take a sip of water. His breathing, the only sign that he was alive, was so labored that every time he breathed out I feared he would have no strength to take in sufficient breath to keep him alive.

After the others had gone to bed around ten o'clock, I kept the kerosene lamp on the floor and turned low so that the glare from it might not interfere with their sleep. I myself lay in my bunk, but awake, my whole being tuned to my father's breathing, picking it out from the breathings of the others.

A little after midnight I fell asleep. When I waked, the first thing I listened for was my father's breathing. I tried to separate it from the other respirations as I had done before I had fallen asleep. But I couldn't. I lay there quietly and listened intently, so intently that after perhaps a minute my ear picked up the clean, metallic tick of the old Turkish watch hanging on the wall above my father's bunk. That gave me a momentary reassurance. I could not conceive of that old watch ticking without my father's breathing.

I rose and picked up the lamp from the floor and turned up the wick. I put the lamp up on the narrow folding table between my father's bunk and my own. The flame cast a weak yellow light upon

his face, which looked as if he had fallen into a deep, dreamless sleep. My father was not breathing.

I went over and touched Vasil, who lay asleep in the bunk next to mine. "Vasil," I whispered. "Vasil."

Vasil sat up and stared in the semi-darkness.

"I think my father is dead, Vasil."

"He died?"

"He's not breathing."

"God's been kind to him. Guess we should wake the others."

"Yes."

Slowly and silently the band of men moved across the open plain behind the coffin of rough pine boards borne by a farmer's cart. The farmer on the driver's seat, with his team of horses, alone seemed of this place.

I paced directly behind the cart, Vasil at my side. I was dressed in my brown suit and wore my felt hat and I did not weep. In all the sadness that hovered about me there was deep inside me an unsuspected sense of relief.

I was thinking how different my mother's funeral had been, which I remembered vaguely. The procession here through the treeless plain was unreal and unbelievable. There was something incomplete, unfinal, about my father's death, and about his burial. This was no way to return a man to his eternal resting place. No bell tolled; no priests in vestments swung fuming censers or intoned funeral chants. And there was no avenue lined with tall poplars and cypresses leading to a chapel shaded by ancient oaks and walnut trees.

My mind wandered to the Old Country, to St. Louis, and then would project into the future and would return to the plain, to the coffin. How my father would grieve if he knew that he had become the cause of every man in the gang losing a day's wages in order to bury him.

We carried him to a small burial ground fenced off by barbed wire to keep the cattle from tramping on the few graves. It was a lonely and remote spot, but a more fitting burial place could hardly be found, for scarcely fifty feet away was one of those mesas that rise sheer from the plains, like temples, to heights of two and three hundred feet. No one could be in the shadow of this majestic tableland without being aware of something mysterious and supernatural dwelling within its terraced sides. The group gathered about the coffin, now set on the ground, was not impervious to the mystical spell which emanated from this natural monument. That in itself seemed to make up, in some measure, for the lack of religious rites.

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

MRS. MIKE

The Story of Katherine Mary Flannigan

by BENEDICT and NANCY FREEDMAN

SUMMARY. — In the spring of 1907, Katherine Mary O'Fallon of Boston was shipped out to her uncle's cattle ranch in Alberta. Kathy at sixteen had weak lungs and the doctor had prescribed a cold, dry climate. White girls were scarce in that untamed country, but Kathy had eyes only for Sergeant Mike Flannigan, a handsome red-coated Mountie, and soon she was traveling into the North with him as Mrs. Mike.

When Kathy's first child, Mary Aroon, was born, the young mother turned to the Indian women for help. She came to depend upon Mamanowatum (Oh-Be-Joyful), an attractive Cree maiden whom she had taken into the household despite the warning that the girl was in love with a wild young trapper, Jonathan Forquet. Jonathan and another Indian, Cardinal, were having a deadly feud over trap-robbing.

This is the third and final installment. In the short time at its disposal the *Atlantic* has been fortunate in serializing approximately half of this novel, which is being published by Coward-McCann and is the March selection of the Literary Guild.

26

ONE day I saw a strange Indian sitting on my porch. He stood up when he saw me. "Sergeant Mike?"

"He's not here."

"Big trouble. Must find."

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"Must find Sergeant Mike quick."

I saw there was nothing more to be got out of this fellow, so I gave in. "He's at the Reserve. I'll take you."

"Me find." He walked down the steps.

"I'm going with you," I said firmly. And then as we walked along, "Where are you from?"

He pointed in a northerly direction.

"What tribe?"

"Blackfeet."

"Sergeant Mike has no authority over the people of the Blackfeet. You must have a sergeant of your own."

The man grunted. I thought awhile. We had heard that there was smallpox among some of the tribes. In fact, today Mike was vaccinating our whole Reserve. "Have you sickness?" I asked.

"No sickness," the Indian replied.

He's probably lying, I thought. They've sent him for help, and he's afraid to tell me. Well, if it was sickness, Mike wasn't going. I wouldn't let him.

"Sergeant Mike's not a doctor," I said. The Indian said nothing.

We walked in an unfriendly silence to the Reserve. I noticed, as we approached, that the village was awfully quiet. There were no children playing in front of the tepees. There were no old men squatting in the doorways smoking. No women's voices calling, laughing. No sound of loom or kettle, nothing. It was a dead village.

I looked into the tepees, throwing back the heavy entrance skins. Nothing, no one. But things looked natural, as though they had been left but a moment before. The fires were not out, needlework was left upon the floor, dogs bristled and growled at us. I opened the doors of the cabins, but again everything was deserted.

The Indian peered over my shoulder. He fingered the charm pouch around his neck, and his eyes rolled nervously. He must have thought the entire tribe had been spirited away by Gitche Manito. I simply didn't know what to think.

Suddenly I heard a welcome sound. A baby was crying. The noise that came from somewhere in front of us was not a spirit wail, but the wail of a very real human baby, bawling at the top of its lungs. I turned toward the sound, into the woods; and there, behind the last tepee, was Mike. Beside him sat the crying baby, and in front of them was the mother.

Between Mike and the young mother was a large jagged boulder. Mike was talking to the woman, and as he talked he slowly circled the boulder

toward her, and she just as slowly circled away from him. All the while Mike kept up a steady, one-sided conversation. The woman stared at him with large black eyes, not at his face, but at his hands. I looked too and saw that in one hand he held a small glass tube and a piece of cotton. In the other he clutched a shining scalpel which he pointed straight at the young woman. I didn't blame her for backing away, and I didn't blame her for not listening to Mike's soft words.

"It won't hurt," he was saying. "It won't hurt you at all. It's good medicine."

I called to him.

"Kathy," he said, coming toward me, "what are you doing here?" And then excitedly, "Darling, I'm so glad you've come."

"Why?" I asked suspiciously.

"Why, now I can vaccinate you, and they'll see there's nothing to it."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you, Mike, but you see I've already been vaccinated."

"Oh." And then his face brightened. "How long ago?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. Why?"

"If it's more than seven years, you need a new vaccination," and he started uncorking that little glass vial.

"Oh, no," I said hurriedly. "It wasn't that long ago. It was just recently. Just before I came out to Uncle John's."

"I thought you didn't remember when it was."

"Well," I said, "I remember now."

Mike put the cork back grudgingly, then his eye lighted on the Blackfoot. He smiled at him ingratiatingly.

"Now, there's nothing to this, nothing at all."

"Mike," I said, "you can't. He's not your Indian. I mean, he's a Blackfoot."

The word caught Mike's attention and the Indian was saved.

The conversation that took place between them I couldn't follow. It was in a dialect I didn't understand. And then I caught a word that meant something to me. The word was "Cardinal," and what it meant was trouble.

Mike put an arm around me. "Well, Kathy, I'll be leaving as soon as we can get me packed up."

"But why?" I said, hanging onto him. "Is it on account of that Cardinal?"

"Yes." Mike started packing up the vials.

"What's he done now?"

"Same thing."

We started back through the still-deserted village, the Indian following us.

"Trap-robbing?" I asked.

"Yes. A refinement of it. He substitutes poor fur for good."

"Are you going to arrest him?"

"Yes. This time I've got all the evidence I need against him."

"But why can't Constable Cameron arrest him?"

"He's got to stay here and vaccinate these people." There was grim satisfaction in Mike's voice. "If he can."

"I don't see why you don't finish vaccinating and let Cameron bring him in."

"Because," said Mike, "if I were betting on who'd outsmart who, I'd bet on Cardinal."

I agreed with Mike, although I didn't say so.

When we got to the house, Oh-Be-Joyful fed the Blackfoot while I got Mike's supplies together. Tins of beef and tea and another pair of mittens, an extra buffalo robe, for he was going into the Far North.

I walked out front and watched Mike strap the things to his horse.

"When will you be back, Mike?"

Mike cursed under his breath at a slip knot that for some reason didn't slip. "Two months, Kathy, for sure."

I reached out a hand and steadied myself against the porch rail. "I'll put in a few more tins," I said and went into the house.

Oh-Be-Joyful was washing dishes in the kitchen, so I closed the door of the storage room behind me. I looked up at the rows of cans, but the bright labels blurred and swam in muddy colors before my eyes. I leaned my head against the edge of the shelf and cried silently.

"Kathy!" It was Mike calling. I rubbed my tears away and took a deep breath before I answered him.

"Here I am," I called, "in the pantry."

He opened the door. "What are you doing in here, kitten?"

"Getting more food. It would be awful if you ran short."

"Darling —"

"Yes, Mike?"

He reached out his arms to me. When he was through kissing me, I still stayed there with my head against the red of his jacket.

"Kathy, if you don't want me to go, I won't."

I reached up my arms and slid them around his neck. "No, I don't trust Cameron to bring him in. You have to do it yourself, Mike."

Mike held me very tight. "Kathy."

"Of course," I said. "You're his superior. If he fails, the blame is on you."

"Remember the other time, Kathy?" He was speaking very softly, his lips against my hair. "Remember I promised you you wouldn't have the baby on the trail?"

I nodded.

"Well, I'm going to promise you something this time. I'll be back. If I wasn't sure that I would be, nothing could drag me away from you now, understand?"

"Oh, Mike."

"In the meantime, Oh-Be-Joyful will be with you. And in case you or Mary Aroon is sick, there's always Sarah, thank God. We've good friends here, Kathy. Don't be afraid to go to them."

"Mike, it's just you I'm worrying about. Be careful."

"Listen, girl. Don't come out. It's no good standing and watching a man ride off."

I was glad Mike said that because I hated the idea of seeing him swallowed up by the outdoors. I closed my eyes and lifted my face.

His mouth was warm and rough and wonderful. Then he pushed me away from him, looked at me, and drew me back again by the shoulders. This time he gave me a big brother hug that meant, "Be good, minx, take care of yourself."

He smiled at me with those blue eyes and ruffled my hair with those big hands. Then the pantry door banged to, and I was alone.

27

MIKE kept his promise. He was back in six weeks, with Cardinal riding beside him, the same dirty yellow handkerchief knotted around his neck.

That first evening I fed Mike a big dinner. After such a trip I felt that even our criminal deserved a real meal, so I sent Constable Cameron over to the jail with a supper for Cardinal.

Mike sat in the armchair with Mary Aroon on his lap. I curled up on a buffalo robe with my head on his knee. Mary Aroon began to laugh, for Mike was making shadow pictures on the wall for her. He made a rabbit that wiggled its ears, and he made a billy goat that wiggled its long beard.

"Tell me how it was, Mike."

"How what was?" And he made a little old woman with a pack on her back.

"About how you captured him," I said.

"Oh, that. I just went up to his shack."

"Did you have to do any fighting or shooting?"

"No; he saw me coming and beat it. But he

didn't go far. I heard him walking around the cabin that night. And in the morning I saw the tracks he'd made. There was still a thin layer of snow up there. Well, there was a night and two whole days that he stayed out with no food and no blanket. But the second night he called to me through the window."

"What did he say?"

"He said if I didn't go away he was going to shoot me and then burn down the house. I asked him, 'What about the buttons?' And he yelled in, 'What about them?'"

"Well," I said, "they won't burn, and if there's a button left, or a tooth, or any part of a bone, you'll hang. Because everybody in Grouard knows I came to bring you in."

"He didn't say anything, so I figured he was thinking that over. I fanned up the fire nice and bright and put on a kettle of tea. As I did it, I was thinking what a good target I made. When the water started boiling, I walked out on the porch and looked into the darkness where he'd been talking. I couldn't see a thing, but I talked as though he was right close by that first pine. 'Come on in, Cardinal, and have some tea. We'll talk it over.' And he did. He stepped out from behind that pine."

"You're right, Sergeant, about those damn buttons," he said.

"So we had tea and after a while dinner, and then sat around the rest of the evening. That's all. In the morning we started home."

Mike stood up and lifted Mary Aroon into the air. "Now you're flying," he said.

Just then the door burst open, and Cameron stumbled in.

"He's dead!"

The shout brought Oh-Be-Joyful from the kitchen. We all stared at the man.

"Murdered! There's a hunting knife stuck clear through his throat."

"Just a minute," Mike said. "Who's dead?"

"Cardinal. That's what I'm telling you. I walked down there with his dinner, and he's sitting on the bench with his head thrown back against the bars. I thought he was sleeping. But when I got close, I see he's been stuck right through the throat. What a mess! And the knife still in him."

Mike got into his jacket. "You said it was a hunting knife. Have you ever seen it before? Do you know whose it is?"

"It's got Jonathan Forquet all over it, plain as though it was written."

"What do you mean?"

"The handle's all carved up. A whole hunting scene winding along. It's Jonathan's work, all right. You know he can't keep from whittling. He cuts designs in everything he owns."

Mike opened the door. "Come on, we'll take a look at things."

Oh-Be-Joyful continued to stare at nothing long after they had gone.

"Jonathan didn't do it," I said. "He wouldn't kill a defenseless man." But I knew that by tribal law Jonathan had the right. "Besides, he's too clever to leave his knife there." But at the same time I thought: Isn't that just like Jonathan to boast silently with a knife, to leave it as a taunt?

Oh-Be-Joyful said suddenly, "When they bring the knife, it will be Jonathan's."

When Mike and Cameron returned, Jonathan walked between them. The three men entered without a word. Mike took off his jacket and flung it over a chair.

"Well," he said, "it's got to be talked out."

"You've got it," Cameron said.

Mike reached into his pocket and brought out a carefully wrapped object. He held the paper by a loose edge, and the weight of the knife brought it tumbling out of the wrapping onto the table. I stared at it. The blade was clean now, but a dark spot stained the head of the stag that ran around the handle.

"Oh-Be-Joyful," Cameron said, "look at the knife."

Mike said, "I think Jonathan will answer any questions about the knife himself." And turning to the boy, he asked, "Is it yours?"

Jonathan did not hesitate. "Yes," he said.

Mike said, after a pause, "Sometimes you make knives to sell, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Is this one of those?"

Jonathan regarded us with that crooked smile.

"No," he said. "It is mine."

"Has it been constantly in your possession?"

"You think I kill Cardinal?"

"I don't know. Somehow I don't think you'd do it that way."

"Why wouldn't he?" Cameron asked.

"My hunch is all the other way." Mike was watching Jonathan closely.

"In fact, if you tell me you didn't do it, I'll release you and look elsewhere." Mike paused, but Jonathan said nothing. "Otherwise I'll have to hold you on a murder charge."

We all looked at Jonathan. Mike had given him every chance. Surely, if he was innocent, he would speak now. He didn't.

I walked over to him, closer than I would if I thought for a moment he was a killer. "Jonathan Forquet, would you have us believe that you cut that man's throat while he slept?"

"I did not say that."

"No," I said, "but you didn't say you didn't, either."

Jonathan was not smiling now. He looked coolly at us, one after the other. Then he spoke.

"When north wind forget he north wind and blow from south — when the mad sickness of the wolf come on me, so that I run in circles and bite my own flesh — then will I make account to Sergeant Mike."

"That was a pretty speech," Mike said, "and you'll have all summer to sit and remember it. You're under arrest."

"No!" Oh-Be-Joyful sprang between them. "He did not do it," she said to Mike.

Jonathan looked at her almost tenderly. "You good klooch. You do not want me spend summer in cage with mosquitoes, with bull fly."

"Tell them you did not kill him."

Jonathan looked at her thoughtfully. "Did I not?"

"No," she said, but her eyes were not on his.

"Think," he said. "My knife and my hate. Did I not?"

Oh-Be-Joyful stood with her head down, and her tears dropped on the floor.

28

THERE were a lot of things on my mind. Sarah kept telling me to relax. I tried to. I watched the northern lights dance outside. They flashed and quivered, forming arcs and ribbons of colors.

"The spirits are dancing there," Sarah said as she set the kettle to heat.

Oh-Be-Joyful came to the door with the sweet oil Sarah had sent her for. Her eyes were wide and frightened. Sarah took the bottle from her and chased her out.

I was very sorry about Oh-Be-Joyful. I had tried to tell her how I felt, but she wouldn't let me. It had lain between us these weeks. She did what I asked her and more than I asked her, but silently, with no words and no laughter. When she was not in the house, I knew she was standing before the cage. She would stand for hours pressed against the bars, but they never seemed to talk together.

"Take deep breaths, Mrs. Mike. Relax."

"Mike," I said. "Mike!"

I felt him take my hand in his. Love is pain, I thought, all love, and I cried out against it.

I heard the sobs, I felt the tears. I thought they were my own. But in a little bit, when I was easier, I saw that Oh-Be-Joyful had her cheek against my hand, and that the tears were hers.

"Mike didn't want to arrest him," I said.

"Me, I am crazy. I thought everyone against him."

"You're crazy now to say such talk." And Sarah lifted her to her feet. "Mrs. Mike must rest."

But Oh-Be-Joyful still clung to my hand. "Oh, my sister," she said to me in Cree, "oh, my more-than-sister, forgive me."

I smiled at her. She seemed very far away. The northern lights made a robe for her. A curtain of colors shone between us — shone between me and the world.

The bright pain, the dazzling, screaming pain of many colors entered me, was tearing me. I began to breathe the pungent odor of the woods, and I heard my good witch say, "Make nice baby come fast."

It did. For the next time the sky-curtains closed over me, throbbing with gold and purple pain, with agonizing violet and red — the boy was born. I lay with my eyes closed and let Sarah's hands work over me. They kneaded me into shape, they soothed and cleansed.

When I opened my eyes next, my son lay in the shelter of my arm. Mike was standing over us. He put a big finger down to the tiny bundle, and the baby grabbed hold. With the movement he grabbed hold of my heart too.

Sarah smiled broadly. "The northern lights danced for him at his birth," she said.

Mike laughed. "It is a good sign. He'll wear a red coat too, this little one."

Suddenly there came a high, piteous wail, followed by moaning. I wasn't out of my mind now, surely I wasn't. I clutched Mike.

"No, Kathy," he said, "it is nothing. Poor Mrs. Marlin is out there wanting to see your baby. Oh-Be-Joyful is stationed just outside the door. She won't let her in."

"She shall see him," I said. "Sarah, let her come in."

Sarah shook her head. "You rest."

"Please, Sarah. I want to show him off."

Sarah grunted an Indian grunt of disapproval and opened the door. Mrs. Marlin stood on the threshold, her voice uplifted on a keening note, her body rocking in sorrow. The opening of the door confused her. She broke off her wailing and peered uncertainly at us.

"Mrs. Mike say you come see baby."

"Oh, can I see too?" Oh-Be-Joyful asked.

"No, too much."

I smiled at Sarah, who stood like a watchdog over me.

"Let her, Sarah."

At my word, Oh-Be-Joyful bounded into the room. She looked with wonder at the blanketful of baby tucked in my arms.

"Oh," she said. "The little brave, the little warrior."

"You can hold him," I said.

She darted a quick look at me to see if I meant it and then, with her breath held, she lifted him.

29

I SIGHED a little. I felt sleepy and contented. I watched with half-closed eyes as Mrs. Marlin timidly approached Oh-Be-Joyful. Something about her caught my attention. She moved slowly as one in a trance. Only her eyes were awake and alive. They were bright and large and swollen from crying. But it was the look in them, the avid, hungry way they fastened on my baby, that frightened me. I tried to tell Mike, but I wasn't quick enough. The suddenness of the woman's movement paralyzed me. With a darting gesture of the hand she took the baby from Oh-Be-Joyful.

Mrs. Marlin backed toward the door, the baby in her arms. But Sarah reached it first and blocked it with her body. Mrs. Marlin edged off to the far wall, keeping us all in front of her.

"What the hell!" Mike jumped up and strode toward the woman. In her fear she clutched the baby tighter. I half raised myself against the pillows. "Mike, don't!"

My words stopped him. "Yes," he said, "you're right."

Oh-Be-Joyful looked questioningly at me. I nodded to her, for I saw that Sarah could not leave the door and that the woman was afraid of Mike. I watched the girl approach. Mrs. Marlin watched her too. She crouched against the wall, ready to spring, to rush them all.

Oh-Be-Joyful stopped within five feet of her. She smiled and held out her arms. "Give me the baby."

Mrs. Marlin began to cry and rock her body. "Mine," she moaned. "Mine."

But in another moment she was smiling and telling Oh-Be-Joyful that she was going to have a baby.

"In July," she said. "Isn't this July?"

No one answered her.

"Yes," she said slowly, "it is time." She turned dark eyes on Sarah. "Where is my baby?"

I remembered the black liquid she had carried away from Sarah's shed last January.

"Where is my baby?" She was no longer asking it. It was a song to her now.

She cradled my son close in her arms. She crooned to him. "My baby dead. You are my baby. My baby went out from me when black medicine went in. My baby's spirit go into you not yet born. You are my baby."

Mike edged a little closer to her. Oh-Be-Joyful held out her arms again. The woman laughed at them and jiggled the baby up and down. The movement slowed to a rocking motion, and she began to moan again. Her tears spilled onto the baby's white blanket. Her voice was a broken murmur.

"Dead, all dead, everything dead. Baby dead, father dead. Everything I touch dead. Dead, dead, dead." She sang it to the tune of an old French nursery rhyme.

"I'm not klooch," she said, turning on us, "not Indian. I got married in a church to American husband. American man. But he died of coughing sickness. Everyone die. I'm not klooch, not Indian for every dirty 'breed put hands on. I tell him go away, leave alone. I'm widow of American. But when him drunk, come roaring into my house, throw me on bed, sometime on floor. Then he don't come no more. Maybe go trap line. I got baby in me, his baby. I'm not klooch. What should I do? I go to Sarah, get black medicine for kill baby. But when I'm home I think little baby, pretty baby, want live. I think I want baby, soft little baby to hold. I put bottle away. I think, when he come back I tell him I no klooch, him marry me in church maybe. Then pretty soon he come back. Sergeant Mike bring him, put him in cage. I go see him. I say, 'I'm not klooch, not Indian.' I tell him how his baby make me big. He sit down close to bars, he say, 'You all right. Government she pay five bucks a year for kids born on Reserve. You stick by me, I make you rich woman!' He throw back his head and laugh. Laugh at me, but I no klooch. My knife she lie in my belt. I take, I stick, like I stick my pig last summer in the throat. Red bubbles come out his mouth. The mouth she still laugh. I go home and drink black medicine. I get much sick. My little baby gets dead. Dead, dead, dead." She sang the words as a lullaby to my baby.

"Cardinal," Mike said.

"Cardinal," she repeated and spat.

Oh-Be-Joyful looked at Mike with shining eyes.

"Wait," he said. "She may have imagined it. Where did you get the knife?" he asked her.

"Knife?" She no longer remembered what she had told.

Mike said, "You're not a klooch. He laughed at you. You stabbed him with the knife. Where did you get the knife? Think. Where did you get it?"

"My knife," she said, "mine."

"Jonathan Forquet stacked wood for you this winter."

"It's not his." She began to cry. "He gave it to me. He said I could have it."

"Yes," said Mike, "you can have it. If you give me the baby, you can have it."

"To keep?" she asked.

"To keep."

She handed him the baby.

30

It was the time of the first fruits of the corn. The Indians were preparing a great feast, and I had undertaken to be on the food committee. During the last week every Indian for three villages around had come to me and asked me to write down his name on the list. After his name would come the food that he pledged: half a deer, a whole deer, two beavers, or maybe seven rabbits. But, as all these animals had yet to be trapped and killed, it was really difficult to determine what our exact menu would be.

The children had been gathering firewood for days, and this was now neatly stacked under the great iron pots that hung from poles in the clearing.

The food began arriving. Black Feather was entered for one brown bear. He brought me two ducks and a string of fish. Strong Bow, who was down for half a moose, came in with a long story and a baby porcupine. But I didn't care as long as the food piled up. The women arrived before noon, and the carcasses were divided and apportioned among them for skinning.

That evening I laid out the lynx-paw robe lined with red velvet that Mike had given me when Ralph was born. I didn't have any relatives called Ralph, and neither did Mike. We just called him that because it was the prettiest name we could think of. I also got out the suit of white caracul Chief Mustagan had given me when we left Hudson's Hope, and called in Oh-Be-Joyful.

"Would you like to wear it tomorrow?"

She smiled and shook her head. "I don't think I go."

"Of course you're going," I said. "Everyone is going."

"I thought I stay with the babies," she said.

"Well, they're going too. Besides, you don't want to miss the games and the feasting and the dances. It's going to be fun."

She didn't say anything. I pretended not to notice.

"Try it on," I urged.

She did, listlessly and indifferently. But when she saw herself in the mirror my mother had sent me, a little color came into her cheeks. She did look beautiful with the white fur framing her face and throat. With a sigh, Oh-Be-Joyful turned away from her reflection.

I wondered, as I'd wondered during the month Jonathan had been out, what was wrong between them. When he had been in jail she had been with him every hour she could spare, but since he had been released, she had not seen him. Once he had come to the house, bringing a wild pheasant, and she had stayed in her room. He had spoken with his eyes on her door, but it had not opened.

Oh-Be-Joyful slipped out of the caracul suit and folded it carefully on the bed.

"Take it into your room," I said.

"Thank you," she said. "It is so pretty."

I turned back the bed and laid out Mike's slippers. "I suppose Jonathan is in the games," I said, fluffing up a pillow.

"I don't know," she said, and fluffed up the other one.

"What's happened?" I asked.

She sat wearily on the bed. "In summer the deer stand in river many hours. The bear roll in mud until it coat its body. Why?"

"Why?" I asked, a little impatient at this Indian indirectness.

"So deer fly, bull fly, and mosquito do not make them mad. Why then you think Jonathan sit in cage through the hot days, his body bitten, his feet taking two steps, then back, then two steps? He whose feet go in all the paths of the forest?"

"He's stubborn, that's all. Mike wanted an accounting of his actions, and rather than give it to him, he went to jail. It doesn't sound reasonable," I admitted, "but it sounds like Jonathan."

Oh-Be-Joyful seemed to speak to herself: "I thought he kill Cardinal. Jonathan, he know what I think. And that is why he say nothing, why he went to sit in jail."

"I don't understand it yet."

"He would not say, 'I don't sneak up on man in

cage, I don't bring him to the bars with my talk, I don't kill man with knife, who has no knife'—these things he would not say. He wanted that I should *know* him. But I did not know. I know only Cardinal is his enemy. I know the knife in Cardinal's throat is his, and most I know the never forgotten anger in Jonathan."

I began to see into Jonathan's mind, to follow the circuitous courses of his thought. His conception of love seemed strange and mystic. He wanted his woman to understand him, not with her intellect, not with her emotions, but directly, soul to soul. The things he had done, the things he would do, she must know as well as she knew his face. She must know he would kill Cardinal, but not murder him. Jonathan would not help her to this knowledge. Instead he let Mike put him in the cage, where he sat, proud and haughty, under the stinging swarms of insects. He remained motionless for hours at a time, staring into the cool distant green of the forest, but when Oh-Be-Joyful came, bringing fruit and milk, he said nothing to her. He waited for the day when she would speak, when she would say to him of her own accord, "You did not kill Cardinal."

Much of this Oh-Be-Joyful understood now. And she was ashamed before this man of stern pride whom she loved. Indirectly his days of stubborn suffering had accomplished what he had desired: Oh-Be-Joyful "knew him," as she put it. But between them were still the days of torment and suspicion, and the insult of her long-unresolved hesitation.

I tried to comfort Oh-Be-Joyful. "He wanted you to know him all at once," I said. "But it takes years of living together to really know a person."

"If I loved him enough, I would have known *then*. How can I look at him? If he see me, he must think of those weeks, and I must think too."

"You mean a great deal to him, Oh-Be-Joyful. It was for you he did it. It will be all right again."

She raised dark eyes to mine. "How can I know him when his spirit dance on the mountaintops?"

I laughed at her. "He's no spirit," I said. "He's a willful, stubborn boy who follows his own path."

"But you like him?" Oh-Be-Joyful asked anxiously.

"Yes, I do."

She smiled and gathered up the white furs.

31

I WOKE in the morning to the throbbing beats of a drum.

Oh-Be-Joyful and I hurried the children through

breakfast, but even so the foot races had begun by the time we reached the village. There were a dozen young men competing. Oh-Be-Joyful looked quickly from one to the other, then her interest in the game was over.

But the excitement of the shouting crowd got into me, and I found myself yelling, "*Kenipe, kenipe!*" to a young man who didn't *kenipe* fast enough, and came in fourth.

Somewhere a solemn chant started. It was taken up by the men, who formed themselves into a long line.

"What are they singing?" I asked Oh-Be-Joyful.

"It is the gambling song. They are going to play the wheel-and-arrow game."

The men began divesting themselves of bows, bracelets, headdresses, belts, which they placed in piles in front of them.

"They are betting those things."

I watched as a large wheel was rolled along the line of men, who attempted to toss an arrow through a spoke as it passed them. If they failed, the little pile of trinkets at their feet was taken away. If they succeeded, they received fur for fur and bead for bead what they had bet.

A drum broke up the gambling.

A little boy ran around holding his stomach and crying, "*Meesook, meesook.*" Everybody laughed. The word meant dinnertime. The women were busy turning spits of buffalo tongue and deer meat. I felt responsible for the food and was relieved to see that, no matter how many times they went back for more, there was more there. At last even the hungriest were filled up.

Dusk was setting in when the weird gambling chant arose again. Mike played for a while and lost a knife. This time it was a game played with two bones, one painted red and one black. You try to guess in which of your opponent's hands the red one lies.

"Funny," Mike said. "The colors are the same as roulette"; and after he'd lost the knife, "And I always had rotten luck in that too."

The pulsating beat of drums led us away from the games and up to the circle of dancers. All day Oh-Be-Joyful had followed me around. She bent her head over Ralph and moved silently through the festivities. Nothing touched her. She did not see the glances of the young men. Her feet did not quicken to the throb of the drums.

The first dance called for the maidens and the young men of the tribes. The girls gathered at one end, and the young men faced them across a circle of space. A girl ran up to us and caught Oh-Be-Joyful's hand.

"Mamanowatum," she said.

Oh-Be-Joyful shook her head, but now a dozen young women were around her.

"Come, come," they said, "the eagle moon is filling out," and they pulled her unwillingly into the dance.

She looked back at me. "Mrs. Mike!"

But I would not help her.

The line of girls danced forward to the line of boys. On toe and heel they moved, and Oh-Be-Joyful moved with them. Then the line of girls swept back, and the young men surged forward, step, hop, step, in exaggerated rhythm.

A harmonica, playing "The Red River Jig," cut in upon the austere pattern of drumbeats. The 'breeds and whites had started a dance of their own. A little way back they cut pigeon wings and did the double shuffle, leaping and springing in the air. They drew a crowd of their own, that clapped hands and thighs in time to the harmonica. A fiddler joined them.

I turned back to the Indians. The commotion had no effect on them. They pounded their feet in unbroken measures. Oh-Be-Joyful, dancing in her white furs, was transformed with joy and beauty. She did not laugh or smile, but she could not keep the excitement from her eyes. The young men and the young women rushed together and fell back. Jonathan was dancing with the men. Fiercely, exultingly, he leaped and crouched in the prescribed positions of the dance. A murmur ran through the watchers. I heard an old man tell another, "Like a thistle he leaped among them."

Suddenly the line broke. The women wove among the men. As Oh-Be-Joyful passed them, boy after boy called to her. But she moved as swiftly as the restricting patterns of the dance allowed her. She stopped in front of Jonathan and, lifting the scarf from her head, threw it around his shoulders. The other girls did the same, each catching a young man with her shawl. Everyone laughed and whooped and shouted.

Most of the couples broke up, a few walked away together. But Jonathan and Oh-Be-Joyful stood where they were when the drums had stopped. I didn't see him ask the question. I didn't see her answer it — but when Jonathan walked across the village, she went with him. At the edge of the wood he stopped and caught some branches from her path. They swung back into place, and she was gone. She had followed her maker of canoes. He would build her a tepee of willow; they would lie on balsam and on furs. She would follow his steps through the paths of the forest.

Oh be joyful, Mamanowatum,

32

I SAT down to darn socks and wondered where the time went. Here it was January, 1911, and I hadn't heard from Oh-Be-Joyful for nearly a year and a half. I'd had less trouble over her disappearance than I expected. The Mother Superior had sent plump Sister Teresa to see me. Over tea and bannocks she mourned that even if we found Oh-Be-Joyful, it would probably be too late, didn't I think so?

"Too late?" I asked.

"Well, you know what emotional creatures they are."

I nodded gravely and admitted that it probably was already too late.

That was two summers ago. I couldn't expect Oh-Be-Joyful to visit me, or even write. Who was there to carry her letters? But I kept hoping there was some way she could let me know she was all right, and that Jonathan — that Jonathan had made a life for her as Mike had for me.

The children were in bed. Mike was laying out his favorite game of solitaire. He never won it. It was the kind where you lay out the deck three cards at a time, suits are built down in the array and up on the aces. I stood at his shoulder a minute, watching.

"If I could only get that jack out."

"I don't know why you play that game, Mike. You always get mad."

"If I could only get rid of that five of clubs."

There was a curious sound at the door. Someone was pushing at it, hitting it with bare hands. Mike opened it. Wiya-sha stood there.

"Sergeant Mike," she said, "my baby sick. My baby choke." The woman stood outside, waiting; little sobbing breaths came from her. I brought Mike's jacket and coat.

"The gloves are in the pocket."

He nodded. "I'll be back as soon as I can. Don't wait up."

He brushed his lips quickly across mine and followed Wiya-sha into the night.

I hated these nights when pain and death took Mike away: sickness, a woman stolen, or a man shot. The shadows from the fire seemed longer, darker, they moved more violently. I didn't want to sleep until Mike was beside me. I moved around making things tidy and straight. I scrubbed a kettle. I set out the breakfast things.

I stirred up the fire and put on tea. Mike would be coming home cold and in need of something hot. The floor was icy. I got into bed and curled

myself into a ball. I felt lonesome. I wished Mike was here. I mustn't go to sleep — the fire's lit. I closed my eyes. I was warm now and drowsy.

Suddenly I was awake, very wide awake and listening. Someone was knocking. Mike wouldn't knock. I got out of bed and into a bathrobe. The fire was ashes and embers. There was someone at the window — Mike.

"I don't want to come in," he said. "Wiya-sha's baby just died of diphtheria. I'll sleep in the office."

"But, Mike — " I couldn't grasp it.

"If this is an isolated case, it will only be for five or six days. You'll walk down and leave my meals for me, okay?"

"Yes," I said, "but —"

"If you need me, just hang a sheet out the window."

"You're sure it was diphtheria?"

"Pretty sure. Listen, darling. Don't worry. About the only precaution you can take is to swab your throat and the kids' with iodine."

"How?"

"With a feather. Dip it in the iodine bottle. If you need me, hang out a sheet."

"Yes."

"But when you bring the food down, don't come in. Just leave it on the porch."

"Will it be bad?"

"Maybe not. We'll know by morning."

By morning broken cries and lamentations drifting in from the village woke me. Mary Aroon was frightened and began to cry. I shut all the windows and locked the door.

"It's the wind," I told Mary Aroon.

"Why is it crying?"

"Eat your cereal."

I drew pictures for her, and she colored them with her crayons.

"Mama," and she held up my attempt at a hen which she had colored with barbaric reds and purples.

"That's very nice," I said, "but try to stay inside the lines."

She went at it again. I washed the breakfast dishes and threw out the cold tea that no one had drunk the night before. I splashed the water and rattled the dishes and tried to hum an Irish lullaby, but now and then a wild, despairing cry reached us, and always the moaning underneath. I found myself straining to hear it.

I put on Mike's breakfast. While I waited for the toast I looked out at the office. There was no sign of him. But there was a flash of movement over by the group of birch. It was a man running. He was naked. Naked in below zero weather. As

I stared, he flung himself into the snow, buried his hands in it, pressed it to him like a covering. A woman ran to him, half raised him. He reached his arms back longingly and plunged them into the snow. She pulled him to his feet and supported him; they walked a few uneven steps. But his strength had been spent in the first wild flight. He sagged suddenly in her arms; his head fell across her shoulder. She lowered him to the ground and with her hands under his armpits dragged him past scrub brush and trees until they were hidden. My toast was burning.

"Mama." Mary Aroon held up a pink tree.

"Yes," I said. "It's very pretty."

By the time Mike's second piece of toast was done he was at the window knocking. Mary Aroon ran and held up the tree and the hen for him to see.

"Kathy," he said, "you've got to help me."

"Mike, are you all right?"

"Fine, but it's everywhere. They're lying four in a bed. Half of 'em don't have food in the house. Those who do can't stand up to get it. Get out your biggest pots. Fill 'em with water and boil a couple of pounds of beef and a couple of pounds of rice in 'em."

"Yes," I said.

"When it's done, signal with the sheet and I'll come get it. Put it out on the porch. If you can spare any bread, put that out too."

"Mike!" I yelled it and beat the window because he was turning away. "You've got to have breakfast."

"Later."

"No, now. You'll get sick too if you don't keep up your strength. It's all ready."

"All right." He walked away. I opened the door a crack and set out the food. When the door was safely shut, he came back and began to eat. I told him about the man in the snow.

"Poor devil — fever. Sometimes they do that."

I asked him what he was doing for them.

"Nothing. I passed out all the quinine I had. Now I'm giving them alcohol. But food is the best. If we can keep their strength up."

He left, but was back in an hour for the soup. I passed out three pots. It took all my strength to lift them off the stove. I dragged them across the floor and set them on the porch. Mike carried the first two off. On his way back for the third, he asked, "Did you swab out the kids' throats?"

"Yes."

"Well, do it again." And he walked off toward the Reserve.

The days dragged on. No one came near the

house. I tried to keep busy. There was a lot of mending to do.

I don't know how many afternoons I worked. I don't know how many I sat there not working. But once the room darkened and I looked up. There at the window a woman stood looking at me. Her hair was all undone, and the wind whipped it against her face and body. She held out a bundle to me and her eyes pleaded. It was a baby, dead and already stiff. Her mouth formed a word, "Medicine."

"Go to Sergeant Mike. Sergeant Mike will give you medicine. I have none."

She turned obediently and walked off my porch. She walked unsteadily and when the choking seized her, she fell. It was terrible to see her protect the dead baby from the jar with her own body. I rushed to the door and threw it open. But the spasm was on her. She pointed up as she fell back dead. An owl flew over my house. Was that what she meant? What was there — something about an owl — then I remembered. An owl flying over the house brings death.

33

RALPH woke crying. The glands under his jaw were swollen. His throat looked red. I put Mary Aroon in our room and hung out the sheet. By the time Mike came, there were large grayish patches on Ralph's throat.

"Mike," I said, "do something."

Mike kept hot towels on the baby's throat, and he had me boil water on the stove so the room would be moist. "Feed him all he'll eat, Kathy."

I made more soup, and when I brought it in, Ralph was turning from side to side. Mike held the bowl, and I tried to feed him. But the pain in his throat wouldn't let him swallow.

"Ralph, baby, this is the train we're going to see Grandmother on. It goes to Boston, and this is the way to Boston, right down the little red lane." Only it wasn't a little red lane. The white patches covered it, and it was turning a thick yellow.

I drew back frightened. "It looks like leather."

"It will be all right, Kathy. The disease is just running its course."

"Don't lie to me, Mike," I said.

"I won't, girl."

Ralph choked. He was fighting for every breath. That night Mary Aroon held onto her throat and cried. "Mama," she said. "Mama!"

I tacked up her pink tree and the purple and red hen where she could see them. I put the gingham bear on her pillow and fed her.

Ralph began to cough saliva; it had gray dots in it. The little body twisted. Every organ in him strained for air. The hoarse rasping sound gave way to a gurgle. Ralph struggled and lay still. Mike bent over him. When he raised his head, I knew. I guess I'd known before. He put his arms around me, but I broke away.

"No!" I said. "No, no!"

Seven hours later, we lost Mary Aroon. I told her we'd go on the sled again, that she could keep the puppy in the house, that he could sleep on her bed. I promised her anything, anything. But the yellow membrane grew in her throat, choking her. I kept the compresses hot. But, suddenly, the writhing stopped.

"Kathy," Mike said.

"But she's never been sick! She's never been sick a day in her life!"

He tried to lift me up, but I clung to her, still promising her the puppy, a rag doll, stories.

"Kathy," he said. "They need food in the village."

I didn't answer him. I cradled Mary Aroon, I whispered pleading words to her.

"Kathy, don't!"

"All right." I stood up.

"Darling, you can't do any good here."

Mike, this was Mike, wanting me to do something. I loved Mike, so I took the basket of food he handed me; but all the time anger throbbed in me, a terrible anger against this country.

"Mike," I said, and I was careful not to look at him, "if we'd been in a town —"

"Don't, Kathy. You mustn't think like that."

He walked with me, carrying the basket. In the first house we went to, an old woman sat mourning with a blanket over her head. Mike set down the basket. I wandered to the door.

The scene outside the next cabin held me. It was like a drawing I had seen — a vision of William Blake's — and everyone knew he was mad. Out the window hung a pair of legs. And in the snow a young man kept clubbing a snarling phantom of a dog. Another dog, lean and gaunt and ragged, crawled as close as he dared, on his belly. The two watched, their saliva dripping, while the man lowered the body of a girl into the snow. Lifting her, he climbed on the roof and laid her down.

I looked at the roofs of the other cabins, and for the first time saw the rows of feet. I saw then that there were bodies lashed to the trees too. That's the way Mike kept our meat in the winter. Best refrigeration in the world, he'd said. Only you had to be careful to pick a thin-trunked tree or a sapling so it couldn't be climbed.

Here and there a shadow detached itself from shadow and jumped, yelping, at the trees. The creatures would fall back whining their disappointment and their hunger. Luckily most of the dogs were away with the trappers. Only the females with pups had been left, but now these pups were half grown, and starving. The Indians fed them twice a week, which was only enough to keep life in them. But who could do even that now? Who could fish for them when sickness was like a whirlwind among the people?

The young Indian slid down from the roof and turned into the empty house. I went back for a loaf of bread, which I put just inside the door. The Indian shook his head.

"Where her shadow go, I follow."

The soft Cree words hurt his throat. He choked. Why had I not seen how gray his face was? He stumbled and half fell onto a bed of skins. I rekindled the fire, and went to him, but he motioned me away.

"Let me at least bring you warm soup." He shook his head.

I sighed and turned away. As I reached the door, he called me back. "Mrs. Mike!"

"Yes?" I said.

"The dogs."

I didn't understand.

"The dogs," he said again. "They break in maybe."

"I'll wedge the door."

"Yes," he said, "for I must lie here many days. Sergeant Mike, him have one, two, maybe three men help him. We die too fast — is not enough."

I wedged the door. I remembered that for the ever-after world of the Crees, they must keep their bodies intact. It would not do to appear before Gitche Manito mauled and torn by huskies.

I hurried past the rows of bodies waiting for Mike's shovel, and into a tepee where three children lay tossing. I hauled water, I set it to boil. I wrung out compresses. I forced soup down swollen throats. Sometimes the little dark faces blurred, and it was my own two I was fighting for.

A child twisted into a terrible knot and died. The mother covered her head and moaned.

"On the gray wings of dawn she went."

Yes, the sun was up, but the light from it was cold. The dead in the trees looked at us. The living writhed and choked and spat. And I moved among them, empty. Pain, tiredness, nothing touched me. Once a pair of little arms reached out to me, and I thought: Why these? Something hurt in me when I looked at the children that were going to live, that were getting better.

34

THE cribs were gone. I never asked Mike what he had done with them. Mary Aroon's crayon drawings were gone, too. I waited until Mike was out and then hunted the house over for them. I guess I was glad that I didn't find them.

Mike was gone every day. He and Tim and Tim's father, old Georges Beauclaire, buried half a village that week. It was mostly the children that went, and the old people.

The second night Mike had taken me up the hill. We had walked between the rows of white crosses. Was the sorrow of other days like the sorrow of now? Did each neat whitewashed cross mean empty pain?

A little past the summit of the hill, a new row had been added. These crosses had not yet been stained or salted. But cut into the wood I read the name Mary Aroon Flannigan, and next to this, Ralph Flannigan. My two babies lying on this bare, windswept hill! I knelt down and laid my hands on the snow. I remembered the day, almost three years before, when Mike and I and our baby daughter had ridden into Grouard. I remembered seeing this hill and the bright crosses. Hadn't I known then for a moment? Hadn't I seen myself wandering through the rows that stretched horizontally, then end to end, and then crisscross in shifting geometric patterns?

Why hadn't I taken my children away from this country that had killed them? Why hadn't I taken them to antitoxin and doctors, out of these frozen winters?

Mike laid his hand on my shoulder.

I got up and followed him home. What had happened to us, to Mike and me? I wanted to reach out to him, but I couldn't. At first I didn't know why, and then I realized that I was blaming him. Did he feel it? Did he feel the thoughts that lay there, heavy and unspoken between us? He had very little to say to me. He was sweet and kind and patient, only he'd look away from me. And when he thought I was busy with something else, he'd stare at me. I couldn't sleep because of the way he'd look at me. But there was a bitterness I couldn't force back. He'd known. He'd lived in this country. He'd seen what it did to families. He'd seen children die in epidemics. He knew how virulent even a simple disease like measles was among the Indians. And he knew that in all the Northwest there was no help. He hadn't had the right to bring a wife into this country. He hadn't had the right to have children.

Eight days later the last of the graves had been filled in. I went with the women to whitewash and salt them. I moved, I worked in a kind of horror. I was beginning to realize my children were under there.

It was almost dark when I got home. I stopped outside the house in surprise. There was music coming from it. Such longing was in it, such hunger and desolation, that I stood there crying.

When I went in, I hurried past Mike, not wanting him to see my face. It was an old accordion he was playing, the accordion which had hung in Irish Bill's store for over a year. When he saw me, he stopped. The thing dangled awkwardly from his knee. I don't know, maybe if he had spoken to me then — But he went back to his music. I noticed it was a different song, that he played more self-consciously and made mistakes.

That night I knew I had been living in a daze. Mist and fog had mercifully wrapped themselves around my thoughts. All the time I had been listening for laughter and voices that I would never hear again. Why had I delayed giving away the children's clothes? Why did they still hang in the closet?

That night and for two months after I sat in the room with him. I don't know what he found to do in the daytime, but he kept away from the house. I wanted him, I longed for him, I couldn't stand the loneliness. Sometimes I counted the minutes out loud. Then he'd come.

"Hello, Mike," I'd say.

"Hello, Kathy." And if dinner wasn't ready, he'd go and get his accordion.

While I scrubbed the potatoes and put them on to boil, I went over the things I was going to say to him. But when I was sitting facing him, my heart pounded and I would jump up for salt or to bring milk to the table, or maybe I'd forgotten the napkins. Anyway, what was there to say? Everything went back to four years shared and known together. Each day, even the happiest, was now an entrance into a labyrinth of pain and bitterness.

The accordion was driving me mad. When I was alone with it in the daytime, I wanted to smash it. It had taken the children's place in his heart, and my place.

35

IT WAS another night. I watched Mike reach for the accordion again. I knew I was going to stand up and scream. I didn't because they brought a man in just then. They were carrying him on a

door. I washed the blood off his face before I saw his eye was almost out, just hanging. I cut the jacket and shirt off him. Mike worked over his face. And somehow Sarah was there and putting on poultices. He was Randy Nolan, new in the territory. He'd come in with the trappers. When I looked at him again, his eye was in place, and Mike was bandaging it. One of his ribs was broken off and sticking out through the flesh, and across the others were long, bloody slashes.

"Bear?" Mike asked.

Steve Brooks, one of the men who had brought Nolan in, slumped into a chair. "Well, what do you think?"

Mike didn't answer. He was occupied with an arm that hung at an odd angle from the socket.

I insisted that the sick man should not be moved, and Sarah agreed with me. I welcomed the work he brought me. I had something to think about, something to do. The first week he was unconscious most of the time. The second week he lay moaning. I didn't think much about whether he'd live or not. I thought more about giving him sweetened warmed milk with bread softened in it — or about making the broth nourishing. After a while Sarah even let me change the poultices. It was amazing to see how they drew the angry red from the newly formed scar tissue.

Then he began to talk to me when I came into the room. He hardly spoke above a whisper. He talked of cities, Chicago. He'd been born in Chicago.

"Have you ever been to Boston?" I asked.

"Sure. Got a sister living there." Before I knew what I was doing, I was telling him about my two sisters and my mother.

"She always has a canary, and his name's always Pete, and the dogs are always Juno. And there's a room on the top floor full of flowers, and she keeps it just for —" I stopped, ashamed of myself, for I could see I'd tired him.

But we talked again. He told me that his sister was married to a traveling man. That she was lonesome and always writing him to come, and that she had a kid he'd never seen.

"Randy, she calls it. Named it for me. Can you beat that?"

He'd always been a rolling stone, he said. But he cursed the day he'd ever rolled into this devil's country, begging my pardon.

I had a plan that excited me and frightened me. I led the talk back to his sister.

That night before dinner I sent a telegram to Agnes Lentfield, Boston, U.S.A.

The next afternoon Mike came in with a wire for

Randy Nolan. Purple block letters: RANDY DEAR STOP MUST COME WHEN FIT TO TRAVEL LOVE AGNES.

Mike looked at me for a long time. "He can't go by himself."

"I know." I talked very fast. I didn't look at him. "I thought I'd like to take him out. I haven't been out for almost four years. It would be a grand chance. I'd take him clear through to Boston, and see Mother and —"

"If you have to do this, Kathy, go ahead. God knows, maybe it's best. Maybe it will be good for you."

"It's not on my own account," I said.

"I know. I know. When will you go?"

"As soon as I can."

Mike sighed and lit his pipe.

There wasn't much to do. I packed my clothes and the first-aid kit. Randy was able to sit up, but Mike made a stretcher for him so that the trip wouldn't tire him more than need be. This time almost the whole trip was to be made by train. No more waiting for the winter freeze, because the Edmonton and British Columbia Line was pushing deep into the Northwest. Of course they were still quite a way from Grouard.

I was happy, awfully happy, at getting away. And I told myself that Mike didn't seem to mind my going very much. He could have said more than he did.

"How far are you going with us?" I asked.

"I'll see you on the train, Kathy."

"That's very sweet of you, Mike. But I don't want you to have that long trip. It isn't necessary."

"It *is* necessary, it's necessary to me." He walked to the window and stood looking out.

"God damn it!"

"What?"

"I don't want you to go."

"But —"

"Listen, we haven't even talked it out. You haven't told me how long you're going to stay yet, and I have a feeling —"

"What, Mike? What's your feeling?"

"What's the use? You're going, aren't you?"

"Yes." What else could I say when he asked it like that?

In the morning there was a lot to do. I already had the makings of sandwiches laid out. I just slapped them together. All right, I thought, that's the way he wants it. He hadn't spoken to me of the future, of when I came back. That was all right with me. I'd be glad never to set eyes on this country again. But maybe he thought there was still time; maybe he didn't realize these were our last

moments alone. I finished packing the hamper and snapped it closed.

"I guess there'll be a crowd down at the lake," I said. But he was lugging out my trunk. I wasn't even sure he heard me.

Everyone was at the dock, and everyone had instructions for me. And somehow, all the while, through the confusion, I was conscious of Sarah. She watched me as I smiled and joked, and her eyes were mournful. At the last, when Mike was holding out his hand to me and Timmy was yelling, "Get in, Kathy!" Sarah came up to me.

"Mrs. Mike," she said, "come back. You must come back."

Mike lifted me into the boat. I turned and waved, but the faces blurred into a wall of faces. And the shouting, calling, and well-wishing reached me as noise from which I could not separate a word. All the time I was thinking: How could she know?

36

THE North Station. Boston. There it was, familiar and yet unreal. I had the same uneasy feeling you have in a dream when you speak freely and yet a bit dubiously to someone you have loved and who is now long dead. All through the trip with the sick man I had been fretting impatiently, burning to see my home and Mother. Now I was afraid.

My sister, Anna Frances, and Randy's sister, Mrs. Lentfield, met us at the station. There were introductions, talk about baggage, and hasty good-byes. Randy had stood the trip extremely well, and he was happy, confident that Boston surgeons would have him walking again. I felt I'd been right to bring him.

My sister had been watching me thoughtfully and saying very little. Mother was home, nursing a cold. Mary Ellen hoped to get up from Rhode Island. There were none of the questions I had been expecting about Grouard and Mike. Instead, my sister took my hand as we rode home in one of the new trolleys, and said, "Mother is very happy you've come home."

"I want to stay a long time," I said carefully.

"As long as you want," my sister said. "This is your home."

If my sister was strangely silent, my mother was even more strangely talkative. She kissed me and smiled at me and spoke of a thousand and one things—of the elevated railroad they were extending, of my sister Ellen's baby, of the awful weather, of guess whom she had run into at the library, of the good and bad habits of the boarders,

of the difficulty they had had finding out when my train was to arrive—in short, of everything under the sun except my four years in the Northwest.

My mother was looking remarkably young and gay. She insisted her cold was much better, just seeing me had been the tonic she needed, so we ended up going out to lunch and taking in the town. Mother knew her Boston, and I had to admire everything, even the new bank building. After a while I was carried away by her gayety, but even so, I felt there was something forced and nervous about it.

There was a homecoming party for me. Boys and girls whose faces I vaguely remembered crowded into my mother's living room. Someone played "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on the piano.

A tall pale youth called Dick invited me to dance. My sister served sherbet and small delicate cakes. I ate them greedily. The food was the only thing that seemed real to me.

Dick made me sit down next to him at the piano while he sang "Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll" in an exaggerated comic style, looking at me and grinning after every chorus. A din of chatter and gossip filled the room. I got up and walked out on the porch. I couldn't stand so many people so close to me. I was overpowered by the noise, the perfume, the decorations, and by the glare of the electric lights. After the soft glow of candles, everything seemed harsh and artificially bright.

On the porch the air was cold and wet. It felt good. I strode into the drizzle. I turned my face up, and the rain caressed my cheeks. The subdued secret patter it made on the pavement soothed me.

"Kathy, what are you doing out here?"

Dick was standing on the porch, testing the rain with his outstretched hand. He drew me back under the eaves.

"Aren't you enjoying the party?"

"Oh, yes, it's nice," I said.

"I know how you feel. I like to get away from the crowd too." He looked me over curiously. "You're liable to catch cold. It's raining, you know."

He edged closer and put his hand on mine. "You'll think I'm kidding, but it was quite a blow to my young life when you moved away."

I drew back, feeling suddenly uncomfortable in my sister's full-skirted party dress.

"You're teasing," I said, trying to match his gay air. "Aren't you, Dick—it *is* Dick?" Now I was really confused and hardly ready to resist when he took both my hands and began to speak earnestly and rapidly.

"Kathy, you have no idea how beautiful you look in that gown. I'm quite an expert on color

harmony, and take it from me, chartreuse is the perfect thing for your eyes and hair. I will always remember you as you are now."

I wanted to say this is my sister's dress, and I generally wear trousers, sometimes two pair if it's cold enough, and this talk of color harmony is ridiculous, and you know you don't mean a word of all that chatter, and please let go of my hands — But a numb bewilderment was on me, and in a moment he was drawing me closer. When I saw that silly face bending down toward me, however, the spell broke. I laughed and pushed Dick away. I could see that he was as surprised as I was at my strength and roughness.

"Go in and play with the girls," I said. I opened the screen door and walked upstairs. I was gleeful. In Alberta I had been delicate, even pampered. Sarah kept a continuous eye on me. Mike saw that I had nine hours' sleep. Everybody knew I had to be careful because of my pleurisy. But down here in Boston I was almost indecently healthy and strong.

For the first time since I'd left, I allowed myself to think of Mike. There were no men like him in Boston. Tall, yes, but not solid. Brilliant, but not enduring. I sat on the bed in my sister's room and smiled proudly. After a while, I cried.

The door opened softly, and my mother stole into the room. She put her arms around me. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, Katie. I believe a woman should stick by her husband. But this time it's different. If your man wants you, let him come here and get you. It's no blame I have for him. A man lives the life he has to. But I'm your mother. And I'm not letting you go North again to loneliness and the graves of your children!"

"But I have to go back. Right away."

And it was true. I'd been seeing Mike as I'd seen him last, standing alone against the Northwest. I understood now. It was the country, the country I was homesick and longing for, that made him *Sergeant Mike Flannigan*. I'd been unjust, I'd been wrong. I knew it now, and I had to tell him. I had to explain, to get him to understand the things that had piled up in me. I had to tell him that after the children died I thought I couldn't stand it, that I had to get away.

He met me at the train. He had put bells on the dogs. Wrapped in a buffalo robe was a little new Juno the Second, whose eyes were hardly open yet. And the big Juno, the team leader, almost broke the traces to get at me.

And now I was beside Mike in the cutter. Mike! His voice was low and choked up. He'd start to say

things, and then he'd stop and just look at me. Then I'd forget what I was saying and just look at him. I tried to tell him how wrong and confused I'd been about everything. But he wouldn't let me. He kept kissing me, over and between and through all the words. He was so good to me and wonderful that it made me cry. I cried, too, because of his lonely nights with no children and no Kathy. My tears turned to sleet, and Mike had to stop and wipe my face.

"Mike, promise me we'll live together all our lives and never be away from each other."

He held me. The reins dropped, and Juno had to pick her own way.

All of Boston now seemed unreal to me. After landscapes that were trimmed and raked and pruned into existence, it was thrilling to skim across unbounded open country. The snow shone and sparkled. The sun struck here and there among the fine particles, touching them with cold fire. I didn't think how beautiful it was. I thought how many times I had watched it before. And now for the first time it was familiar; I recognized it just as I recognized the way the air smelled.

Mike had been watching me, and now he said, "How does it seem to be home, Kathy?"

That's it, it was home.

That night, in Sawarage, I woke myself up to make sure I wasn't dreaming, that Mike was really beside me. I kissed the pillow close up near his cheek because I didn't want to wake him. He opened one eye and grinned at me.

"Don't waste 'em, kitten."

37

AUGUST, 1914, and war. Mike got the news by telegraph. It seemed strange that guns we couldn't hear and events we knew nothing of could reach into our remote settlement — but here and there men left their trap lines, sold their equipment, and rode the train into Edmonton.

It was by train that we got our month-old newspapers. We read them and were shocked, as the rest of the world had been weeks before. The news we received by telegraph in cold, blunt statements made it hard to picture blocked roads of streaming refugees, and armies like juggernauts closing in. But these first war editions blazed with atrocities and published photographs of blurred dead bodies and emaciated living ones. There were fifteen or twenty people waiting their turn at each copy.

More deserted trap lines, more secondhand equipment to be bought cheap at the store.

By the end of winter I had delivered five wires, "Missing in action," "Killed in action." I took them on snowshoes into the village and twice off to lonely cabins. I never said anything. I always tried to. But when I handed over the envelope, a man died. There are no words against death. Death just is.

The world outside, the noisy quarreling world that sent us the wires of death, sent us a new death. Born in the dirt of European trenches, in the fall of 1918, the flu spread into the Canadian Northwest. And we died, again without doctors, serum, or help. Even the wild forest creatures died. The bear was the only red-blooded animal to escape it. But then, as Mike says, nothing affects bears.

One evening Jonathan Forquet walked into the room, holding in his arms a solemn-eyed baby.

"I come to my friends." He said it half defiantly.

Jonathan was Jonathan. He had the same proud way about him.

"Is it your baby?" I asked, coming toward him. "Is Oh-Be-Joyful with you?"

He looked at me and answered slowly. "Can you not see that she is dead?"

Then I did see it. I saw it in the black eyes that looked hopelessly into my own. The lids were heavy. Jonathan had cried.

"The sickness?" I asked him. "The flu?"

"The sickness, it took her, Mamanowatum." He lifted the baby toward me, and before I knew it I had her in my arms. Jonathan watched me as I held her.

"From eight sleeps away I bring you. Mamanowatum, she call her Kathy. She want this winter come show you girl child, come show you happiness. Now she no come never. Only I come, say 'keep baby.' No want Mission for keep her. They not like me."

Mike came over to me. "We'll keep her, won't we, Kathy?"

"Yes," I said. "Of course."

Jonathan nodded. "I come, bring furs once, twice, in the year. You sell. Feed, make clothes for girl child." He hesitated. I knew there was something else.

He spoke in Cree: "Mamanowatum — many winters we are together, always the canoe sings in the river and the paths we walk are of happiness.

You will say that to the girl child? You will tell her of the joyful heart of Mamanowatum!"

Mike patted him roughly on the shoulder. We stood in the doorway and watched him walk into the night. He was alone, as he had been before he knew the gentleness and the love of Oh-Be-Joyful. The baby reached out after him, but the little fist closed on emptiness.

I turned to Mike. Oh-Be-Joyful, the girl with black stockings sitting primly in punishment row. I heard again the story of Fleet Foot, heard her chattering to Mary Aroon in Cree. I saw her laughing, scrubbing a pot with the same intensity with which she had clung to that pile of pelts, Jonathan's present.

Mike crouched on his heels and looked earnestly at the round copper face of the baby. "She's a cute little mite." He ran a finger lightly under her chin, and she dimpled all over. Mike grinned back, "Hello, Kathy." He winked at me, "We can't have two Kathies. Let's call her Kate."

Kate. This brown Indian baby had my name, perhaps part of my destiny. "My more-than-sister," Oh-Be-Joyful had called me. And her child was closer to me than my own sister's. I murmured the name, "Kate." I pictured Oh-Be-Joyful saying it, bending over her child, thinking of me, whispering my name. She lived in the wild world of brilliant summer colors, she walked through the clean pine woods of the North, among the cries, the calls, the flapping of wings, the swaying bush, surrounded by life, part of it, free in it; at the height of her happiness, her child in her arms, she had thought of me.

"Mike," I said, "it's very strange — and I want to cry. But what does it all mean?"

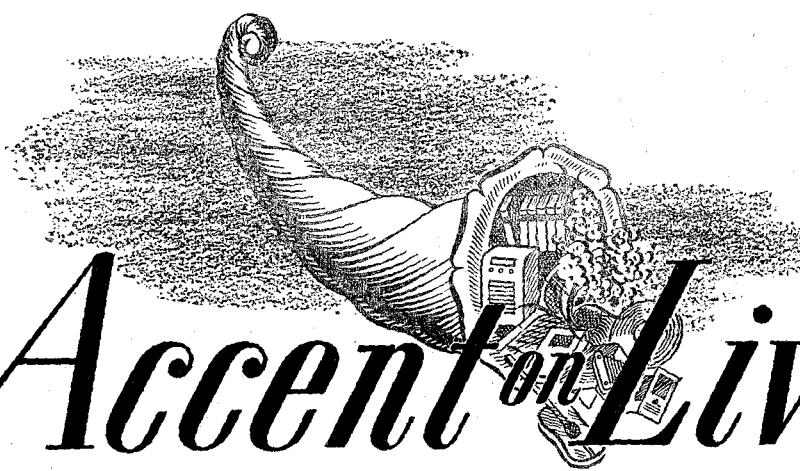
"Well, there's a pattern," Mike said. "The baby is Kate and you are Katherine, and it's right that you should have her."

"A pattern?"

"Yes. I don't mean the names exactly. But Oh-Be-Joyful was part of the pattern of your life, and things like that don't just stop. Things from her life will come into yours, into ours, as long as we live."

I knew what he meant by this pattern. Perhaps on another day I would laugh at this and consider it superstition, but this day, watching Oh-Be-Joyful's baby in Mike's arms, I saw the pattern too.

(The End)



Accent on Living

This Month

An Iowa farm nowadays smacks more of well-oiled machine industry than of the husbandman; one half expects to see the blue pennant with a Navy "E" fluttering atop the silo, so precisely are the hens imprisoned on their trap nests, so sanitary are the milkers, so sturdy the barns. The farmer, Iowa style, spends his day away from the house and hard at it—successful, worried, and overworked—piloting his machines or psychoanalyzing his bulls.

Lee Anderson's account of maple sugar (page 126) makes it appear that the Vermont farmer actually does some work at this time of year. There may even be some early hour during the summer months when he milks or chops or busies himself. But all I know is that whenever I have stopped at a Vermont farmhouse, the farmer himself has always answered the door; that he has been taking a nap, or sitting comfortably in the kitchen, or finishing a tremendous meal. His barn roof has an easygoing sag in the middle. The place is small according to Western standards. It is littered with old implements and engines which the farmer has long since tired of using. The livestock are all out foraging for themselves, properly enough. There is probably no mortgage on the place because (a) no one would lend the farmer a significant sum, and (b) he wouldn't borrow it under any circumstances. The taxes are negligible and so are the chores. The women of the household do the cooking, probably the gardening, and the neighbors bear a hand in the occasional butchering.

Fond of the ironical twist, the Vermont farmer

enjoys having the rest of the country regard him as one who toils from dawn to dusk. Actually, he has contrived for himself a state of debt-free ease and leisure, with abundant spare time for thinking up the witticisms for which the state is celebrated.

What time the Vermonter has left, after drying out his kit of smart cracks and salting it down for the summer visitor, he devotes to his meals. The standard of cooking throughout the state—farmhouse, lunch-car, restaurant, or commercial hotel—seems to me the best in the land. I have never eaten a really bad meal in Vermont. I get the impression that all cooks in the state are sensitive about their professional standing; it would be a disgrace to the cook and the community if a portion were niggardly or blotched. A soggy pie would be the talk of the countryside. Nowhere are breakfasts heartier or more enticing. To start the day on orange juice, coffee, and toast would stamp the guest as the victim of a wasting illness, not long for this life. A motorist should



reasonably expect to find a notable eating place every five or ten miles in almost any part of the state. In this respect, Vermont is the nearest thing to pre-war rural France which we have in North America.

I could not help wishing for Vermont while driving in Virginia for a few weeks just before the war. My recollection is that we ate all our meals in drugstores, that we never sat down to a table which was not piled high with dirty dishes, that the whole process was in the hands of high school children. We tried once or twice to dine at hotels, but this involved standing in line and more dirty dishes when finally we sat down. There are handsome dining rooms in Williamsburg and their food is without fault, but

too many people are always in need of it during "Garden Week."

I shall always remember Williamsburg as the only inhabited town in the United States where, with money in my pocket, I was wholly unable to obtain anything at all to eat for lunch. I believe it was

the only meal I have ever missed, completely, in my life and, like the day forever lost in crossing the international date line, it can never be retrieved.

As to Southern cooking in general, the opinions of M. F. K. Fisher (page 128) are now open for discussion.

C. W. M.

FACTS

Vermont Maple

By LEE ANDERSON

THE production of maple sugar and syrup is a major industry of Vermont. According to official estimates, in a normal sugar year it amounts to nearly 20 per cent of the total agricultural products of the Green Mountain State. In some sections it represents 40 per cent of the value of all agricultural output.

For every landowner in Vermont has at least a few buckets, and few indeed are those who do not hang them. In the sap season, even the trees which furnish summer shade for the homes in the mountain villages contribute their share of the sweet sap which has brought so much fame to Vermont. Every Vermont farm has its "sugar bush" — grove, plantation, or forest.

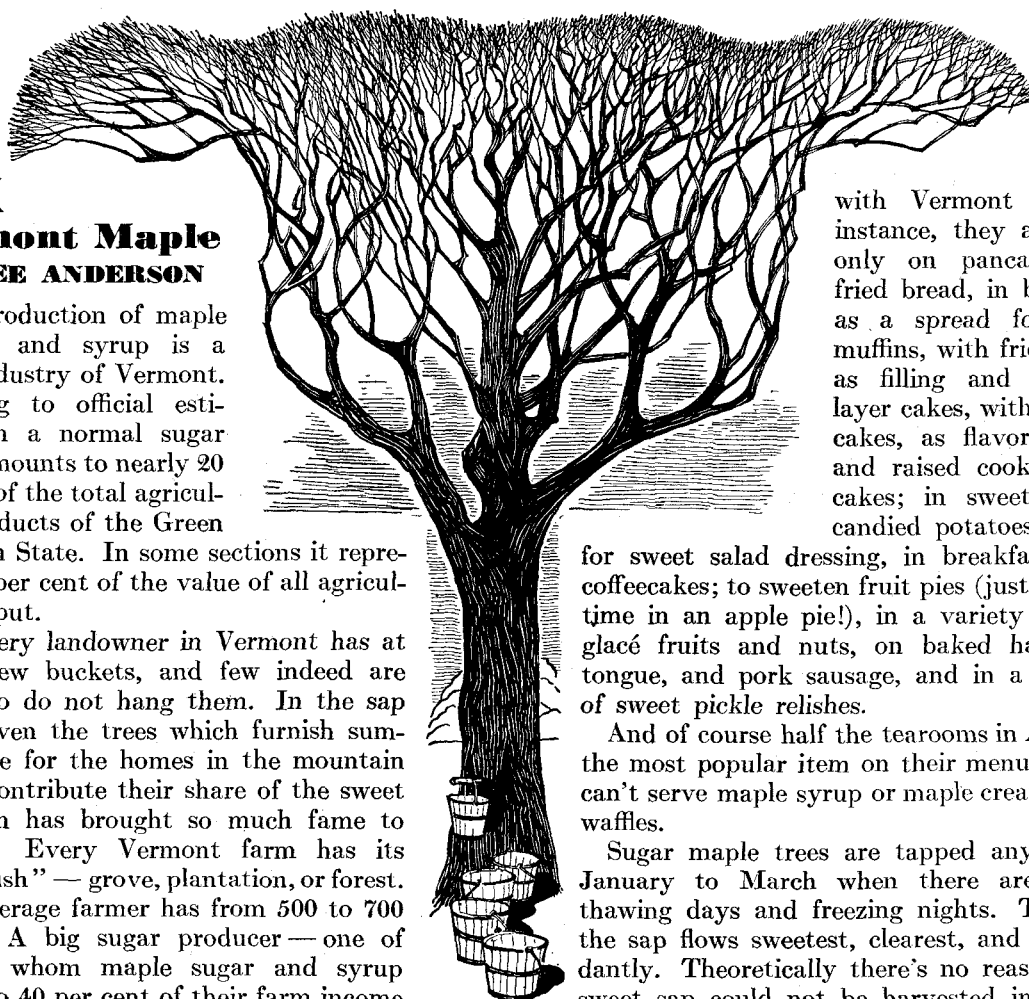
The average farmer has from 500 to 700 buckets. A big sugar producer — one of those to whom maple sugar and syrup amount to 40 per cent of their farm income — will have from 2500 to 3500 buckets. Some have as many as 10,000.

When cane and even beet sugar became scarce during the war, there was no immediate ceiling price on maple sugar. Until a ceiling was established the "Pure Vermont" soared to 90 cents and \$1.00 a pound. In a good production year most Vermont sugar producers can make a profit selling maple sugar at the price of cane sugar.

But Vermont maple sugar has become a confection: it is no longer regarded as merely sugar, except in the remote hill districts of the state. Pressed into four-leaf clover, rosette, arrow, crown, rose, and a dozen other patterns — all originally made with farm-kitchen cookie cutters — it now sells, boxed, for \$1.50 a pound.

The Vermonter uses maple syrup and sugar in his home in a score of ways more or less exclusive

LEE ANDERSON retired from the advertising business in Detroit to divide his time between Nantucket and Vermont.



with Vermont cooks. For instance, they are used not only on pancakes but on fried bread, in baked beans, as a spread for blueberry muffins, with fried salt pork, as filling and frosting for layer cakes, with nuts in loaf cakes, as flavoring in hard and raised cookies, in cupcakes; in sweet bread, for candied potatoes, in pickles,

for sweet salad dressing, in breakfast rolls and coffeecakes; to sweeten fruit pies (just try it sometime in an apple pie!), in a variety of tarts, to glacé fruits and nuts, on baked ham, smoked tongue, and pork sausage, and in a dozen sorts of sweet pickle relishes.

And of course half the tearooms in America lose the most popular item on their menus when they can't serve maple syrup or maple cream with their waffles.

Sugar maple trees are tapped any time from January to March when there are successive thawing days and freezing nights. That's when the sap flows sweetest, clearest, and most abundantly. Theoretically there's no reason why the sweet sap could not be harvested in November or December, except that the weather in those months almost never produces warm days and freezing nights in alternation.

The best season in Vermont is when the winter is beginning to break: daytime thaws on the south slopes, a sharp freeze each night, and plenty of snow for sledging out the barrels of sap from the bush to the sugarhouse, where it is cooked down and "sugared off." Broadly that good season is around the first of March, though it may vary from early January to mid-April.

Sometimes the Vermont winter breaks with a bang, the period of thawing days and freezing nights is short, and the trees come rapidly into bud with unseasonable warm weather. That's what happened in 1946. The long warm spell in March practically killed the Vermont sugar crop. Many farmers didn't even get a chance to tap their trees before the soft mud season was upon them. The trees came into leaf so quickly that the scanty



sap — from a quarter to a third of normal output — was dark and had a strong “bud taste.”

The year before, there was a short spell of thawing days and freezing nights, followed by a protracted period of day-and-night freezing, with virtually no snow. Sugar farmers, unless they are among the big, mechanically equipped producers with permanent conduits from the sugar bushes to the cooking houses, need snow to get out the sap that drips into their buckets. In 1945 the Vermont syrup output was about one third of normal.

“Sugar snow” is a fall of wet snow, preferably three to five inches, which blankets the sugar maple country on one of those thawing days, and then freezes solid in a deep crust during the night. With a good sugar snow, the farmers can pick up and sledge out of the bush about twice as many buckets as they can in deep, soft snow, and three or four times as many as they can handle in the Vermont mud.

Even if the sap is running abundantly, it never becomes maple syrup or sugar unless the buckets can be collected for the cooking. A Vermont farmer will tell you that maple sap is more sensitive, more delicate to handle than milk; and many of them are big dairy producers. Bacteria are plentiful in maple sap. It must be collected promptly, got quickly to the sugarhouse, and cooked without prolonged storing. Otherwise it deteriorates even if it doesn't become rancid and worthless. That's why a good sugar snow is so important; that's why a steady unseasonable hot spell is disastrous to maple syrup production.

Of course, in an industry so closely allied with the weather, there are a lot of traditional, and sometimes strange, beliefs as to what helps or hurts a sugar crop. One farmer with a sugar bush of 2000 buckets once told me that a prevailing easterly wind during the season of tapping always reduces the sap flow and produces watery syrup; in his belief, west and southwest winds alone assure an abundance of the sweetest sap. Several have told me that trees deep in the forest, where there is a thick, warm bed of dead leaves, yield more and better sap than trees in the open or trees at the edge of a forest. There seems to be no proof that this is so.

The average hired hand will collect between 200 and 300 buckets a day. The proprietor who works, and worries about, his own bush can collect about 500 buckets a day.

If the sap is flowing abundantly, such collections frequently mean the whole night is spent in cooking. Undercooking means watery syrup; overcooking

produces granulation. The perfect, undiluted Pure Vermont maple syrup weighs 11 pounds to the gallon.

The proprietor of a fine sugar bush at the northern end of Isle La Motte died at a ripe old age, and the farm was not actively worked for several years. Under the leadership of his guide Benjy, a New Yorker named Shaw had shot duck from the shores of the farm for years. He liked the place, and when the family of the deceased owner let it lie fallow, he decided to buy it.

He had been told how the owner harvested from 3000 to 3500 gallons of syrup from his sugar bush, and he resolved that he would make that sugar crop if nothing else. His major problem was labor. Knowing nothing about sugaring himself, he gave the job of superintendent to the man who talked the most knowingly. Thousands of taps were made, buckets were hung, sledges were readied, and the sugarhouse waited. But each day the buckets were empty, or at best their bottoms were moderately moist. The new owner was frantic.

Then he thought of Benjy. Benjy had a big bush of his own, was a good sugar man. That evening he got Benjy on the phone.

“Benjy,” he said, “I'm having trouble with my sugar. Buckets are all hung, but we're not getting any sap. Can you take time to come up here? I'd like you to find out what's wrong.”

Benjy said he'd be up, and the following morning he arrived at Shaw's farm about daybreak. He made a thorough inspection of the New Yorker's sugar bush, then returned to his own job.

“Benjy was here,” said Shaw's superintendent when the owner appeared for breakfast.

“What did he say?”

“Nothin'.”

After trying all day to reach Benjy by phone, that evening Shaw drove to Benjy's farm. After more than an hour's ride in the fifteen-below-zero air, he found that his consultant had gone to town.

Benjy was spending the evening in the village blacksmith shop, gassing and spitting tobacco juice into the forge.

“Go up to Shaw's place 'bout his sugarin'?” asked one of the villagers.

“Yup.”

“Find what's wrong?”

“Yup.”

“What'd y' tell him t' do?”

“Nothin'.”

“F y' found what's wrong, why didn' y' tell him?” demanded the blacksmith.

“He didn' ask me,” said Benjy.

Well, that's Vermont. What was wrong with Shaw's sugaring? His unskilled help had driven his taps into the heartwood, and sap is procured only from the rings immediately beneath the bark of the sugar maple.



Spring Harvest

By FREDERICK W. BRANCH

HERE in New England, Nature never yields
 An easy harvest from her rocky fields,
 Nor tries to smooth the way for those who still
 Cling to a homestead on a snowy hill.
 She spreads no fields of luscious cane for these,
 But hides their sugar in old maple trees,
 And every year she watches as they go,
 With bits and pails, through drifts of melting snow,
 To tap their groves and harvest patiently
 The clear, white sap that drips from every tree.
 She smiles to see them in the fragrant steam
 Of kettles bubbling where wood fires gleam:
 No easy harvest here for him who makes
 This old decoction for your griddle cakes,
 For forty quarts of sap will leave but one
 Lone quart of syrup when the boiling's done,
 To pay the harvester whose labor frees
 The hidden sweetness of the maple trees.

FOOD

Spoon Bread and Moonlight

By M. F. K. FISHER

IN 1880, when Mark Twain wrote nostalgically from Italy of the American food he missed so sorely, the list of dishes to be waiting for him in New York when his ship docked included at least nine that were Southern. So was he, of course. But it is probable that almost any of us would have chosen much as he did, so strong is the influence of Southern cooking on our national gastronomy.

Whether the influence is justified has often been questioned, bitterly, dyspeptically, by natives of every state in the Union, but our romantic minds still curtsy to the mumbo-jumbo of "ante-bellum days" and "the old South," even in the face of such a present monstrosity as the average restaurant's Southern Fried Chicken. Moonlight-and-magnolias cover a multitude of dietetic sins, thanks to our innate sentimentality, and we gladly pay triple to have fobbed off on us a mediocre plum cake baked by the delicate hands of a decayed Kentucky gentlewoman whose shrewd publicity describes her as unwillingly sacrificing her family's most treasured recipe, in order to save the old plantation from seizure by the damyankees.

Few Americans have combined such lively experience in the field of cookery and such ability to describe it as M. F. K. FISHER, author of *The Gastronomical Me*, *Serve It Forth*, *How to Cook a Wolf*, and *Here Let Us Feast*.



Expensive tearooms, whether in Louisville or Los Angeles, serve incredible masterpieces of pecan nuts, gelatine, and whipped cream with impunity and the promise that they are "adapted" from another secret Confederate recipe; and cookery books "translated from Southern lore" sell like hot cakes (or should I say canebrake biscuits?) in stores frequented by large soft ladies with inherited or acquired drawls.

"My old mammy told me this," they say gently, cutting into a Dixie Sunshine or a Prince of Wales. "It never was written, to keep it secret of course. But if you take thirteen eggs instead of eleven, honey —"

And the cake is delicious, and rich, and the fact that it has moved gradually from the plantation to the bridge club cannot dim its delicate splendor — as long as some people still have dozens of eggs and quarts of thick cream and, preferably, the strong, unquestioning black arm of a slave woman to beat them all together. The recipes are whispered, even on paper, and no bilious cynic from Detroit or Sioux City can deny that they deserve to survive as long as anyone can make them.

It is the commoner foods, the breads, the daily belly-fillers, that are mistreated from one end of America to the other because of the hypnosis of the adjective "Southern." That is wrong, because

food that can be made by poor and rich, old and young, should always be worth the swallowing. And good corn pone, for instance, is indeed just that. Mark Twain was right when he put it, and hoecake too, on that list of dishes that made him long for home.

One thing that makes good corn bread difficult to get is regional prejudice: a man from Arkansas blanches, for example, at the thought of putting molasses on his dodger like a Missourian, and instead wants it buttered, or plain with a dish of black-eyed peas and sowbelly. And he wants it made of white meal, never yellow.

Another difficulty is that recipes for corn bread are seldom written, not because they must be kept as hallowed family secrets, like Aunt Chloe's Teacake or Belle of New Orleans Pie, but because they are made as automatically as breathing, and as often — a handful of meal, a pinch of salt, a couple of eggs, some sweet milk, and there you are!

Or rather, there you are if you have been doing it all your life. If not, you probably buy something in a box and try to convince yourself that it is just as good.

I tried, a long time ago, to learn how our cook Bea made biscuits. She could not write or read, and smiled mockingly when I confessed that I had to copy down a recipe in order to remember it, but she let me stand beside her many times in the

kitchen while her slender blue-black hands tossed together the biscuit-mix. She always did it at the last minute, when several other things for the meal had reached their climaxes of preparation, so that it was hard for me to separate them from the bowl I was watching. Every time, the ingredients were the same but in maddeningly different proportions; and every time, the biscuits were the same too: light, flaky but not crumbly, moist in the middle — as a cloud is moist, not a sponge.

I never learned, and Bea told my mother that I was not as bright as I looked to be.

Now I have a friend from Arkansas, and she makes corn bread the same way. It is truly impossible for her to tell me how, and one reason I am sorry is that she makes the most delicious dressing in the world, and it takes corn bread to do it. I watch her, and she tries hard to tell me, and every time, as with Bea and the biscuits, the ingredients are every which way and the bread is exactly the same delicious thing.

If you can make corn bread that is respectable, though, whether it be with white or yellow meal, here is how to make the dressing, to serve with chicken or turkey ("But you haven't eaten turkey," my friend says, "so long as you haven't eaten wild-turkey steaks, cut thick from the raw breasts and fried in butter." I agree sadly, and think with amazement that the great wild birds Brillat-Savarin wrote about so tenderly are still flying over the pine woods. "Very good! exceedingly good! oh! dear sir, what a glorious bit!" his guests cried out as they ate the last morsel of his game, more than a hundred years ago — and I would do the same today, could I but taste a sliver from the breast. Meanwhile I comfort myself with this recipe, so much better than any I have ever found in a book): —

Take fresh corn bread, about what would be in an 8-inch square pan, and crumble it lightly with 4 or 5 leftover biscuits or slices of stale white bread. Add 6 eggs, and finely chopped celery and onions to taste. Season simply: salt, pepper, perhaps a little sage. Baste the roasting bird generously and often, and put all the drippings from it into the bowl of dressing, which must be moist but not sodden. Add good rich stock if it seems dry. When the bird is a scant hour from being done, stuff it lightly with the dressing, and put what is left under and around it in the pan.

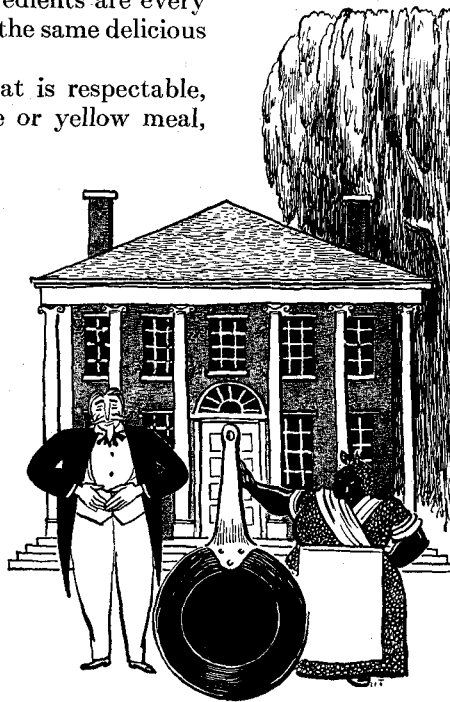
(Some people like fresh peanuts or pecans chopped coarsely into this dressing, but not my friend — and therefore not I.)

The same impossibility of getting a good corn bread or biscuit recipe holds for spoon bread. Bea

used to make that, literally, with one hand. I tried reading recipes to her, and although she pretended to find all of them ridiculous, the following one produces the nearest copy of her infinitely better dish: —

- 2 cups milk
- 1 scant cup sifted corn meal
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup butter, melted or in tiny pieces
- 6 egg yolks, beaten
- 6 egg whites, beaten

Heat milk to scalding point, then very slowly stir in the corn meal, sugar, and salt. Add the butter gradually, stirring the mixture up from the bottom of the pan. Cool, and add the beaten yolks slowly, stirring hard the while. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Turn into a well-buttered casserole or soufflé dish and bake about 25 minutes in a 425° oven (hot), until the bread is set in the middle and lightly crusted. Serve very hot, always from a large spoon.



Most places specializing in "real Southern cooking" serve spoon bread with chicken or ham. Usually, even in the South, it is a hot fuzzy mush, neither pudding nor porridge but possessing most of the disagreeable attributes of both.

"But," said my mother reasonably when we talked of such things, "that's the way it is, down there. I never knew restaurants, of course, but I went to school there for several years, and spent all my vacations with friends on what was left of their plantations — that was in the nineties. They were still fighting the War Between the States, and I don't yet see why they were so kind to a Yankee girl — and it seems to me that we lived on hot-breads and cakes and pies and fried chicken."

"That sounds good," I said greedily.

"It was — but only because I was young and ravenous," Mother said. "We ate four or five kinds of soggy rich hot-breads every day for breakfast, besides corncakes and beaten biscuits always. And big bowls of jam, as if it were fresh fruit. We all had headaches all the time, and took pills. And," she lowered her voice politely, "everyone was constipated."

She looked slightly embarrassed at her unaccustomed boldness, and then went on energetically to camouflage it, "Fry, fry, FRY! Everything was fried. I do believe those cooks could dip old corncobs in batter and serve them up as crisp hot fritters."

"That sounds good too," I said, being even hungrier by now.

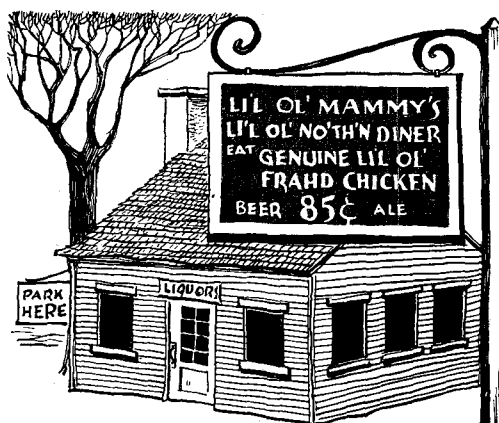
"It gets tiresome after five years or so," my mother said. "It's why Southern belles are so languorous, probably — they all have indigestion, although usually it's called love in one form or another." Mother snorted. "And I don't want to see another Southern fried chicken as long as I live!"

A great many people feel the same way, although not because of "love in one form or another." "Southern Fried Chicken" is advertised with callous regularity as the specialty of most of the eating houses in the United States, no matter how far they are from the Mason-Dixon Line or what clientele they serve, but I have yet to hear of any that is notably good. The obvious fact that a great many people order it and eat it is perhaps one more proof of the dangerous magic of calling a thing "Southern": it *must* be good, we reason unconsciously, evoking all we have been taught about ante-bellum delicacy and richness and crispness, and knowing very well that we will be presented with one more mistreated, steam-heated carcass, parboiled before it was fried, to ensure a kind of tenderness, no matter what its age and antecedents.

The worst I ever ate, I am almost sure, was in a lakeside tavern in northern Minnesota. People whose gastronomical judgment I respected, largely because they had tipped me off to the local caviar, assured me that no drive was too long if at the end of it there waited a platter of superlative Southern fried chicken prepared by the tavern's master cook.

I telephoned ahead, as they told me to, and mentioned their names, and then drove a very long drive indeed through spicy woods that made me hungry in an almost violent way. And the platter that was set before me was reward enough, heaped with crisp sizzling half-fryers, piled extravagantly high, sending off a visible perfume of brown, savory delight. Southern fried chicken, I told myself — at last I would taste it as it should be, as it never was.

The outer skin, dripping with rancid grease that soon overpowered the first fine aroma, was a thick half-done batter which slipped off in a horrid way, entire, and was inwardly pale and pasty. The flesh was grayish, boiled to death and dead to look at. Worst of all was the way it cut, like putty or suet, and then the fact that a half-inch from the surface it was cold — cold from the icebox where it had lain cooked for days before it was dipped quickly into a ready-mix batter and then into ancient fat, for my arrival.



It was a bad thing to meet, in northern Minnesota or southern California or in the Deep South itself — and the sad part of the story is that the same thing will happen again, in any of those places, to anyone fool enough to ask for it.

Me, I am cured — except spiritually of course. And I think this recipe, the nearest I can come to my dream of what Southern fried chicken should be, helps soothe my good American sentimentality about Confederate gastronomy, and may even lay Mark Twain's outraged ghost as it hovers over the pier in New York, waiting for the Southern fried chicken that he so hungered for in Italy in 1880: —

Cut up a young chicken and soak the pieces in sweet cream overnight. Drain them, saving the cream for the gravy. Pat each piece partly dry with a cloth, and salt and pepper amply. Dredge in a mixture of half bread flour and half corn meal.

Mix one part butter with two parts lard, and have just hot enough to hiss when a crust is dropped in. Fit the chicken carefully into the skillet, and cover closely for about fifteen minutes. Then turn frequently to make the chicken brown and crisp, taking care not to let the fat become too hot.

For the gravy, pour off most of the fat from the skillet, add the chopped giblets and a little flour, brown, and then add seasoning and lastly the cream.

Pussycat

By WINONA McCLINTIC

THE cat has danced behind the Veil,
Beyond the Grove of Sacred Trees,
On fur-toed pads which marked a trail
Across the courts of mysteries.

Because of yellow baleful eyes
The sorcerer in chains has hung;
The milk-dry cattle know those cries;
The world has seen that tongue.

The careless paws that daylight shows
Conceal the barbs of midnight gait,
Of midnight paths on which he goes
Seeking his wild Satanic mate.

And now he bends before his plate,
The black mouth licking bare and neat
The fish who died upon the bait
That Pussycat might eat.

MUSIC

Absolute PitchBy **CARL ANTHON**

SOME time ago there appeared in the newspapers a story that brought an old problem into new focus. According to that story, French musicians were making an organized appeal to the world to stop the inflation of the musical pitch. It was a brave plea, but a voice in the dark, I fear, and the inflation will probably run its course.

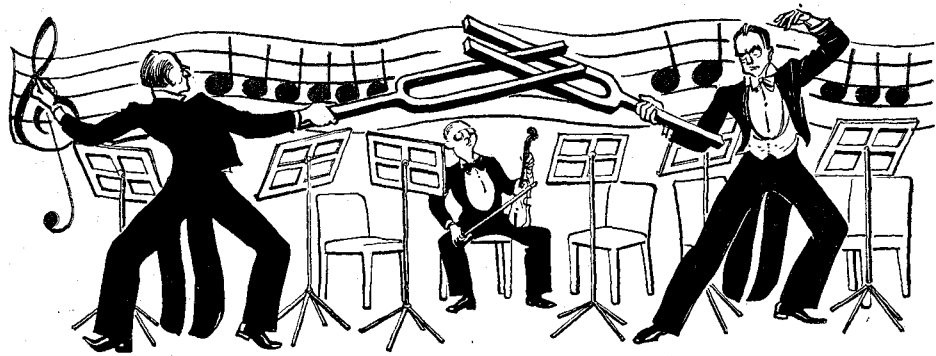
What is this inflation of pitch that is already driving some musicians mad?

During the eighteenth century and before, the pitch of a musical note, say A, varied a great deal from place to place, thus causing considerable confusion. An A might be of one pitch in one organ, and perhaps half a tone lower in another, while still different A's were used by orchestras and bands. This variation naturally resulted in a great deal of inconvenience to musicians and composers. Bach might compose a Mass in B Minor to fit the organ of St. Thomas's in Leipzig, but when it was performed in a church where the organ was tuned half a tone higher, he would have to transpose several orchestral parts to fit the new organ.

To overcome these difficulties, a uniform standard of pitch was highly desirable. When weights and measures, coinages, and laws were undergoing a process of leveling and standardization during the nineteenth century, musical pitch, too, gradually came to be standardized. In 1858 the Paris Academy fixed the pitch of middle A at 435 double vibrations per second, and this became international pitch after its adoption by an international music congress that met in Vienna in 1889.

This international standard pitch was fully a half tone higher than the instrumental pitch of the eighteenth century. For that reason, works composed previous to the adoption of this international pitch all sound a half tone higher than the composer intended. Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which to us seems so intimately associated with the key of C Minor, would actually sound to Beethoven, if he were back on earth, as a symphony in C sharp Minor, and he would probably have a fit over it. The associations we have with the key of G Major or C Major — joy, childlike simplicity — were felt by Bach, Haydn, and Mozart in keys that sound to us like F sharp Major or B Major, which for us have totally different associations.

The present international pitch, then, already



represents a certain inflation compared to the earlier pitch. But inflation is still continuing. In America, international concert pitch was fixed at 440 vibrations for A and is therefore considerably sharper than the European A. But even within the United States there are deviations. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, for example, without wishing to make it official, uses a still sharper A, somewhere between 444 and 445 vibrations.

Why this steady rise? The theory underlying the sharper A is that it is more brilliant, and that is why Dr. Koussevitzky believes in an A of 444 vibrations. But more brilliant than what? The A of 440? According to that theory, the A of 440 must be more brilliant than that of 436, the latter more brilliant than that of 432, and so on. Going in the other direction, it follows that an A of 448 would be even more brilliant than the brilliant A of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. To follow this theory to its logical conclusion, one should keep pushing the pitch higher and higher to achieve greater brilliance. Where is the ceiling?

The implication of this pitch inflation for musicians is that they cannot always adjust their instruments to a higher pitch. A French flute or oboe, based on an A of 435, cannot play with flutes and oboes based on an A of 444. An organ's pitch is relatively fixed; it cannot be changed at will as can that of the stringed instruments. Musicians who are used to one kind of pitch are upset when confronted with a higher pitch, for it blurs their sense of proper pitch.

This is the reason the French musicians voiced a frantic plea for the return to the international standard agreed upon in 1889. But modern conductors and virtuosi are adamant in their belief that a sharper pitch means more brilliance. And more brilliance they must have at all cost, for that is presumably in harmony with twentieth-century tastes.

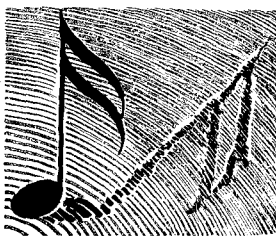
Is pitch absolute or relative? Don't some people have absolute pitch? If so, what is this thing called absolute pitch? When we hear that someone has absolute pitch, don't we mean that he can tell us exactly what A — that is, absolute A — should sound like? He should be able to sing for us instantly, without reference to any other sound, the correct pitch of any note. But what he will actually produce is not an absolute A; it is the A that he is

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accustomed to hearing and which his tonal memory now reproduces.

The reason for this, of course, is that there is no such thing as an absolute A, or any absolute pitch whatsoever. Pitch is relative, and we can call A any tone we like. The rest of the musical scale is then built up in mathematical relation to it. Any associations with a sharper pitch — brilliance and so forth — seem purely psychological.

Some persons are born with this faculty called absolute pitch, this ability to tell an A or any other tone when one hears it. Others acquire abso-



lute pitch through practice. In any case, it is a matter of tonal memory — the memory of that tonal system most frequently, or possibly most recently, heard and used by that particular person.

If, however, the pitch varies from one orchestra to another, what chance has the musician or the layman to develop an ear for proper pitch? The number of persons possessing so-called absolute pitch will decrease in proportion to the varieties of pitch that are cropping up. It seems sensible to return to an international standard pitch and stop the inflation of the A.

Maybe for Love

By JOHN HOLMES

SET out in an old island garden behind boxwood hedges
Were all the small carved applewood animals to buy,
And I bought three, a hound, a mule, and a wild duck.

Boys and old men last winter under the Carolina ledges
Knifed them out of the hard wood, and I wondered why.
Not for money — they cost so little. Maybe for luck.

The grain of the wood slides all round the small duck
From the bent snaky neck to the fat feathered tail.
But applewood shines the same on the hound and mule.

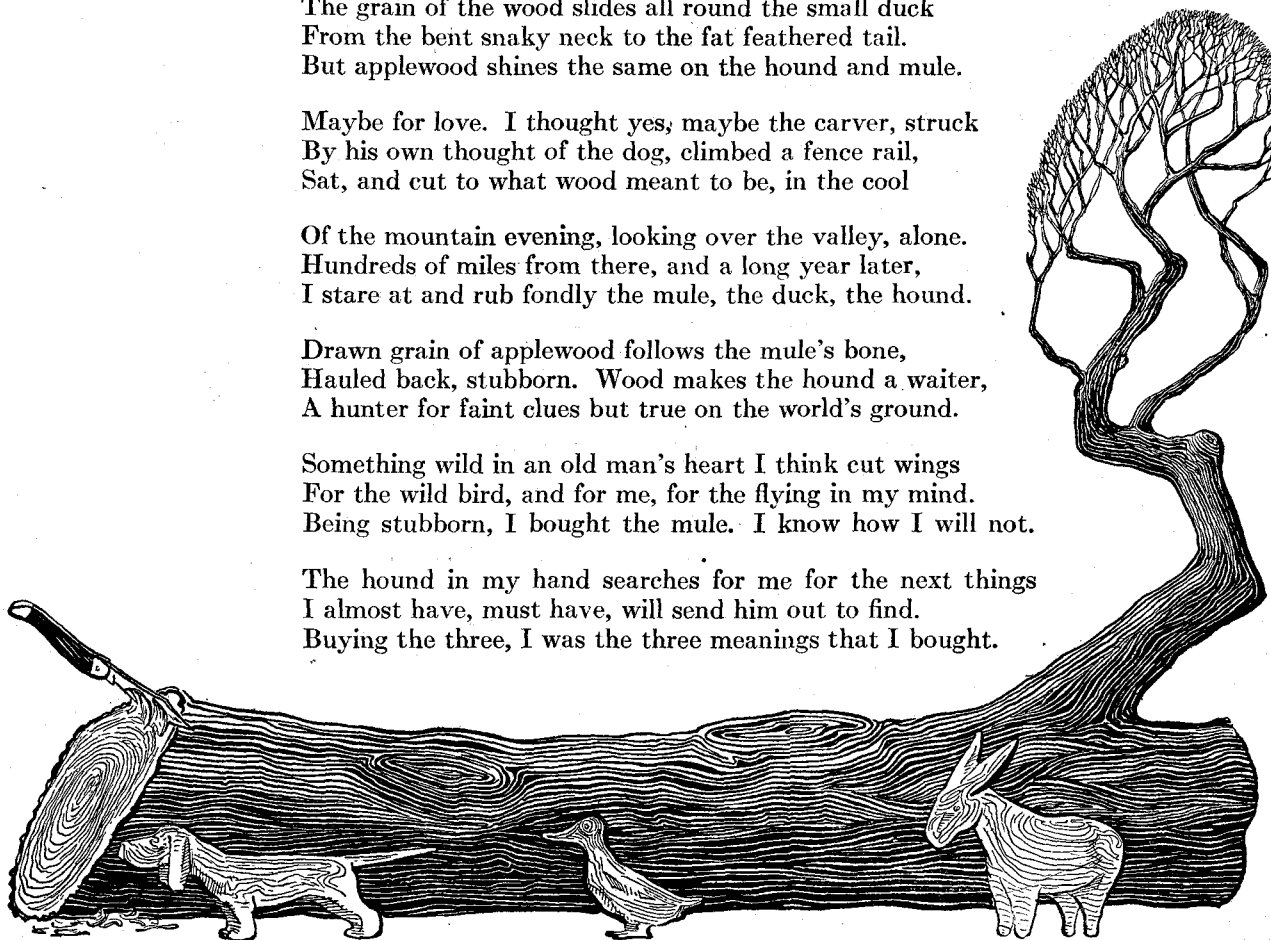
Maybe for love. I thought yes, maybe the carver, struck
By his own thought of the dog, climbed a fence rail,
Sat, and cut to what wood meant to be, in the cool

Of the mountain evening, looking over the valley, alone.
Hundreds of miles from there, and a long year later,
I stare at and rub fondly the mule, the duck, the hound.

Drawn grain of applewood follows the mule's bone,
Hauled back, stubborn. Wood makes the hound a waiter,
A hunter for faint clues but true on the world's ground.

Something wild in an old man's heart I think cut wings
For the wild bird, and for me, for the flying in my mind.
Being stubborn, I bought the mule. I know how I will not.

The hound in my hand searches for me for the next things
I almost have, must have, will send him out to find.
Buying the three, I was the three meanings that I bought.



ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

by LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

1

IN 1940, nearly a quarter century of Bolshevism and almost as many years of Fascism had accustomed the world to the existence of the political refugee, and when the Franco-German Armistice was signed in June it seemed a natural thing that Frenchmen should fly their country. To help them out of France was a pious act, and Britishers who a day before were talking of the "desertion" of France were not behind Americans in lending a hand. In the case of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, it was his publishers, Eugène Reynal and the late Curtice Hitchcock who cabled, proposing to arrange for his visa and to facilitate his passage to the United States. What actually persuaded Saint-Exupéry to leave France and exile himself among us is a question I never put to him directly. He had friends and a great reputation in the United States, of course. His books were very popular and he was sure to have no material worries in this country. But we were a neutral power, the French were a defeated and humiliated nation; and with the best will in the world the American people could not be expected to share the ceaseless gnawing anxiety by which he, as a Frenchman, was then beset.

I have never known a man so little made for neutrality, for emigration, for exile. Saint-Exupéry was obsessed by the notion that France must stay in the war. He wanted passionately to serve his country, but as a soldier, by fighting for it. As early as September, 1939, he had refused to lend his pen and his name to the French propaganda

ministry and had insisted upon serving as a pilot though he was in his fortieth year. When the invitation of his American publishers reached him, Saint-Exupéry borrowed a plane and flew off to Tunisia to consult his comrades of the reconnaissance group with which he had fought the Battle of France. "I wanted to know," he said subsequently, "if they were going to be able to go on fighting. They looked at me in astonishment. 'You are out of your mind,' they said. 'We have no reserve planes, no fuel, no tires, no spare parts. How many missions do you think a plane can fly without spare parts? Of course we can't fight. The best that we can do is to hide as much of our equipment as possible from the enemy Armistice inspectors — bury it — and hope to use it another day.'"

Saint-Exupéry returned from Tunisia to France and had a look round Vichy. There were, in those early days, men at Vichy whom he admired and knew to be honorable and patriotic Frenchmen. These men and others invited him to join them in *le double jeu*, the "double game" of salvaging what they could of French self-respect and French resources by pulling the wool over the Germans' eyes. Saint-Exupéry tried to convince himself that this was what he should do. But no double game was possible to him. He had no gift for intrigue, for dissimulation.

There remained General de Gaulle, and here we meet Saint-Exupéry's second obsession. He was persuaded, and proclaimed, that in a time of national defeat and humiliation, no Frenchman had the right to fight against another Frenchman. Unity was now the first requisite of the nation. Rightly or wrongly, he took it into his head that the war which General de Gaulle was inviting the French to fight under his banner was a war of

An American writer with the gift of tongues, LEWIS GALANTIÈRE divided his life, in the inter-war period, between central banking and literature. *Wind, Sand and Stars* and *Flight to Arras*, by his friend Saint-Exupéry, are two out of a score of French books which, as editor and translator, he has introduced to American readers in twenty-five years of service to Franco-American cultural relations.

fratricide, and in such a war he refused to participate. (Not to intervene in the debate, but merely to contribute a note of clarification — this was in substance the position of the French Army, including General B  thouart and General Juin, officers who followed Giraud in November, 1942, and yet were successively made Chief of the General Staff by de Gaulle himself when he assumed power.) “De Gaulle,” Saint-Exup  ry said when we talked about him, “ceased to be a soldier and became a political leader. I should have followed him with joy against the Germans. I could not follow him against Frenchmen.”

Even so, Saint-Exup  ry was six months making up his mind to come to the United States, and he came here, I always thought, out of desperation, as a last resort. I conclude that it was in the vague hope of being somehow useful to France that Saint-Exup  ry disembarked at New York from a small Portuguese vessel on the last day of the year 1940. Incidentally, he had deemed it prudent to avoid the Pyrenees and make his way to Lisbon via Morocco. Ever since he had served as correspondent during the Spanish Civil War he had been in the black books of Franco’s police spies.

Saint-Exup  ry was not happy in the United States. He would have been unhappy anywhere in 1941 except at the front, and in 1941 there was no front possible for him. Miserable as he was, not to be fighting, he was not the kind to shut himself up in an ivory tower and write. Restless, tormented, tense, he spent his days and nights discussing the military and political dispatches, analyzing the enemy’s strategy, going over the fine points of weapons and inventions with physicists and engineers (he was a first-rate mathematician and knew a lot about physics), drawing up plans for supplying Britain with planes and France with foodstuffs. And whatever the subject under discussion, the conversation always came round to France in the end, for he was incapable of any other preoccupation.

One of the most pathetic expressions of love of country that I know is to be found at the close of a letter written by M  rim  e to his friend Mme. de Beaulaincourt on September 13, 1870, following the crushing defeat of Napoleon III by the Prussians at Sedan. Here it is: “All my life I have sought to be free from prejudice, to be a citizen of the world before being a Frenchman; but all these philosophic cloaks are of no avail. I bleed today from the wounds of these imbeciles of Frenchmen; I weep for their humiliation; and

however ungrateful and absurd they be, I still love them.”

In these noble lines there are thoughts which it would never have occurred to Saint-Exup  ry to utter. He who hated the self-styled “philosophy” of racism, who had traveled even more widely than M  rim  e, whose sympathy went spontaneously towards that which is universal in men, would never have called himself anything but a Frenchman. He who was excessively intolerant of fools would never have spoken of “these imbeciles of Frenchmen,” but only of “that imbecile, X.” “Since I am one with the people of France,” he wrote, “I shall never reject my people, whatever they may do. I shall never preach against them in the hearing of others. Whenever it is possible to take their defense, I shall defend them. If they cover me with shame I shall lock up their shame in my heart and be silent.” Yet this patriot was not a nationalist in the hideous exclusive manner of a Fichte among the Germans, or a Maurras among the French. “In my civilization,” he wrote, “he who is different from me does not impoverish me, he enriches me. . . . I shall fight against all those who strive to impose a particular way of life upon other ways of life, a particular people upon other peoples, a particular race upon other races, a particular system of thought upon other systems of thought.”

2

SAINT-EXUP  RY’S American publishers, who brought him out of France, were kindness and sympathy incarnate. They arranged for his visa and his place on board ship. They smoothed his way through the formalities of immigration and customs. They found him a handsome apartment in the twenty-third story of a house overlooking Central Park — for Europeans are as romantic about our upper stories as we about their inns and ch  teaux. Together with his patient and tactful agent, Maximilian Becker, they procured for him the toys with which he endeavored, in his early weeks among us, to distract himself — among others, a magnificent recording machine with which the inventive Saint-Exup  ry sought to still his restlessness. He would record a Mozart symphony broadcast by Toscanini and then, on the same disk, introduce readings by himself and his friends, of French classical verse scanned to accord with the beat of the music. Herv   Alphan   would do his celebrated imitation of a dialogue between the doddering P  tain and

a certain senile general descended from the Marquis de Lafayette.

One day Saint-Exupéry recorded his own voice in such a way that the result seemed to be a whole chorus of voices intoning plain chant — a Vatican Choir. A group of friends did a comic scene representing French provincials seeing New York for the first time from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Among the most delightful records were those of Claude Alphan's simple and moving singing of Breton and other folk songs.

A publisher exists by virtue of his authors, and it is the business of the publisher to persuade his authors to write books. Saint-Exupéry was a French writer from whom Americans wanted to hear. He was allowed five or six weeks in which to adjust himself to his new life, and then, tactfully, it was indicated to him that he ought to be at work. When tact failed, a little pressure was applied: "It is your duty to explain France, to explain the defeat to people who believe that the French did not put up a fight."

In the beginning, words like these infuriated Saint-Exupéry — first because they seemed to him insulting to France, and again because they appeared to imply that he was a literary tradesman, ready to grind out copy for a fee. He had spent four years writing *Night Flight*. Seven years of composition and polishing went into *Wind, Sand and Stars*. He was at the other pole from Saint-Cyran, that seventeenth-century theologian of whom the abbé Bremond said that "he wrote badly, but without the slightest effort." But Saint-Exupéry had to agree that everybody was writing about France, and that with the exception of Maritain, nobody in America seemed to know what he was writing about. Every newspaper in the land was discussing France. The German and Austrian refugees in America, whom the French had been the first to shelter in 1933, were washing in public not their own dirty linen but that of the Third Republic. The propaganda of the Vichy embassy at Washington was feeble, false, and ludicrous. The New York Gaullists were denouncing one another and thus confirming the general American belief that unity among Frenchmen was not to be looked for. Against his will, therefore, out of a sense of duty, Saint-Exupéry sat down to write a war book.

He wrote two or three chapters, but the book would not advance. The news from France, in 1941, was too upsetting. The repeated incidents between Englishmen and Frenchmen were too disheartening. Meanwhile, the telephone never

stopped ringing: magazine editors, directors of French cultural and relief associations, managers of lecture tours, never ceased soliciting his services. And in the French colony, in the *Émigration* as it was known, the wagging tongues were really too poisonous. "Saint-Exupéry? I saw him yesterday in Washington, lunching with Chautemps, who is here doing a job for Vichy." Not only had Saint-Exupéry never lunched with Chautemps, he had never talked to the man. "Saint-Exupéry? He's a Vichy agent, you know. He's here buying planes for Vichy." Not only had Saint-Exupéry no contact with Vichy or its Washington embassy, but the people he saw most frequently, the Alphands, the Manzéarlys, Colonel de Chevigné, and others, were fervent and official Gaullists. "We are not content to make known to the world our follies and vices by hearsay," Montaigne says; "we go abroad to show them off before foreigners in the flesh. Set down three Frenchmen in the deserts of Libya: before a month is out they will be wrangling and scratching at one another."

With all this, the man was ill, suffering from defectively healed injuries consequent upon a whole series of airplane crashes. Saint-Exupéry knew that he was in bad shape, but how badly off he was he did not know. He complained of internal pains, and the sedatives that were prescribed were not effective. He ceased to be able to sleep. In the late spring of 1941 he went off to stay with friends in California. There, one day, he fainted. He had the luck to be treated by a master diagnostician and to be operated on by a first-rate surgeon. After a month in hospital and a period of convalescence he came back to New York.

During his convalescence he had reread certain notebooks in which, as early as 1937, he had begun to set down what he called with a smile "my posthumous work." He said very little about it, and as I rarely asked my friend idle questions, I do not know much of what went into it. He had read aloud to me the first dozen pages in 1938, which I had not liked because of their florid, prose-poetry style — the style of the early Gide, say. As regards its form, the book was apparently to be a great *conte philosophique* in the manner of the eighteenth century, a succession of dialogues spoken at the court of an imaginary sultan; and Saint-Exupéry seemed to believe that he had found a mold, so to say, into which he would be able to pour his meditations and his feelings on all things — man, the state, religion, war, love, civilization.

Back in New York, he worked hard at the notebooks, and when he was finally able to get away

to North Africa and rejoin the air force, in the spring of 1943, there must have been 1200 or 1300 pages of them. But I am very sure that this was not, properly speaking, a book at all. It was a heap of notes flung haphazardly on paper, a shapeless mass not destined for publication in that state.

I speak of it here because, in concentrating upon his "posthumous work," Saint-Exupéry found one day what he had sought in vain to express in the unfinished war book. It was those months of meditation over his notebooks that made it possible for him to write *Flight to Arras*.

3

PAUL VALÉRY used to talk about the "ideal reader" to whom every author subconsciously and necessarily addresses himself. If *Flight to Arras* is not a completely successful book the reason is, I believe, that Saint-Exupéry sought to write at one and the same time for Americans and for Frenchmen, and thus lost from view his "ideal reader." Nobody was ever so little endowed as he with that sort of cleverness (*finesse*) that Pascal despised. Nobody, therefore, was so little fitted for writing propaganda. He had undertaken—I repeat, against his will—to explain to Americans the defeat of France. But it was impossible that Americans should interest him at a moment when France lay under the German heel. He could not fix his attention upon us. His glance strayed ceaselessly across the Atlantic. He did not know how to write except for Frenchmen, and even in the closing chapters of the book, where his subject is Man and Charity, it is through the French people that he addresses himself to others. The pages written deliberately for American readers, those pages in which he demonstrates by logic and statistics that the defeat of France was inevitable, are much the weakest part of *Flight to Arras*. The French read those pages, agreed with them, and promptly forgot them as of minor interest. American readers were scandalized by them and called them "defeatist."

I did not see then, as I have seen since, where the misunderstanding lay. The book was published, in English translation, in February, 1942. A man who publishes in New York, two months after Pearl Harbor, a book in which he declares that the important question is not "What ought we to do?" but "What ought we to be?" is bound to seem to Americans a mystic or a madman. It did not occur to us that Saint-Exupéry was writ-

ing for the French, and that their Pearl Harbor had taken place twenty-one months earlier, in May, 1940. On the other hand, Saint-Exupéry was at fault in forgetting that he had started to write a book for Americans, and that his American readers were faced with a situation which was not to be resolved by essays on the moral nature of man. He ended by writing for the French, a people whose morale needed support after a humiliating defeat. He published among the Americans, a people whose only thought was how to organize and employ the resources they must bring to bear if they were not to suffer a defeat no less humiliating.

Two months after Pearl Harbor, at a time when Laval was about to return to power at Vichy, American readers wanted Saint-Exupéry to write about Democracy with a capital D: he wrote about Man. They wanted him to celebrate the Bill of Rights: he sang the beauty of Charity. They asked him to announce to them—like Heine in "The Two Grenadiers"—that the French Army was about to rise up out of its grave, sword in hand: he brought them tidings of the immortality of the substance, the "seed" as he put it, of France. Only the French, in 1942, were in a mood to appreciate *Flight to Arras*.

Saint-Exupéry wrote beautifully, but at the price of great effort. He went out rarely, but he had friends in almost every day to lunch and dinner. In the evening, when his friends had gone, he would brew himself a great pot of coffee and sit down to work at his dining table (his desk served merely as a catchall in which his check-book could never be found). Now and then he would write in an all-night restaurant, where, having eaten a dish of raw chopped beef drowned in olive oil and crusted with pepper, he was likely to scribble from two in the morning until dawn. When he had written himself stiff, he would stretch out at home on a sofa under a lamp, take up the mouthpiece of a dictaphone, and record his copy, revising as he went along. Then, towards seven or eight o'clock in the morning, he would go to bed. The secretary would come in at nine and type while he slept. Often, when friends arrived for lunch at one o'clock, they would ring and pound for twenty minutes before he woke up and let them in.

This man who wrote like an angel was convinced that he did not know how to write. He needed constantly to be reassured by his friends concerning the quality of the writing he was engaged upon. My wife, who was very fond of

Saint-Exupéry and loved to hear him talk, had nevertheless one subject of complaint concerning him: he telephoned me too often in the middle of the night. I was then translating *Flight to Arras* chapter by chapter as it came from his hands, and was therefore intimately associated with his torments of composition. Whenever he had written a particularly difficult passage, and felt that he had to read it aloud immediately, it was to me that he would telephone. And I, at two o'clock in the morning, under the half-mocking and half-furious stare of my wife, understanding not a word of what the rapid muffled voice was reciting into the telephone—for I was of course more than half asleep—would nod my head, interject an appropriate “Ah!” or “That’s good, that is!” while I sought in vain to catch at the thread of his discourse; and upon his insistent demand, when he was through, that I tell him what I thought, would repeat mechanically and hypocritically, “Magnificent! Magnificent!” Generally the session ended with a long silence in which I seemed to hear Saint-Exupéry turning his ideas over in his mind, then a sudden “Good! Sorry to disturb you. Good night,” and he would hang up.

4

IN *Flight to Arras* Saint-Exupéry had come with great difficulty to the end of a transitional stage between two contrasted vocations, that of “poet of the air” and that of moralist. He had always been a contemplative writer. But in his first period he had frequently been content to write about action pretty much for its own sake. In his second period, in *Flight to Arras*, he had made action the pretext of meditation. In the period into which he had emerged when he vanished out of this world on July 31, 1944, somewhere in the skies between Tunisia and the Maritime Alps, he was the pure moralist that we find in *Letter to the Hostage*. Already, in 1938, I had been enabled to see the beginnings of this inner mutation.

Saint-Exupéry paid his first brief visit to the United States in January or February, 1938. He had arranged to have a plane shipped from France to Montreal, and his purpose was to essay a record flight over all the countries of the Western Hemisphere, from Canada to the tip of Patagonia. “If you will look at an air map,” he said when he came to dinner with the Roussy de Sales, “you will see that I can do it by flying practically in a straight line. It’s a silly thing to do, perhaps, but I want to do it.” Two days later he

had taken off, and in another day or two we read that he had crashed with an overload of fuel in Guatemala. After some weeks in hospital, first in Guatemala City and then in Mexico, he spent a brief period of convalescence in New York as the guest of Colonel (later Major General) William Donovan, creator and director of the OSS. Here he finished a book upon which he had been at work for a number of years. The manuscript, turned over to me for translation, was entitled *Du vent, du sable, des étoiles*. The translation was published in the following year under this same title: *Wind, Sand and Stars*.

Saint-Exupéry had sailed home to France, and I had gone to work on the translation at Sherwood Anderson’s, in the mountains of southwestern Virginia, when I received the first of an absolute rain of letters transmitting changes that he was then engaged in making in the French text. Later, when I started to tell this story to Pierre Lazareff, he laughed as he interrupted me: “But you don’t know the half of it. Each time that Antoine gave us a piece for *Paris-Soir*, it was the devil’s own job to get it into the paper. There was no getting rid of the man. He would slip into the composing room at midnight to take out commas and change the order of the sentences. He would demoralize the whole shop, bribing the printer’s devils with bottles of wine, in the middle of the night, to let him get at the forms.”

To be sure, there was something of this in those letters—commas to be removed or inserted, verbs altered from the optative to the imperative mood, the syntax and rhythm of scores of sentences to be modified in the interest of a simpler, more fluent line. But there were other things too. In the first place, Saint-Exupéry was purifying his style, ridding it of rhetoric, eliminating the florid and moving towards the severe. He had conceived such a horror of the “literary,” the falsely poetic, that he dropped his evocative title and substituted for it *Terre des hommes*, literally “Man’s Earth” with the sense of “the planet on which men live.” Not only had he rewritten certain chapters in their entirety, substituting meditation for action and description, but he ended by cutting out altogether one third of the text he had left with me. It was clear that he was anxious to give the reader the impression that this was not a book of adventure, and that his aim was a book in which the reader should see unmistakably—as he put it—“how the airplane, that tool of the airlines, brings man face to face with the eternal problems.” All this was very laudable—except that in his concern with the

moral aspects of his subject Saint-Exupéry was throwing overboard a great deal of beautiful and moving writing which (in my view) he had no right to jettison.

In the beginning, my protests were cautious and mild. When, from his replies, I saw that I had shaken him and induced him to hesitate, I pressed my points; and I ended by telling him that he knew how to write but not how to read. The result was unexpected. He sent his version to the printer in France and allowed me to send mine to the printer in America. Then, when his French text was in proof, he turned up suddenly in New York, in February, 1939. He said that he was sailing back four days thence in the ship that had brought him, and that he had come only to tell me that he was sorry to have given me so much trouble. I was appropriately touched; but I reminded him that he had promised his American publishers two additional chapters and had not produced them. He made a face, and said he thought he could write one, at any rate, in a couple of days; it had been ripening in him for several years and was ready to drop. And in a room at the Ritz, in New York, he wrote what some readers believe to be the most exciting chapter in *Wind, Sand and Stars*, the chapter called "The Elements." Our moralist was himself so convinced of the excellence of this narrative of action that he cabled Paris to ask that *Terre des hommes* be held up for its insertion; but it was too late. There is a nice thesis for a Sorbonne doctorate in a comparison of the two books.

Saint-Exupéry was not in the least a man of letters in the fashion of Gautier, for example, ever prepared to deliver copy on any subject and in any form. He was not like George Sand, of whom the great editor, Buloz, said that in the delivery of copy she was "as punctual as a notary." He never stopped writing, but he tore up a hundred pages for every page he sent to the printer. He was always late, always pressed for time, never certain that he had expressed exactly what he meant to say. And he was born a moralist. Christopher Morley called him "the Joseph Conrad of the air"; but if he had lived, he might have given the world not a second Conrad but a second Pascal.

5

SAINT-EXUPÉRY, who was six feet tall, had the head of a bird. His skull was round and his hair was beginning to recede, his nose was tilted and rather pointed, his chin (like Bedell Smith's) was

stubborn but not prominent, and his eyes, which were protuberant, seemed almost to be set sideways. This bird's head, meanwhile, was mounted on the body of a Negro prize-fighter: the neck and shoulders of a bull, a great barrel chest, a fine slim waist, thin knock-kneed shanks that ended in long flat feet on which, when he was in a hurry, he shuffled rather than ran. Not very flattering, you say, and yet his bearing was so noble, the dignity, the intelligence, and the open fearlessness of his countenance were so endearing, that he was actually one of the most attractive of men.

Saint-Exupéry was a man of great breeding and extraordinary personal distinction, but he was as little worldly as can be imagined. I do not mean that he was a bohemian; he was not. Naturally gay, easily amused, he did not know what it was to be superficial or frivolous. He made no effort to win anyone's liking or to draw attention to himself. He was not a tease; and he did not know how to flirt. When he met a woman who took his fancy, he blushed; and his way of showing that she pleased him was to explain to her a "fascinating" theorem or to offer to read to her something that he was writing. He certainly never sought to make himself "interesting" by talking to her of his adventures. It goes without saying that he was no Puritan, but he was of a remarkable fastidiousness; he had a physical horror of everything that smacked of depravity or morbidity. An English friend whom I introduced one day said to me later: "I know how touchy you are about the French, but I hope you won't mind my saying that it is rare to meet a Frenchman as male as your friend is."

He was a great ruminant, and from this cause flowed the consequence that women who were meeting him for the first time were likely to be disappointed in him. Having spent the day ruminating a problem of physics or metaphysics, he would arrive at your house with the sole object of telling you what was in his mind. You would introduce him to three pretty women, but to no end. Saint-Exupéry, quite unaware that he might be rude, would turn his back on the ladies and drag you off into another room to discuss what he had been ruminating.

As to women, it seemed to me that his preference was for frail, young, gentle persons with whom he could feel himself perfectly secure, by which I mean, not in danger of incurring towards them other responsibilities than those he was prepared to impose upon himself. But like the rest of us, like Swann with Odette, he found himself now and then involved with women who were

"not his type"—handsome viragoes, so to say, who attached themselves to him, listened with calculated attention to his reflections, tried to arrange his existence for him, and whom he had a hard time getting rid of because he simply did not know how to be brutal. (Choleric he could be, but never brutal.)

6

It is only since the war that we of America have begun to see that there are more ways than one of being a democrat. Saint-Exupéry could not be a democrat in our way—for one thing, because he insisted upon re-examining premises which are to us sacrosanct, untouchable, the tables of our law. When, in Europe, an American colonel or businessman has finished declaiming against the ineptitude of our Congressmen or the corruption of our politicians, and a European asks him, "Why, then, do you believe in democracy?" his answer goes something like this: "Why shouldn't I? I can tell Congress and the City Hall to go hang, can't I?" That is not an answer that can help the European to make up his mind about the sort of political system he wants for his country.

For another thing, Saint-Exupéry belonged to that post-1918 generation in France, for whom the decisive moment in their political education came with the series of stock-market scandals that culminated in the Stavisky affair and the Place de la Concorde riot of February 6, 1934. Democracy, for a Frenchman of his years, was summed up entirely and exclusively in the darker side of the Third Republic; and as democracy is by definition the regime of the middle classes, it represented for that generation the regime of a morally decadent bourgeoisie. To find it working in America meant, for such a Frenchman, that he must think the whole subject through from the beginning; and Saint-Exupéry was not the sort of thinker to be content with easy answers.

Finally, there is this fundamental difference: Frenchmen, Belgians, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, ask that democracy be, not a way of life, but a doctrine, a code logical and self-consistent, affording mathematical proof that the system does serve the common good. On the moral or spiritual side, everybody proclaims himself a democrat—the Communist, the Protestant Socialist, the Catholic Socialist, the irreligious Socialist, even yesterday's fifth columnist. And all these doctrinaires differ from us (and from the British with whom we are co-heirs of their seventeenth-

century political thinkers) in blaming doctrines rather than men when things go wrong. Their impulse is to throw out the baby with the bath water, to pull down institutions, rather than draft protective legislation, when an Oustric and a Stavisky are found to have corrupted a handful of public servants. We who are intuitively and historically aware that democracy is a living thing, and not a blueprint, know better than to blame democracy for corruption and for crises that have flourished under every kind of political regime. Never having been governed by intellectuals, we have no habit of doctrine and no taste for it. When things go wrong, it is men and not systems that we blame.

All this is not entirely a digression. Saint-Exupéry was a democrat in the sense that a Lord Acton or a Tocqueville was a democrat, though he was not, like them, a practicing Catholic. He shared their passion for liberty. Fraternity was with him as with them an article of faith by which he lived. Like them, he feared both the tyranny of the minority and the tyranny of the majority ("I shall fight against all those who seek to subject the liberty of man either to an individual or to the mass of individuals"). Possessing to a prodigious degree both the intuitive intelligence and the deductive intelligence, Saint-Exupéry saw clearly that we were living in an age when all premises required re-examination. He refused to accept the conventions of any ideology, even the most idealistic. Thus he wrote: "I have preached Democracy without the least notion that I was merely giving expression to an aggregate of wishes and not to an aggregate of principles." To wish was never enough for Saint-Exupéry.

In the *Autobiography* of that venerable agnostic of a century ago, John Stuart Mill, I came recently upon these lines: "When the philosophic minds of the world can no longer believe its religion . . . a transitional period commences, of weak convictions, paralysed intellects, and growing laxity of principle, which cannot terminate until a renovation has been effected in the basis of their belief, leading to the evolution of some faith, whether religious or merely human, which they can really believe; and when things are in this state, all thinking or writing which does not tend to promote such a renovation, is of very little value beyond the moment." I believe I may bear witness that Saint-Exupéry, in writing, had rigorously no other purpose than "to promote such a renovation" and that he rejected with scorn every proposal that he write only for the moment. And as he thought ceaselessly of some-

thing like Mill's "renovation"; as he never uttered a thought that he did not believe, being incapable of fear or hypocrisy, he could but become the subject of grave misunderstanding in a time when bitter partisanship, and mental malady, and prejudice, and rancor were rife.

When I said on an earlier page that Saint-Exupéry was not happy in America I did not mean to leave the impression that he was morose; and indeed I have perhaps not sufficiently stressed that he was almost daily in the company of friends he cherished and with whom he delighted to chat and laugh. Nevertheless, only once did I see him profoundly, radiantly happy, gay without a single thought for anything else than the moment. That was the day on which he gave lunch to a group of friends, all of them airline or war pilots, whom chance had brought together in New York. The lunch was noisy and the conversation inexhaustible. When we rose from table, everybody remained for hours on his feet, for these men were too excited at seeing one another again to be able to sit still. They told stories, brought out old memories of early flying days and forced landings on exiguous racetracks and perilous mountainsides. They formed and re-formed in small groups and moved from group to group, calling out to one another for help with a forgotten name or an incident half gone from the memory. Now and then someone would excuse himself to rush to the telephone, remembering that he had promised to ring a *mignonne* met for the first time the night before. This went on for four or five hours, and they were assuredly the happiest hours that Saint-Exupéry spent in our country.

I looked at him as he stood with shining eyes, ecstatic to find himself bathed in this atmosphere of frank, manly comradeship. It seemed to me that for him the others were his elders towards whom he felt a sort of gratitude for their having let him play with them. I said to myself, "Extraordinary, how like a schoolboy he looks of a sudden." And I thought of those little boys in private schools, children of divorced parents, or unhappy at home for another cause, who hate holidays and are happy only at school, among the only beings they respect and want to be respected by — their comrades.

All this is obscure and rather difficult to elucidate. For one thing, I repeat, it was only an impression — an intuition, if you prefer. For another, I am talking about something which, if it existed at all, lay at the very core of Saint-

Exupéry's nature, which I am far from pretending to plumb. Obviously, Saint-Exupéry was not a man who gave the impression of a schoolboy or of anybody's subordinate. There was nothing timid or irresolute in his bearing. He knew how to talk to men, how to lead them; by station, character, and intellect he was born to command and had proved himself a great squadron leader.

Later, when I thought about it again, I remembered that each time that he had mentioned his family in France — and their fate was constantly in his mind, he was constantly engaged in devising means to get funds and supplies to them — it was of women that he had spoken, never of men. I know nothing of his family, but I took it into my head that he had been brought up by women, and this fact — if it was one — seemed to me to explain many things about him: from the respect he instinctively showed all women to that nostalgia for his comrades of the air which emerged again and again in his conversation. Like all virile men, he preferred the company of one woman to the company of several women, and the company of several men to that of one man alone.

7

THE entry of the United States into the war furnished him with a fresh subject of concern. From that time onwards, he could think of nothing but how to hasten our participation and supply our British and Russian allies. He was one of the few Europeans who did not consider that President Roosevelt's initial program of production was mere "American bluff." "Sixty thousand planes and ten million tons of shipping in a single year? Why not?" he would say to skeptical compatriots. "A nation that suddenly stops building five million motorcars a year certainly possesses the manpower, the raw materials, and the skill to carry out Roosevelt's program."

Some of his notions were worthy of Jules Verne. For example, to supply planes to England at a time when the German U-boats were infesting the North Atlantic waters, he proposed the construction of large underwater barges which would be loaded with dismounted planes and hauled by giant American submarines. Another idea, which was more daring, and indeed romantic, seemed nevertheless so possible of realization that I ended by taking it seriously. Like everybody else, Saint-Exupéry had been jubilant over General Giraud's escape from the fortresses of Koenigstein. His mind leapt instantly to a search for the

means to make use of this gift of the gods. This is what he worked out. He would have liked the War Department to set him down in North Africa, whence it would be a simple matter for him to make his way to France. There, he would go to see Giraud as an emissary from the Department. He would persuade the General to accompany him in a plane that he would easily get hold of, to a rendezvous at sea with an American war vessel. The cruiser would take them to Washington, where the Combined Chiefs of Staff would plan with Giraud a North African expedition, supported by the French troops in that region, who, Saint-Exupéry believed, would be overjoyed to place themselves under Giraud's command.

I was so struck by this plan that I went down to Washington and talked it over at dinner with two friends, one from the Combined Chiefs and the other from the OSS. That was in July, 1942. I did not know then that the President and the Prime Minister had just given their approval to Operation Torch, which was to culminate in the North African landings of November 8, 1942, and that, on the French side, Giraud was to be the keystone in the arch of this operation.

Never have I been the object of such a rebuff — I had better say frankly, bawling out — as at the end of my little speech. My friend Saint-Exupéry might perhaps be a genius, but he was certainly a complete idiot. As for me, what right had I to intervene in matters that did not concern me and about which I could not be more ignorant? If they ever heard that I had repeated a single word of this grotesque pipe-dream to anybody at all, they would take personal and particular pleasure in seeing that I was put away in a Federal penitentiary for a dozen years. And my friend Saint-Exupéry the same.

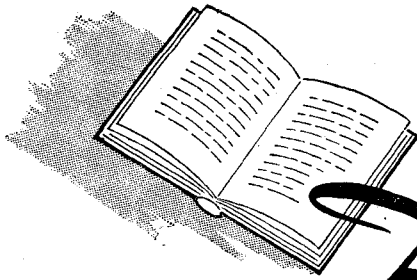
Next day, in New York, I made my report to Saint-Exupéry, who heard me through without a word. We looked at each other for a long mo-

ment. Then Saint-Exupéry smiled faintly. "Ah?" he said. "So that's how it is! They're cleverer than I had imagined."

But that is not the end of my story. Not long afterwards a friend brought to Saint-Exupéry's apartment one of the highest dignitaries of the American air services, a general who had already distinguished himself by a sensational exploit in the Pacific theater and was later to command our most powerful bombing force in Europe. A good deal of what the Combined Chiefs' planners knew of airports, installations, and flying conditions in North Africa resulted from the contact thus established. It was not from Saint-Exupéry that I learned of the American general's visit, nor did he speak to me again, by the time I started overseas on October 3, of Giraud or of a North African landing. For Saint-Exupéry was not only a man, he was a soldier.

It is hard to sum up a reminiscence of so great a soul. Knight of the Round Table, Lancelot for whom beauty in distress was the whole of mankind, Parsifal and warrior and Einsteinian armorer in one — I find myself forced back to the age of chivalry for terms proper to characterize my friend. Strange that he should belong a little bit to America, though nothing in our country (any more than on the Quai de Passy or the Place de la Bourse) is here to recall his deepest spiritual roots. Yet the thought occurs to me that he was in some measure ours; and I see a lesson for Frenchmen that our land is marked by other values than the inhuman ones they tend to see in it — in the fact that it was here that Saint-Exupéry was able to write *The Little Prince* and the *Letter to the Hostage*, as well as *Flight to Arras* and a good part of *Wind, Sand and Stars*. In America as in France, this heroic figure, who vanished as by miracle, who died the airman's death he would have wished to die, has his monument in men's hearts.





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

HERE in New England, April is the key that unlocks us from the iron-bound severity of winter; we get the first whiff of escape as the snow melts and the light lingers on in the afternoon. The effect of all this upon the human system is fun, both to watch and feel.

I am sure that in April women feel younger. They spend more time before the looking glass, and their glance of self-appraisal is more hopeful. "I don't think that's really too young for me?" Hope asks, as she tries on the new hats, and if her men at home applaud, she's in luck. After Easter the bonnets are everywhere, and like spring flowers, their colors have a crisp, vernal freshness which catches the eye. Women wear their hats for other women. Yet, as they walk, they are not unaware that the men are looking (is it at the hat or at the figure?), particularly on days when it is warm enough to walk without a coat and the wind blows the skirt attractively.

The men do look, but not, I think, so flirtatiously as the ladies might hope. This is not because of our lingering Puritanism. It is because April in New England is so fickle. Here there is nothing to be compared with the rising tide of green along the Main Line, or in Delaware. Here the sunshine is thin, the woods are bare of that sylvan beauty of dogwood and redbud. Lovers still wear their galoshes, and on those few days when April really does capitulate, a man's first reaction is of lassitude and a slight head cold. The nervous drive which has kept him spinning faster and

faster through March suddenly stops. And if, at the invitation of the morning, he has put on a light suit, the odds are ten to one that before dark the rising east wind will have given him the snuffles.

Men daydream in April, but less of the ladies than of gardens, a trout stream, or a boat. And speaking of boats, Mr. H. H. Harris, a Boston engineer, has come up with a new one. Last year, according to the *Boston Herald*, Mr. Harris bought a sizable fleet of DUKWS from the Army in the Philippines. Some of these he has cannibalized for spare parts, but the best of them he has remodeled into what he calls a "dukyot" (pronounced duck yacht). On this 2½-ton truck which has wheels, a ship's body, and a propeller, Mr. Harris has mounted a stainless-steel and mahogany waterproof cabin. In one compartment are dining table, desk, and radio, and divans convertible into double beds. Off the main compartment will be a shower and toilet, a galley with one of the compact electrical units used on the Army B-17s, and a deep freeze, into which the hunter or fisherman can store his kill or catch.

The dukyot has a speed of six miles an hour at sea and up to sixty miles on land. Last summer Mr. Harris cruised from Boston to Martha's Vineyard; he tested it in eight-foot surf off Atlantic City. He believes it will climb Mount Washington, or let you live in comfort beside the most remote trout stream. Mr. Harris has named his own yacht the *Platypus*, and says he will use a Weasel or an amphibious jeep as a tender. So don't be alarmed if one of these amphibians comes crashing through the underbrush or waddles up the beach to see what you have been catching.

My wife wants one.

The short novel

For reasons not unconnected with the American climate and nerves, the short novel makes a powerful appeal to our imagination. I think we like



SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

"A stirring account," says Navy Secretary Forrestal of this first published volume in Dr. Morison's unofficial, comprehensive HISTORY OF UNITED STATES NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II. "... will remain for years to come the basic source book for the naval phase of these operations."—HANSON W. BALDWIN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Profusely illustrated with halftones and maps. \$5.00
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Operations in North African Waters

October, 1942
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Illustrated. \$4.00

THURLOW WEED: Wizard of the Lobby

it for its pace, its tension, and its power of suggestion; we know that within its design, which is not for a moment to be confused with that of a fat, meandering short story, Stephen Crane, Henry James, and Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Thornton Wilder, and John Steinbeck have done their best. It may be the outgrowth of a single experience, an experience which reaches now back in time and now forward toward the crisis, as in Hall and Nordhoff's *Men Against the Sea*; it may be a *fait accompli* slowly unraveling to a youthful tragic decision, as in *Ethan Frome*; or it may be the story of a lifetime, thirty years compressed in thirty thousand words (that is, about one third the size of the ordinary novel), as in *A Lost Lady*, by Willa Cather, where growth and destiny, implacable and pitiful, are built up by the subtlest transition and selectivity.

In *The Sea of Grass*, Conrad Richter drew from history the best short novel that has yet been written about our Southwest at the time the cattle barons with ranches "as big as Massachusetts with Connecticut thrown in" were being invaded by the nesters from the East. In *The Trees* and *The Fields* he wrote of the earliest days in the Ohio Valley, from the lonely cabins in the dark forests to the burned-over clearings and the first rude towns; and in *Tacey Cromwell* he caught the fever of the mining and gambling in Arizona. The son of an itinerant preacher, he has traveled far and close to earth, always with a consuming, accurate interest in the growth of this impetuous nation.

Always Young and Fair marks Mr. Richter's return to his home country in Pennsylvania. It is a period piece beginning at the time of our war with Spain and tracing its way up to the mid-twenties. In essence it is the story of T.R.'s America and of the serene, bucolic life in the pleasant coal town of Pine Mills, where Asa Markle was the autocrat, and where his daughter Lucy, with her soft, steel-wire stubbornness, was determined to make herself the village heroine and martyr.

The picture of Lucy's protracted maidenhood is painted for us by her young and adoring cousin Johnny, and it is a picture full of hero worship, full of those nostalgic details of the life that went on in the big house as seen and remembered by the poor country mouse. Johnny is a somewhat timid and bloodless observer. We feel that he is overawed by Miss Lucy's wealth to the point of being unable to render any judgment on what she does. In his eyes we see a dedicated female who projects herself first as Tom Grail's widow (they were engaged but never married), and then,

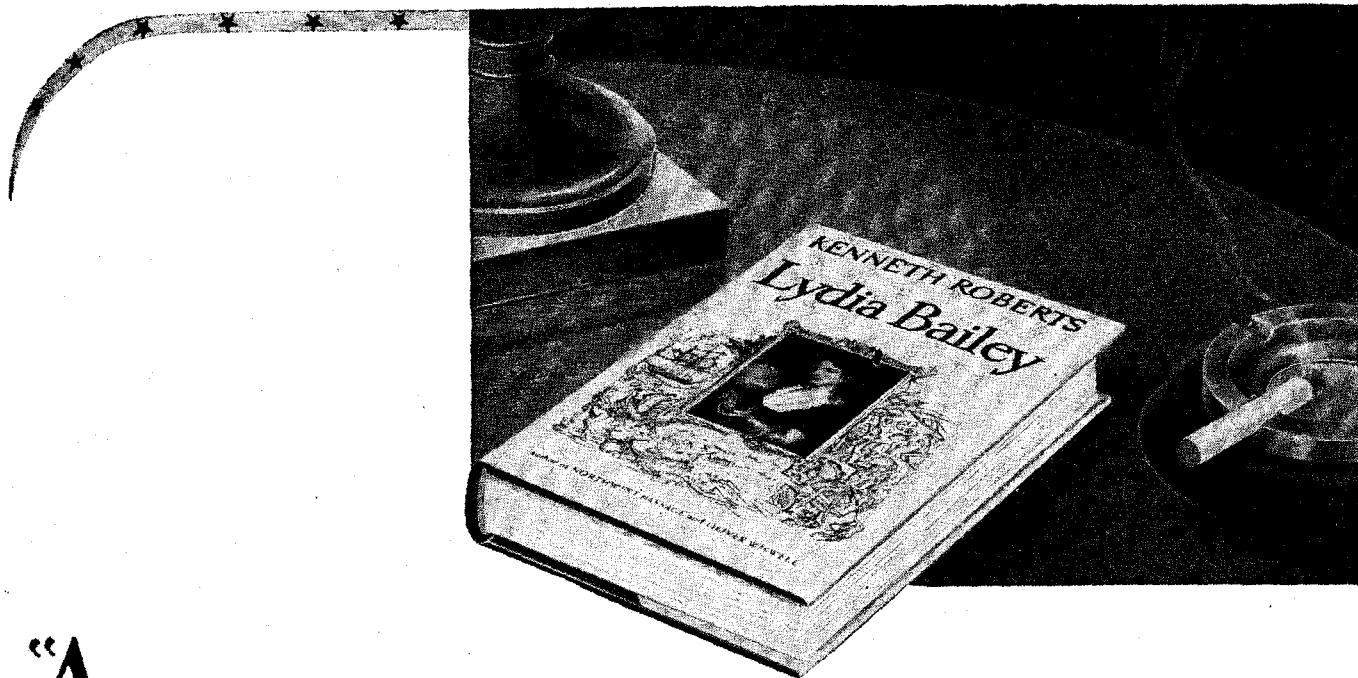
after a somewhat mysterious illness, as Will Grail's aging fiancée. When her youth begins to fade, she chases Will, whom she has been holding at arm's length for years, and she chases him until he is just about ready for the wheel chair.

The portrait of Lucy is clear and not easily forgotten. I see her vanity, her growing eccentricities, and with what consuming egotism she pursues her way. I see the spacious, high-ceilinged, dark-wooded serenity of the Markle home, and the nostalgia with which Mr. Richter lights up the tranquility and, as it seems to us now, the unruffled life in that little mountain town. He has been eminently successful in recapturing the spirit of the place, and the episodes in that long war between Lucy and Will have been picked out with the accuracy and affection of a native son. But I miss in this story the fine edge of temper which makes *The Sea of Grass* vigorous beyond its brevity. One feels that Will Grail must have raged against Lucy's perversity, and that it would have done us good had he blown off steam, yet this never happens. The lovers in this new story live too long within their own rigid reserve; in shutting out life they also shut out some of the reader's interest.

Satire in the minor key

To his short novels Robert Nathan has brought an endearing originality. He has been able to walk the precarious line between sentiment and whimsey with a sure and delightful sense of balance. In *Portrait of Jennie* the mystery keeps the sweetness from ever cloying. In *Journey of Tapiola* the wit saves the story from being cute. In *Road of Ages*, which I think is his finest performance, the prescience and the very human touches reinforce the feeling of exile.

Mr. Nathan is that rare combination, a writer who is both farsighted and tender-minded. He feels before most of us the storm clouds that are gathering, and thus it is no surprise to find that in his new novel, *Mr. Whittle and the Morning Star*, he is writing of a mild-mannered college professor who has become convinced that the end of the world is at hand and who determines to warn the little college town, while at the same time he prepares himself for oblivion. His wife, the practical and comely Amanda, first thinks he is suffering from indigestion, and his daughter Lucinda can't be bothered. Mr. Whittle begins to preach the word to the Ladies' Auxiliary: "Having learned to blow ourselves up, we shall certainly do so. . . . I am convinced that this is our destiny; I see no way to avoid it, and I do not expect that we shall ever meet again. I thank



"As superb entertainment as can be found"

—ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*

EVERY WEEK since the beginning of the year, thousands of men and women have bought this new great historical novel by Kenneth Roberts and found hours of enjoyment reading its 488 thrill-packed pages. By the third week of January it was on the best-seller lists, and it held undisputed sway as number one national best-seller by the first week in February.

Six years of careful research and writing by the author of *Northwest Passage* and *Oliver Wiswell* has made his new book, **LYDIA BAILEY**, not only America's favorite novel—but a book which has earned critical praise from coast to coast.



N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW: "Few novelists have done more to re-create the past for us, vividly and authentically, than Kenneth Roberts. He has shown a narrative talent, a passion for authenticity, and a marked independence of judgment that place him in the forefront of our historical novelists. *Lydia Bailey* is a capital tale, packed with action and adventure and with history . . . and it has a message simple but important."

—Henry Steele Commager

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER: "After a barren period in which the general run of fiction has been notable only for its consistent mediocrity, the arrival of a work of such stature as *Lydia Bailey* gives us reason to break out a few flags. Six years is a long time between Kenneth Roberts novels; but the pleasure that comes on renewed encounter with a skillfully polished technique, the stimulation that derives from a fresh perspective and the satisfaction engendered by top-notch craftsmanship have made the waiting worth while. Never was Roberts more compelling than in *Lydia Bailey*, never was he more filled with the fire and saturated with the substance of his story."

—David Appel

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR: "As much as any person now writing, Kenneth Roberts has the power to transmute research into vivid experience, for himself, his characters, and ultimately for his readers. Here in *Lydia Bailey* is action almost without breathing-spell, here is history come to life, and it could not be this author's book if there were not also fierce partisanship, based in this

case on six years of study. If anything, the action is more continuous, the clash and turmoil more spectacular, more unusual, than in his previous novels."—W.K.R.

NORFOLK LEDGER-DISPATCH: "Kenneth Roberts is monarch of all living writers, for he not only has a tale worth telling, but tells it so well you treasure it to read over and over again. His books never grow stale. They are epic, heroic, in the grand tradition of the accepted classics. *Lydia Bailey* merely confirms him as the greatest American novelist since Mark Twain."—Jay Lewis

BOSTON GLOBE: "*Lydia Bailey* is Roberts at his wisest and best, and his best is tops in American historical fiction."—Edward A. Laycock

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "Here at last is a novel you can sink your teeth into—*Lydia Bailey*, a stout, rip-roaring romance, fuller of murderous action than a whole shelf of ordinary novels—at least three books in one. Mr. Roberts has an extraordinary ability to make the past move before his readers' eyes: You see the courtroom in Boston, the color of the Haitian jungles, the palms beside the sea in North Africa."—Lewis Gannett

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "*Lydia Bailey* is a rich, long, never lagging book, triumphantly ranging over half the world and more than half of human hopes and follies. . . . If 1947 produces a better novel, it will be a notable year for American fiction."—Walter Havighurst

LOS ANGELES TIMES: "Capture, enslavement, escapes; battle and romance—and *Lydia Bailey*, who herself rises high among the women of fiction. If you know anyone now living who is able to excel Kenneth Roberts in writing historical novels, please name him."

—Paul Jordan-Smith

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author of *NORTHWEST PASSAGE*
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you." And when he warns the president of the bank, the president of the college, and the adolescents in his class, Rivertown and the campus of Caraway College begin to look askance.

His alarm is such a burden that Mr. Whittle soon feels in need of creature sympathy. And when Amanda blows him and his logic out of the house in one of her gusty irritations, he finds a soul mate for the evening in one of his coeds, with ensuing embarrassments from which God alone can save him. The story begins with that enticement of which Mr. Nathan is such a gentle master: the college, the family, and Mr. Whittle are shown to us with a very nice balance of satire and sentiment. The relations of Penelope and Mr. Whittle in the classroom are delightfully natural, and in his appearance before the Auxiliary, Mr. Whittle certainly delivers what is one of the most remarkable lectures ever heard. So far so good. But what follows seems to be more theatrical and less entertaining than act one. The staging is too apparent, the cues too pat, the discovery of the lovers too well timed, and God's voice too much like that of Gabriel Heatter's for my acceptance. Mr. Whittle's warning, which ought to be taken seriously, evaporates on that spring night. I am sorry.

The singing ear

John A. Lomax was born with a true and singing ear. Singing came naturally to him: he sang as he churned the butter, he sang with his elders at camp meeting, he sang the field songs of the South he had learned from the bond servant, and his beloved friend, Nat Blythe. His father, a Mississippian, moved by ox team to Texas after the Civil War and settled on a branch of the Chisholm Trail. Their two-room house — "twelve of us sometimes in two rooms" — was on the bank of a stream, a good place to make camp and rest the cattle before the long plod through the Indian Territory. During his youth millions of cattle passed over the Chisholm Trail, driven by cowboys who called, yodeled, and sang as they rode along. "I was sleeping in my father's two-room house. . . . Suddenly a cowboy's singing waked me as I slept on my trundle bed. A slow rain fell in the darkness outside. I listened to the patter on the pine shingles above me . . . and my heart leapt even then to the cries of the cowboy trying to quiet, in the deep darkness and sifting rain, a trail herd of restless cattle: —

"Whoo-oo-oo-ee-oo-oo, Whoo-oo, Whoo-whoo-oo
O, slow up, dogies, quit your roving around,
You have wandered and tramped all over the ground;

O graze along, dogies, and feed kinda slow,
And don't forever be on the go —
O move slow, dogies, move slow. . . .

My legs are weary, my seat is sore;
O, lay down, dogies, like you've laid down before —
Lay down, little dogies, lay down."

Johnny Lomax began to write down those songs when he was still a small boy; a roll of them tied up with cotton string was at the bottom of his trunk when he went to Granbury College. Teaching and scrimping to make the grade, he transferred to the University of Texas in 1895, and there he showed the manuscripts to a great Anglo-Saxon scholar, Dr. Morgan Callaway, Jr., only to be told that his frontier lyrics were "tawdry, cheap and unworthy. . . . There was no possible connection between the tall tales of Texas and the tall tales of Beowulf." So Mr. Lomax made a bonfire and burned the lot. It was not until he had reached Harvard, in 1906, that Barrett Wendell and then Kittredge heard him sing those cowboy songs; with the aid of a traveling fellowship they urged him on the quest for American folk songs, a quest which has carried him into forty-seven states and which, over four decades, has so richly rewarded the Library of Congress and made Mr. Lomax at last a prophet with honor in his own country.

In *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter* we see how that quest extended from songs of the plains to songs of the penitentiaries and chain gangs, the field songs and spirituals of the Negro, the songs of the Erie Canal and the ballads of the mountaineers.

There was plenty of opposition: he traveled with a recording machine, and at many a campfire and rodeo the cowboys refused to sing "into the professor's horn"; plenty of trouble from suspicious wardens who could not see what Congress wanted with "dirty songs"; plenty of months when no money was in sight and when the Boston *Transcript's* dismissal of his first printed Collection as "cheap trash" seemed the last word. But Mr. Lomax persisted. Carl Sandburg encouraged him; so did the Carnegie Corporation. With his son Alan to help, and with the incredibly beautiful singing of his famous convicts, Lead Belly, Iron Head, Clear Rock, and Lightnin', to prove his discoveries, this doughty Texan has done more than any other American to revive and preserve the folk music of this country. His is the saltiest, singingest autobiography of our time: its character and color, its dialect and melody, come straight from the heart of our people.

“Classic study of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison.”

Saturday Review of Literature

The Formative Years

by HENRY ADAMS

Edited by Herbert Agar

It took four generations to write *The Formative Years*. American history was the Adams family business and the family had to practice it before they could preach it. The Adams mind as it lived in the four great generations of the Adams family was almost a single mind and it inevitably flowered in one of the world's great speculative geniuses.

Henry Adams did not see history as a chain of events casually linked by their place in time, but as a single giant growth. It is that quality that enables Adams to see around America's increasing bulk and to see events in a universal perspective. Here Jefferson and Madison are measured against the other world figures of their time — Napoleon, Metternich, Alexander of Russia. Here the years when America got its growth are presented as consequence and cause. Here is a book which has not its equal or its like in American historical writing.

Originally published in nine volumes and containing much detailed discussion of interest only to the professional historian rather than the speculative reader, it is now re-edited by Herbert Agar who is himself a distinguished writer on American history. He has omitted footnotes, quotations and certain substantiating details and has thus enabled the publisher to present the whole massive work in two convenient volumes containing nearly half a million words. Formerly available only in the unwieldy nine volume set at \$27.00, it is now presented in new and most convenient form at \$10.00.

Published March 11

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THE READER ALSO HAS RIGHTS

by LOUIS M. LYONS

IN December, 1942, Henry R. Luce of Time, Incorporated, suggested to Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago an inquiry into the freedom of the press: both its present state and future prospects. Mr. Hutchins selected a dozen distinguished men in several professions to serve with himself as a Commission on Freedom of the Press. The conclusions of this commission (*A Free and Responsible Press*, University of Chicago Press, \$2.00) should prove to be important in the history of American journalism.

For the first time, an examination of the performance of the press has been undertaken by a highly competent, independent body with adequate resources. They spent three years and \$200,000 of Mr. Luce's money, then \$15,000 more that Mr. Hutchins dug out of Encyclopædia Britannica, Incorporated.

They chose to consider freedom of the press in terms of a responsible press and they came out with the warning that only a responsible press can remain free. Failure of the press to meet the needs of a society dependent on it for information and ideas is the greatest danger to its freedom, they conclude.

Their answer to the question, "Is the freedom of the press in danger?" is a flat "Yes." Their reasons are bluntly given:—

1. As the importance of communication has increased, its control has come into fewer hands.
2. The few in control have failed to meet the needs of the people.
3. Press practices at times have been so irresponsible that, if continued, society is bound to take control for its own protection. "The First Amendment will be amended."

This formidable jury has tried the press and found it wanting in responsibility and adequacy to the public need. The judgment is severe and the gored press will not be without its glib spokesmen to explain it all away as an academic conclusion. But they have a hard case to break.

The commission carefully explain the communications revolution that has made the press big business, and show the press increasingly acting like big business and in alliance with the interests of other big businesses. They point out the increasing concentration of newspaper control contracting the channels for information and ideas. Forty per cent of all newspaper circulation is non-competitive. That means that 19,000,000 newspaper buyers have no choice. In 90 per cent of

American communities there is local monopoly over local news. This approaches the position of the post office and the telephone company, which are not generally considered to be in a position to raise much of a holler about private enterprise.

Morris Ernst, in *The First Freedom*, has documented this tendency of the press. It has been further illuminated by the recent spotlight of newspaper strikes focused on two cities. In Springfield, Massachusetts, all four newspapers were revealed to be under one control. In Philadelphia the sale of the *Record* to the *Bulletin* leaves the third city of America at this writing with just one morning and two evening papers.

This monopolistic trend underscores the commission's point:—

Through concentration of ownership the flow of news and opinion is shaped at the sources; its variety is limited; and at the same time the insistence of the consumer's need has increased.

The core of the report is a penetrating examination of the performance of the press. The commission challenge the whole rigamarole of newspaper clichés as to what is news, and the silly game of scoops and headline hunting. They recall unkindly that the war was ended with a scoop and they think they could do with fewer of them.

The news is twisted by emphasis on the novel and the sensational. . . . Too much of the regular output consists of a succession of stories and images that has no relation to the typical lives of real people anywhere. The result is meaninglessness, flatness, distortion, and the perpetuation of misunderstanding.

They find the press preoccupied with the sensational and trivial "to such an extent that the citizen is not supplied the information and discussion he needs to discharge his responsibilities to the community."

Every newspaperman knows how generally this is true. With a few notable exceptions, which the commission might well have emphasized more than they did, newspapering is pretty sloppy business—casual, trite, almost ritualistic in the stereotypes that leave the individual differences among papers in widely differing communities hardly more distinctive than among the different brands of canned corn. The easy flow of such stuff as comes off the police blotter gets so much of the attention of the press as to squeeze out most of the information on public affairs that makes any sense.

The honorable exceptions are easily identified. The commission may have had their own reasons for making so little distinction between good and

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bad newspapers. One that suggests itself is their citing of the reporting of the San Francisco Conference as an example of malpractice by the press generally: —

So completely was the task of manufacturing suspense performed that, when after some weeks an acceptable charter was signed, the effect on newspaper readers was one of incredulous surprise.

They might also have noted the practically universal sensationalism of the newspaper reporting from Russia of Ilya Ehrenburg's articles on his observations in America. When the full translation of his articles came out in *Harper's* for December, 1946, they were utterly unrecognizable as the same on which such inflammatory reports had been cabled to the American press.

The commission reject the alibi that good journalism doesn't pay. "As the example of many ventures in the communication industry shows, good practice in the interest of public enlightenment is good business as well. . . . They have an obligation to elevate [tastes] rather than to degrade them."

It may be worth noting that half the jury viewed the press from Chicago, where the malevolent *Tribune* dominates, or from Cambridge, in the sterile environment of Boston journalism. Only a minority live in the area of the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. Whether, had they been conditioned by the quality of the papers in Louisville and St. Louis, they might have had a less jaundiced view, is an interesting speculation. But if they had, their situation would have been abnormal. You cannot bracket three other cities as well newspapered as these latter two. The central finding is buttressed on a quotation from William Allen White, candid publisher and, in his later years, the conscience of his class. White said: —

Too often the publisher of an American newspaper has made his money in some other calling than journalism. He is a rich man seeking power and prestige. He has the country club complex. The business manager of this absentee owner quickly is afflicted with the country club point of view. Soon the managing editor's wife nags him into it. And they all get the unconscious arrogance of conscious wealth. Therefore it is hard to get a modern American newspaper to go the distance necessary to print all the news about many topics.

This doesn't mean the deck is always stacked. That situation exists when the *Chicago Tribune* gets hold of the Army's secret defense plans and publishes them just ahead of Pearl Harbor. But mostly it is just the way the weather sets with Mr. White's rich man. His stake is all on one side — with the big employer, the big investor,

the big taxpayer. For practical purposes that is the only side the press represents. This is sometimes unfortunate.

So it happened that in all Massachusetts, through all the four elections Mr. Roosevelt carried in the Bay State, only one small newspaper gave support to his side. That one might be discounted. It was owned by the same publisher in Springfield who ran editorials against Mr. Roosevelt in some of his other papers.

It looked as if the newspapers of Massachusetts were almost universally out of sympathy with the social revolution going on in the country and supported by the majority of their readers. It was in this anti-New Deal framework that its reports to the people of the operations and policies of their government flowed.

This example illustrates in some degree the commission's judgment that the press fails to meet the needs of the people. When government, acting to meet a public crisis, needed full reporting and careful interpreting, the press was mostly not in a mood to give it. Its mood was not the mood of the people.

A great editor, the late O. K. Bovard, put up the score on his city room bulletin board after the 1936 election when his rich publisher had voted the paper editorially for Landon: Country 46, Country Club 2. That roughly was the score against the press and fairly measured the gap between the publisher and the readers, and between the publisher and his own writers.

Members of the commission were disturbed by finding that many able reporters and editorial writers displayed frustration — the feeling that they were not allowed to do the kind of work which their professional ideals demanded. . . . A continuation of this disturbing situation will prevent the press from discharging its responsibilities toward society.

The vital necessity of the consumer to have access to clear channels of adequate information on public affairs is insistently put: —

No democracy . . . will indefinitely tolerate concentration of private power irresponsible and strong enough to thwart the aspirations of the people.

Here the commission come to a sticking point. They shy away from public regulation to make the press accountable, lest other freedoms be endangered. This is the dilemma of a modern society enormously dependent upon a press in private hands, inevitably controlled by large capitalists whose interests are not always in the public interest.

That the commission have not taken us out of

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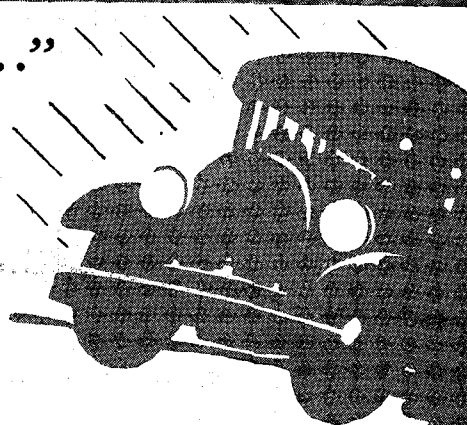
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that dilemma is both the weakness of the report and the riddle of the problem. To refuse the public the traditional, democratic protection of its interests by public regulation leaves little but hope and prayer. The commission pray that the press will make itself more responsible. They hope it will restore the professional status of journalism, long a captive to the publisher's business. They insist that the press cease shielding its own miscreants by the device of refusing publicity to the malpractices and libel suits of its fellow members. They ask a sense of trusteeship by publishers. These are indispensable reforms. But the only means that the commission recommend are public concern, public appraisal, public criticism of press performance. They propose an endowed agency to supply continuing appraisal of the press. This is a very mild poultice to apply to the organic and spreading disorder of irresponsible giantism which they find in the press. But the report is not to be judged by failure to find the cure. Its value is in alerting the public and warning the publishers. Its definition of "common carrier of public discussion" as the function that a responsible press must accept is one for all journalism to paste in its hat.

"What the heck," an old press hand comments sardonically. "Bill White said it all long ago. Why write a book about it?"

The commission has its own answer to that. They leave the issue, as they must, in the lap of the public, with these final words:—

We have the impression that the American people do not realize what has happened to them. They are not aware that the communications revolution has occurred. They do not appreciate the tremendous power which the new instruments and the new organization of the press place in the hands of a few men. They have not yet understood how far the performance of the press falls short of the requirements of a free society in the world today. The principle object of our report is to make these points clear.

THE GARDEN LIST

by C. RAYMOND EVERITT

IN selecting titles of garden books, I have attempted to keep away from the specialist's books. To the questions: What's new of importance? Have garden books been reconverted to peacetime? Are there all sorts of new tips on mulching, laborsaving devices, weed-killing, useful tools? the answer is, No. The old stand-bys are the best. Still good for the basic library are:—

AMERICA'S GARDEN BOOK, by Louise and James Bush-Brown (Scribner, \$3.50)

THE GARDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA, revised and edited by E. L. D. Seymour (Wise, \$4.00)

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN, by Edward Irving Farington (Hale, \$1.50)

GROW YOUR OWN VEGETABLES, by Paul W. Dempsey (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50)

HOW TO GROW FOOD FOR YOUR FAMILY, by Samuel R. Ogden (Barnes, \$2.00)

The best news is that the British author of one of the great books of our time, *An Agricultural Testament*, has written a fine explanation of the relationship of soil and food values: *THE SOIL AND HEALTH; A STUDY OF ORGANIC AGRICULTURE*, by Sir Albert Howard (Devin-Adair, \$4.00). His life work, as experimentalist and farmer, has proved his points. His methods are used on millions of acres in Ceylon, India, South Africa, Central America. They can be used also in back-yard gardening.

Following the same basic principles, but of more practical value to the gardener, is *PAY DIRT; FARMING AND GARDENING WITH COMPOSTS*, by J. I. Rodale (Devin-Adair, \$3.00). This was one of the first books to prove that a fertile soil (one developed by vegetable and animal wastes and not by chemical fertilizers) is the foundation of healthy crops and healthy human beings. It is theoretical as well as practical. The small garden, as well as the farm, can be developed on these principles.

In contrast to the above two titles is *THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO SOILLESS GARDENING*, by Dr. William F. Gericke (Prentice-Hall, \$2.75). If you want to grow anything without soil by using nutrient solutions, this is the best book. One question not yet answered by the advocates of soilless gardening is: What are the differences in nutritional values between their tomatoes grown in water and those grown in fertile soil?

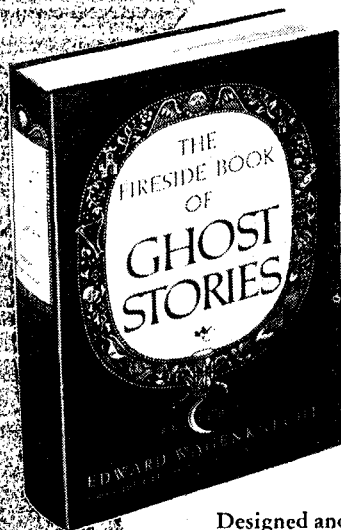
Other titles to examine at your bookstore are:—
GREENHOUSE GARDENING FOR EVERYONE, by Ernest Chabot (Barrows, \$3.00)

This volume lives up to its title, giving advice on what to grow and how, in the small and large greenhouse. A sound book for those who do and those who want to.

THE MODERN FAMILY GARDEN BOOK, by Roy E. Biles (Greenberg, \$1.50)

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From this volume one can get lots of pertinent information although it is written as a personal narrative, a little long-winded for my money, but nice sentiment.

AROUND THE GARDEN, by *Dorothy H. Jenkins* (Barrows, \$2.50)

Rather a pretty, chirpy book of reminders of what to do each month. Nice to have around, but most gardeners would prefer to have the basic books in the library and to read the reminders in magazines and newspapers.

PIONEERING WITH WILD FLOWERS, by *George D. Aiken* (Stephen Daye, \$2.75)

The Senator from Vermont ably presents methods of propagating and planting wild flowers in a small garden or in your own woods, taking up types of soil, shade conditions, subject matter ranging from lady's-slippers, the fringed orchis, to trailing arbutus, the woodland rock garden, and plants for the marshes.

THE PICTURE PRIMER OF INDOOR GARDENING, by *Margaret O. Goldsmith and Harrie Wood* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00)

Excellent beginner's book for growing flowers in the house, with facts on how to and what to, good suggestions on varieties, and the relationship of indoor gardening to interior decorating.

A GARDEN FOR YOU, edited by *Thomas C. O'Donnell* (McBride, \$4.00)

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Hugo Leichtentritt

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Moses Smith

ALLEN, TOWNE & HEATH

IT WOULD be hard to find a more singular contrast in critical approach to a contemporary subject than these two books on the distinguished conductor of the Boston Symphony. Dr. Leichtentritt, a musicologist of note, has written a eulogistic appraisal of the conductor's achievement in a special field. Mr. Smith, a former music critic of the *Boston American* and later the *Boston Evening Transcript*, has attempted a candid and complete biography of Koussevitzky.

Mr. Smith's book, though open to serious dissension

is the more interesting because it is at least an effort to give a true picture of the man, an aim of which the earlier, friendly biography by Arthur Lourié fell conspicuously short. Dr. Leichtentritt's volume is an earnest documentation of what the Boston Symphony has done in the way of presenting American music during Koussevitzky's tenure (since 1924), and ends with an unctuous peroration on the conductor's talents. The book is thus two parts dry-as-dust analysis and one part gush. Tributes to living artists, however deserved as in this case, are likely to be a bore; and Koussevitzky's admirable record with regard to American composers is an open book (in the Boston Symphony programs) for all who wish to note. Hence Dr. Leichtentritt's contribution is neither a special boon to the student nor a solace to the casual reader.

There is no doubt that Mr. Smith's biography is a much livelier work. It tells a great deal about Koussevitzky that is not generally known, and revives a quantity of gossip and adverse criticism that, in most instances, might just as well be forgotten. The book has two serious shortcomings. Mr. Smith has been obliged to rely, especially for Koussevitzky's early life through his first marriage, on verbal reports from other musicians, critical material from the Russian press, and even rumor and conjecture — all rather bad sources for definitive biography. The plain fact emerges that the author has been unable, for whatever reason, to obtain any frank account from Koussevitzky himself of these earlier years. This may not be Mr. Smith's fault, but it is an obvious flaw in any biography of a living subject.

The second shortcoming may very well stem from Mr. Smith's disappointment in not getting much of the information he needed. He has throughout diligently exercised his former profession of critic. But he is an Indian giver as a biographer, for he no sooner praises the conductor in one paragraph than he takes this praise away with some bitter pill in the next. Anyone who would wager that Mr. Smith has overlooked in his researches a single piece of adverse criticism or hostile opinion of Koussevitzky would probably lose his bet. The book is thus vitiated by a mass of contradictory and inconsistent opinion.

The final impression of these two books is that if Dr. Leichtentritt's is too fulsome, Mr. Smith's is too carping, too much on the alert for evidence of inimicality towards Koussevitzky. In the end it is easy to assume that Mr. Smith has been inspired too much by bitterness, rather than his original intent to be unbiased. Neither of these books, then, can be said to be the last or the fairest word on Koussevitzky.

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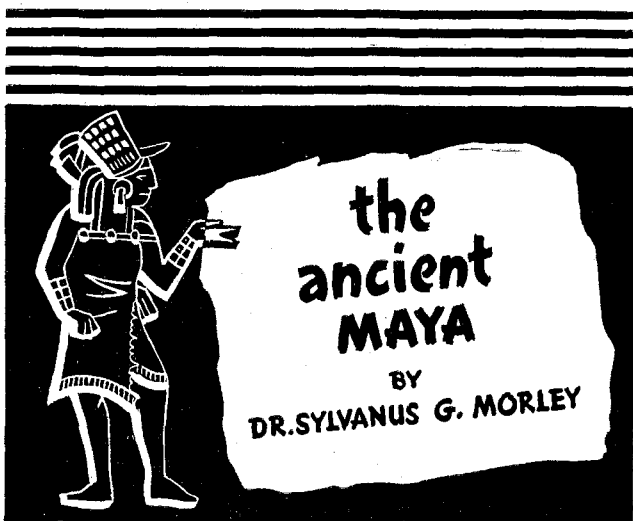
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— all very busy, ingenious, and inspired — have put the neon to the homespun, and we are asked to examine in bright light the rough texture of the product and assure ourselves that we had it once before we lost it. Or so it seems. And they all tell about it with such a love and fervor that the patchwork past by now is clearer to us all than the wretched bedlam which we call the present. Of course the spirit of that past is in its speech. We are coming to know the flavor of that speech even when it is given to us indirectly, as in an historical novel. Now and then we get it direct.

Take humor. No one knows so much about that as the humorists; but a lot of them are dead and none of them ever talked much about the others. We are a funny race by international agreement, and not all our little jokes are ghosted for the current clowns. Apparently we were always funny. Mr. Aswell presents this beguiling collection to prove it. He holds up its contents, much to advantage, against the artificial capers and whimsy of the 1890's, to which he merely alludes in a sharp little foreword. Against the last decade or two — say Leacock, Benchley, Sullivan, Thurber, and White — most of this is like dipping your fingers in the cold springs that feed a river.

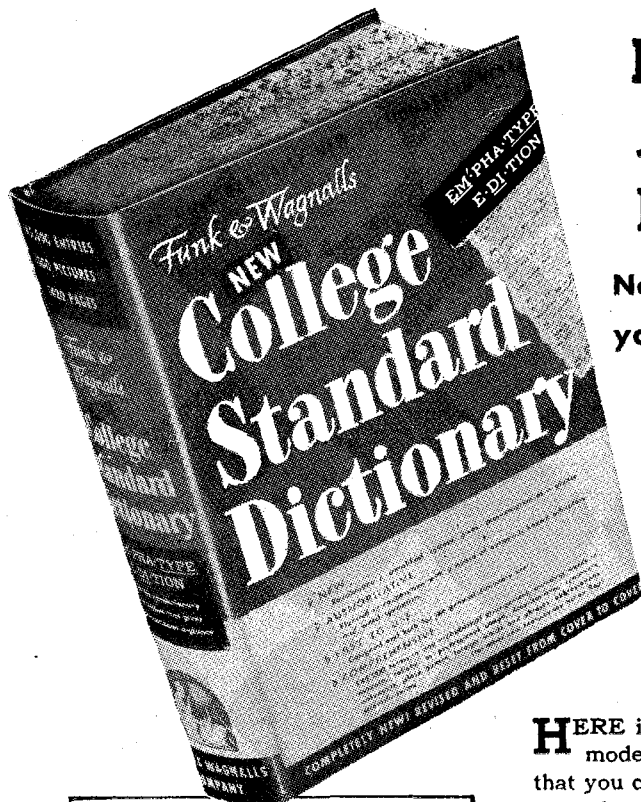
But note the cold springs: for here is some very real, unstudied prose at which you may smile rather than laugh, but which you will probably like. The range is wide, for the editor obviously has sifted a vast amount of material. Some of it is tedious. None of it is quite so salty as you would think. The old names are here: Harte and Clemens, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, Franklin, Judge Haliburton, P. T. Barnum, Ambrose Bierce, Josh Billings, and Joel Chandler Harris. The unexpected include Stephen A. Douglas and Edward Everett; and the named unknown appear as numerous as the darkly anonymous. It all bulks to a worth-while book. Somehow the old boys disappoint, but an unsigned piece of good length like "Fare You Well, Joe Clark" is an utter delight; ditto Seba Smith's "My First Visit to Portland," of which a modern counterpart still floats about the milk bars. No Southern editor could eschew Jonathan F. Kelley's happy burlesque of Emerson. ("Ralph don't group his metaphorical beauties, or dainties of Webster . . . but rushes them out in torrents.") If I miss Rowland E. Robinson of Vermont and Annie Trumbull Slosson of Connecticut, their absence cannot be attributed, I know, to sectionalism, for I have missed all my life this essay by Edward Everett, and these words are being written in the Cambridge house in which he lived.

DAVID McCORD

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And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal Saul's daughter looked through a window, and saw king David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart.

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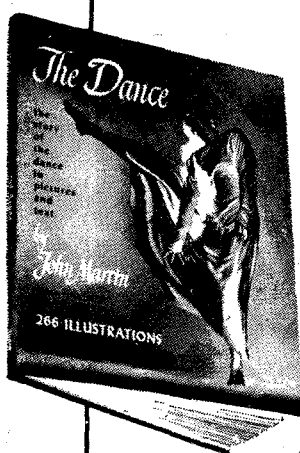
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creates his own flowing, uninhibited patterns, is, on the other hand, the ancestral romantic. Expressing himself in spontaneous and flamboyant style, he ignores the "classical" canons which reduce motion to stillness and prune exuberant life into selective and fastidious forms.

Before tracing Dr. Sachs's compact story of the allegorical Michal and David, as told in Part One of the book, the reader might plunge into the first two or three chapters of Part Two, "The Nature of Style," thus acquainting himself with the terms and concepts which regulate the historical section. German-trained scholars, as the world knows, are often persuaded of the semantic necessity to invent new words for dog-eared ideas; and while Dr. Sachs never turns up anything quite so fancy, for "romantic" and "classical," as Max Verworm's "physioplasic" and "ideoplasic," he does try, with some reason, to pin down old terms which, through much usage, have come to have more than one meaning — the discussion of *ethos* and *pathos*, for instance.

Some creative generations, as Dr. Sachs shows, have been overwhelmingly classical: "ethical," abstract, geometric, ideal, symmetric, serene, universal. Such, by and large, and not counting the laggards and prophets, were the generations of Pericles, of the first Gothic builders, and of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Then David dances, as in the baroque age of Domitian, or the late Gothic era, with its divine improvising, or in the seventeenth century, when Monteverdi wrote the first "grand" opera with expressionistic music for the new baroque stages. These alternating seasons of romantic reaction can be described by antitheses: "pathetic," naturalistic, realistic, asymmetrical, immoderate — and usually local.

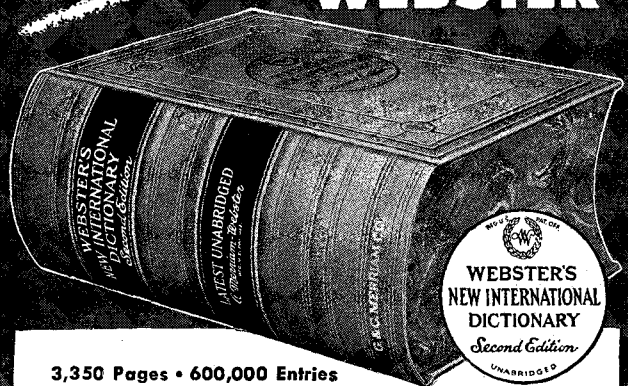
Siding now with Michal and now with David, the artist has kept his aesthetic balance through giant cycles and the alternation of phases, none of which, as summed up in Part Three, "The Fate of Style," has had much connection with political history — although isolated romantics show up during national crises. There is nothing to worry about when either Michal or David is in the ascendant. On the contrary, the shifting about is a sign of continuing life. The time to worry is when — as possibly now — they travel together in front of the ark and compete for applause from a public which has lost all feeling for the historical styles.

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PROFESSOR SOMERVILLE here presents a sympathetic and, to some extent, an apologetic study of the application of Marxist ideology to the harsh realities of post-revolutionary Russia. There have been several partisan endeavors in the past, mostly by disillusioned Marxist thinkers and unregenerate social democrats, to prove Stalin's "betrayal" of communist principles.

Some students of Soviet history have been tempted to amend Chesterton's dictum on Christianity to read "Communism, like Christianity, has not been a failure — it has never been tried." Professor Somerville's conclusion, following a two-year field study in the Soviet

Union, appears to agree with the remark attributed to the late Lincoln Steffens: "I have looked into the future and it works."

Much of the book is a simplified exposition of Marxist philosophy. The author's more important contribution is, to use his own prefatory words, "to make the book true to the content and meaning of a living philosophy as it is found among those who live by it." It is the first attempt by an American teacher of philosophy to explore the foundations and to describe the superstructure of a new civilization which is steadily gaining strength.

Professor Somerville is no ivory-tower philosopher. After several years of teaching philosophy in eastern American colleges he was appointed Columbia University Cutting Traveling Fellow in the U.S.S.R. Between 1935 and 1937 he lived, worked, and studied with Russians. Those were critical, stormy years in Soviet history, following Kirov's assassination, which ushered in the grim purge in Soviet politics, science, art, and, indeed, every phase of life. While German and Japanese war clouds gathered over Russia's frontiers, Stalin, as if in anticipation of the struggle for existence that was to come later, executed the thorough house cleaning which, to so many foreign observers, appeared to threaten the very foundations of the regime.

From points of observation in the Academy of Sciences and in Moscow University, the author diligently studied the translation of Marxist theory into Soviet practice. He lived in a strictly Russian milieu and was able to share the hardships, joys, and sorrows of simple Soviet citizens—an opportunity rarely enjoyed by American scholars. Incidentally, American authorities interested in developing cultural collaboration with the Russians might note Professor Somerville's testimony to the effect that "Soviet scholars are among the most hospitable and generous in the world."

The unusual experience, added to his academic background, enables the author to answer such timely, passionately controversial questions as: What do Russian spokesmen mean by Soviet democracy? Does the new relationship between church and state indicate a compromise with materialistic philosophy? How real are the democratic freedoms guaranteed in the Soviet constitution? Carefully marshaling his facts and logic, Professor Somerville refutes the common contentions of anti-Soviet critics that fascism and communism are alike. He argues against glib comparison of the Soviets with superficially similar regimes, by outlining the singular character of the Soviet state, its ultimate objectives, and its present-day attitudes toward foreign peoples, social and economic strata, race, religion.

Written in non-technical language, this survey of first principles will prove especially valuable to the growing legion of close students of Soviet civilization in the Anglo-Saxon world.

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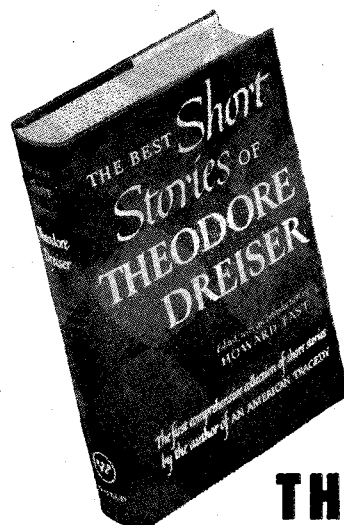
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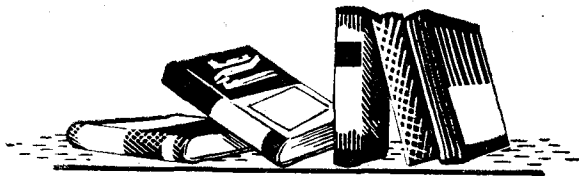
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sage at once for Dublin. But we remember that our ship would also have to plow a course backward through time, beyond two wars and a thousand yesterdays, back to the years when one could travel at will without a passport through an open world, when the old Austro-Hungarian Empire still supported the Continent in delicate balance. "They called the Austrian Empire a ramshackle empire," James Joyce remarked to the Colums after its destruction. "I wish to God there were more such empires." So do many others who remember those days.

The account of Mary Colum's girlhood in Ireland before the first war is the recovery of a vanished world. When she went up to the University of Dublin she entered the circle of Irish writers, revolutionaries, and eccentrics who make the Dublin of that period seem an enchanted city bathed in the stormy light of tragedy — Georgian drawing rooms and rosy, eighteenth-century brick under a volcanic sunset. In those days she began close friendships with Yeats, A.E., Sarah Purser, and Maud Gonne that were to last until their deaths. She saw the beginning of the Abbey Theatre and the attendant dramas both within and without its walls. At the University, too, she met and married Padraic Colum. The steady glow of this marriage quite unobtrusively permeates the whole book. In 1916 the Colums came to America. Except for periods in Europe and Hawaii, America has been their home ever since.

Mrs. Colum's portraits, well-rounded yet intimate, are unsurpassed. Here are Yeats, Padraic Pearse, Maud Gonne, James Joyce, Elinor Wylie, and, on smaller canvases, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Sir Roger Casement, Lady Gregory (in a gentler pose than usual), Harriet Monroe, Amy Lowell, the Franklin Roosevelts, and a host of writers, scholars, and society people in Ireland, America, and France. The descriptive backgrounds sometimes have the sensuous tang of scenes from Proust. Yet cities and salons are not all; passages like those dealing with the tinkers of the Irish countryside (the memory of George Borrow is here unavoidable) or with the grandeurs of the Hawaiian volcano are unforgettable.

Amid the cliques and clagues of the literary windmills, Mrs. Colum brandishes no lance. Her remarks on literary works are as sound and impersonal in these pages as in her volume of criticism, *From These Roots*. Her writers stand out in the clear light of good common sense. If we discern a sparkle of malice in the high-lighting of Harriet Monroe, it is merely the reflection of the searching ray on that lady's own brass. Not knowing Mrs. Colum personally, I close her book with the feeling that if I did know her, I should fear no injustice at her hands. That is a real tribute to an author of memoirs.

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EINSTEIN is a great physicist. His development of the theory of relativity, and his theory of the photoelectric effect, both dating originally from 1905, have had profound influence on the progress of physics and rank him among the half-dozen leading physicists of the century.

Since he is a great scientist, Einstein's life is naturally interesting: his German origin, experiences in Switzerland as a young man at the time of his greatest productivity, long residence in Berlin, widespread travels, final departure from Germany as a refugee, and now his work at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. But because he has been the subject of universal curiosity, his work has sometimes been distorted into unjustified application to philosophy, religion, and politics. Throughout, he has remained a modest and shy man, deprecating attempts to apply his work outside its proper sphere. In the words of Mr. Frank: "He has remained a bohemian, with a humorous, even seemingly skeptical approach to facts of human life. . . . He has remained an individualist who prefers to be unencumbered by social relations, and at the same time a fighter for social equality and human fraternity. He has remained a believer in the possibility of expressing the laws of the universe in simple, even though ingenious mathematical formulae, but at the same time doubting all ready-made formulae that claim to be the correct solution for human behavior in private and political life."

The author of this biography, a distinguished physicist and philosopher — like Einstein a refugee in this country — has ably presented both the personal and the public aspects of Einstein's career, though some of the scientific and philosophical discussion may be hard going for the general reader.

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MR. EDMAN presents a series of philosophical papers tied together at the beginning and end by accounts of the first and last days of an annual university course entitled "Introduction to Philosophy." On the first day a group of ordinary undergraduates are led, quite unsuspectingly, into the bewildering field of philosophy. On the last, having been subjected to a series of differing philosophies, they are still confused, still asking: "What is truth? What do you believe, Mr. Edman?"

Some of his beliefs, presented with an easy, oblique approach, with an admirable urbanity, are contained between the first and last chapters. It is not in Mr. Edman's scheme to lay down the law or pile authority on authority to prove his point. He prefers his pictures in a frame. Thus, in the fine chapter "The Undistracted," he presents himself as suffering mildly from a slight attack of the flu, remedied by an aspirin or two, — "quinine and a hot drink do even better," — the disease and the cure producing a pleasant spell of fantasy, a series of visions. In these visions he talks — as one philosopher to another, and always in the appropriate setting — with Plato, Marcus Aurelius, St. Paul, Spinoza, and Schopenhauer.

In the same chapter, being now recovered from his illness, he also discusses philosophy at some length with an eminent financier whose desideratum is power, and with a painter who lives in hope that once — sometime — a painting will turn out just right. Throughout these conversations runs the theme of the Philosopher's Quest: "the search for order rather than a mis-

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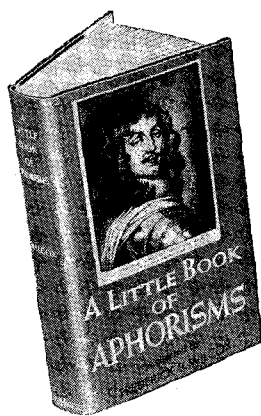
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cellany. . . . The quest is for an answer as to what constitutes the first principles and the ultimate end. First and last, to those whose hearts have not been dulled by routine or crushed utterly by disaster, to those whose minds have not been paralyzed by habit and superstition and folly, the search continues and is itself, doubtless, what keeps the imagination and the spirit of man alive."

This chapter illustrates the defects and the genuine virtues of the book. Each one of these imaginary conversations is excellent in itself, sensitive, discriminating, often both witty and wise. But there are too many of them. The reader is confused like the undergraduates of "Introduction to Philosophy." When five great philosophers discuss how to avoid distraction in a world of wildly uncertain equilibrium, in a life which is mostly a melancholy *non sequitur* leading nowhere, the diet is so rich as almost to paralyze digestion. Mr. Edman presents so many facets, such wealth of illustration, that the result—to the non-philosophical reader—may well be a kind of charmed confusion.

Always Mr. Edman is concerned with applied philosophy, the application of philosophical truth, of sanity and clarity to life. He is aware of the need for such thinking in the modern world; and if a kind of aloofness or detachment from the crude event is implicit in the philosophical position, there is no lack of human warmth and sympathy in his observation.

This is a book which will be, for many, an inspiring and delightful "Introduction to Philosophy."

A. W.

BEFORE I GO HENCE

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Frank Baker

COWARD-MCCANN

MR. BAKER subtitles his book "Fantasia on a Novel," but it is fantastical in content, not in form. It involves that old trick in which the real author writes the book being written by the author-hero of his novel. In this case the hero, Maurice Hilliar, gets no further than the first two paragraphs before consigning his opus to the flames, but Mr. Baker's novel opens with these same two paragraphs, so the story is told all the same.

It is a ghostly story, woven about the eternal theme of man's spiritual loneliness and his efforts to relate himself to God and the world through art, religion, or politics. In 1943 Hilliar visits Allways, the deserted country house of the Reverend Fenner Doble, an Anglican priest who died there thirteen years ago, after having vowed to try to project his spirit into the future. Hypersensitive to all influences, since he is looking for a plot for a new novel, Hilliar immediately becomes aware of the presence of the former inhabitants of Allways and attempts in imagination to re-create their lives. The happy coincidence of Doble's previous thoughts about the future and Hilliar's preoccupation with the past combine to put the two men into vague but significant communication. They achieve a mystical identification that Hilliar has found impossible with his contemporaries.

The resolution is more adroit than satisfying. What Mr. Baker seems to be saying is that each man's faith is the product of his own particular brand of creative imagination. But after following Hilliar through the

slickly narrated trials of his search, one wonders that he ever reached the end, considering his haphazard approach. It's a bit unconvincing to use the supernatural in order to supply a rationalization for man's earthly existence. For this reason, and because the talk of the people is often more earnest than profound, *Before I Go Hence* is better read as a literate mystery story than as a philosophical novel.

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ONE reason Joseph Szigeti is so great a musician is that he is so much more than a musician. Starting as a precocious Hungarian lad in a forcing-house of violin virtuosi, he was thrust on the concert stage before adolescence, and by contact with the cultivated world was made to feel the defects in his formal education. So he strove to remedy these, and the result is an artist, a social equalitarian, and a man of breadth and depth. Is there anything which does not interest Mr. Szigeti or in which he cannot interest his reader? The mechanics of a virtuoso's career, his problems of repertory, adventures on tour, encounters with historical figures not alone in music but in literature and politics — all these of course we expect, and with them shrewd insights into the puzzles of contemporary music and such related questions as the impact of phonograph recording on the progress of musical understanding. In addition we get something quite unexpected — sociological observation schooled by a lifetime of travel and study in the lands he has traversed so often and so thoroughly, including the Orient.

He likes the people of the world's tank towns. They strike him as probably quite as prophetic of our world-to-be as those of the big cities, and perhaps more so. He plays hookey to correct his vision by immersing himself in common life. The United States he has seen from back-stage as well as from the concert platform, and he writes of it with evident affection. Soviet Russia, too, which he has seen often and intimately, has his sympathetic understanding and deep respect. One grows to like him immensely. In the course of his pages he progresses from the estate of admired violinist to that of a warm personal friend.

And how do these musicians, — Bruno Walter, Albert Spalding, Joseph Szigeti, — whose trade is something other, write so well? They are of course multilingual; then too their musical ears keep them from penning awkward sentences; and finally, the musical form which has become so much a part of their very tissues teaches them how to construct in noble proportions. Mr. Szigeti writes easily within the American idiom, even in journalese when he chooses. This gives to his pages the flavor of intimate conversation, including a merry wit, for he can see himself on occasion as a comic character. And yet for the graver problems of life, creativity, and sociology, he commands an English style well at those levels. World citizenship thus begins in the arts and sciences, but most of all in music, and Mr. Szigeti writes, as he plays, like a good citizen of the world.

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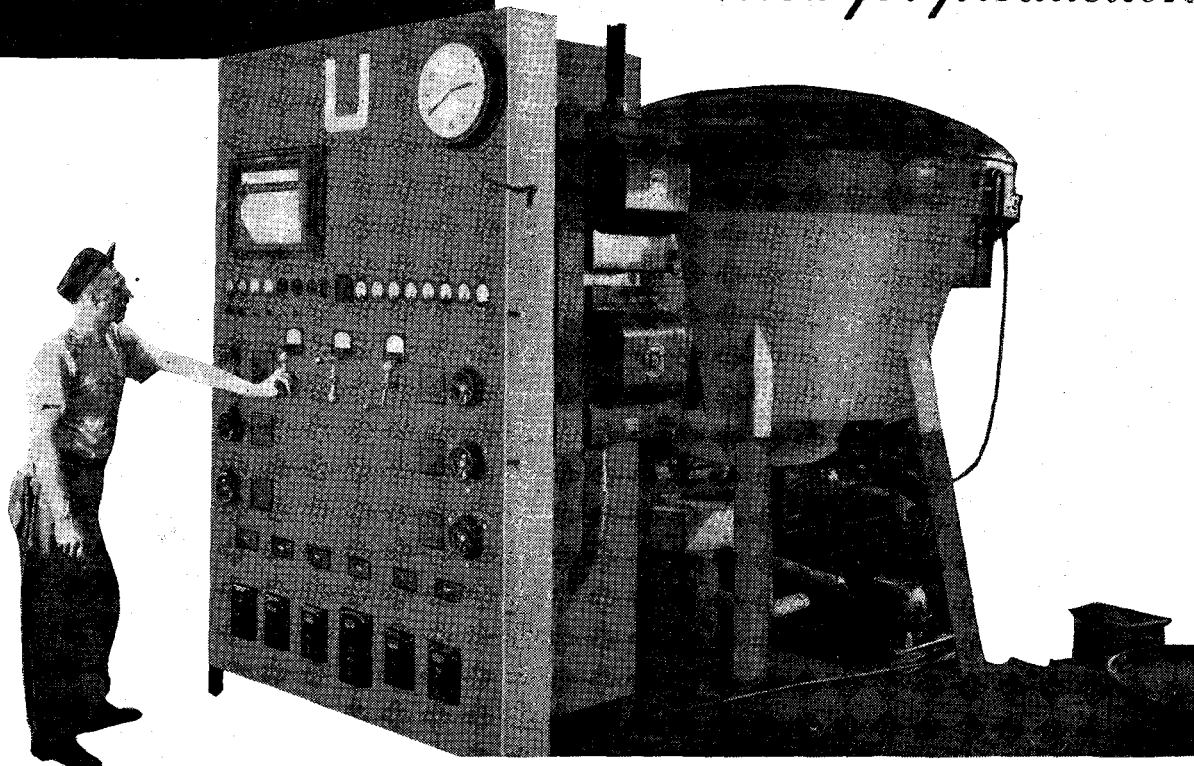
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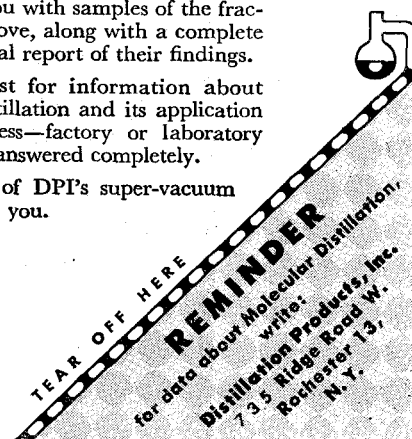
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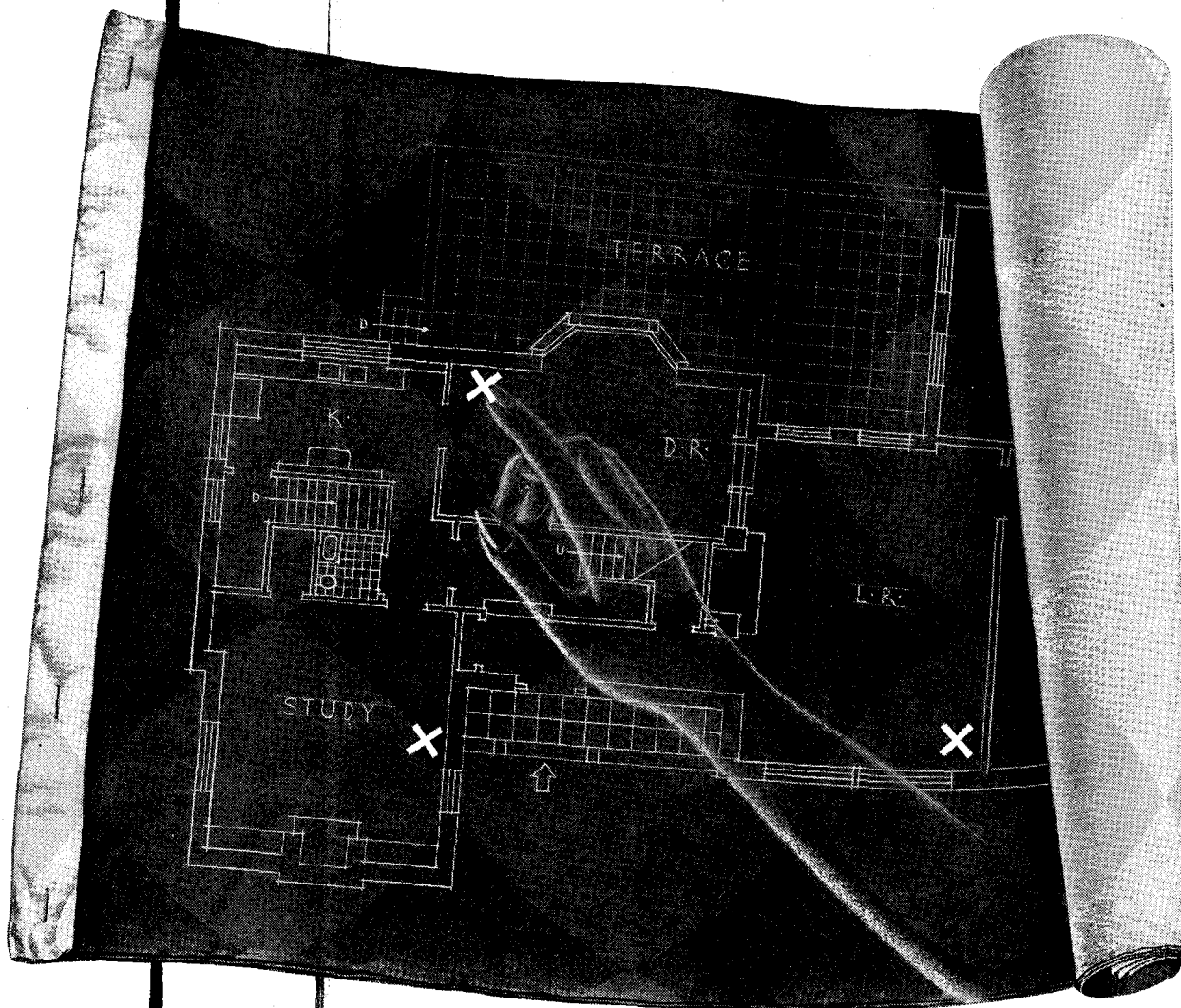
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